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Our martyr President, Abraham Lincoln.



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OUR MARTYR PRESIDENT,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

VOICES FROM THE PULPIT
OF
NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

ORATION
BY
HON. GEO. BANCROFT.

ORATION
AT THE
BURIAL,
BY
BISHOP SIMPSON.

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PREFATORY.

TO OUR READERS :

WE offer you a memento of times of greatest moment, of events of wondrous and tragic interest, of stupendous and successful crime, of unparalleled national grief.

April 14, 1865 ! Memorable day ! impressed on the nation's heart as none other. Throughout the north the loyal of the people had been exultant as never before ; the power of the Rebellion had departed ; the legions of the Union were pressing, with victorious tread, hard after the defeated and flying foe ; the tidings of victory, borne on the wings of the lightning, reached every town and village of the land ; the starry banners were given to the breeze ; the cannon of peace thundered echoes to the cannon of war ; that for which all had sighed seemed to approach, and the patriotic and grateful hailed each other with glad voices and glowing faces. Who can tell what a day may bring forth ! The sun set on happiness and rejoicing ; the mantle of night fell on the land, and ere it was lifted a deed was consummated the intelligence of which should shake the world. Again the lightning courier sped on his way. Again tidings were borne to every town and village, and from happy slumber the people woke to horror and mourning, to sadness never to be forgotten in time—never to be told. The heads borne so proudly yesterday droop on the breast to-day ; the springing footstep of yes-

terday is the funeral pace of to-day. Friends met in silence and tears. When utterance was given, men talked of God—of His providence—of His wisdom. The head of the nation was stricken and slain, and the nation turned to Him who is from everlasting to everlasting. In the centres of commerce and finance there was heard the voice of supplication. The Sabbath came—never more opportune—never more welcome—and in temples dedicated to Jehovah the heart-stricken gathered and waited while the ministers of God interpreted their feelings.

In time to come, this record of the religious sentiment of the people, as, stricken and sad, they gathered in their places of worship, will be influential in bringing the darkest hour of the nation's life, with its surpassing interest, within the reach of the sympathy of coming generations. When the flowers have many times bloomed and faded on the grave of our martyred President; when the banner of Peace floats over every acre of the broad territory of our glorious Union; when the hearts that felt the pangs of awful bereavement are still, men will assent to the facts recorded by the historian, but they cannot feel with the generation whose bosom received the fiery darts, unless they come in contact with their feelings.

This volume treasures up the utterances of those who were the mouth-pieces of the people, and thus conveys to the readers of the future a better idea of the wonderful effects produced on the national heart by the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, than can be conveyed in any other way.

S E R M O N I.

REV. WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, D. D.

“Verily, Thou art a God that hidest Thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour.”—ISAIAH xlv. 15.

THE nation staggers, as if, besmeared and blinded with their own gore, and stunned with amazement and indignation, each of the people felt on his own front the bludgeon, and found delivered on his own brow or throat, the assassin's shot and the assassin's knife, which have been aimed at the chief magistrate of the land, and at the household and person of the statesman highest in position among the counselors who formed that President's cabinet. To calm, to guide, and to brace us, let us recur to the lesson of our text. It is a portion of Holy Writ, which was a favorite theme for meditation, and a frequent citation with Blaise Pascal, one of the brightest and profoundest intellects in the history of our race ; and one too, whom the grace of God had made as eminently devout and Christian as he was great ; leading him to consecrate the splendor of his genius and the fervor of his nature, in lowly and hearty service to Christ and His truth. Amid the lurid tempest of calamity that lowers and growls and howls around us, this great principle stands immovable and serene, that the God of Israel, the Saviour, rules yet ;

and that, all-wise and almighty as He is, He shall yet yoke even the whirlwinds of carnage and civil war among the outriders of his own predestined triumph. He is hidden in a dim, untraceable majesty, but though thus invisible, is not aloof from the turmoil. In justice and in mercy, in faithfulness and in vigilance, He is hidden behind all this dun, crimson hurricane, which for the time casts its ominous shadow over all the homes, and activities, and charities of the land. The storm is but the dust of his feet. "Clouds and darkness are round about him;" yet none the less is it true that "righteousness and judgment are the habitations of his throne." Jehovah veiled—and veiled as the Bringer of Salvation—behind the commotions and distresses that most perplex and overwhelm a people—is the truth of which we are here reminded. And it is a lesson that may well cheer and hearten us, under losses had they been even more sudden, more startling and irreparable than ours now are.

God hides himself. We could not, with our present organization, bear the full, bright blaze of His glories; and would be consumed, instead of being enlightened, by the blasting splendor of the vision. Even the favored Moses might not see Jehovah's full majesty and live. And yet he would not and does not leave himself without sufficient witness of his being and his constant power and supervision. The outer world of material Nature, and the inner witness of reason and conscience in man's own bosom, are more than intimations of the Maker's character and will. Hence there is no inconsistency between the sentiment of our text, on the one hand, of a withdrawn and shadowed Majesty, and the language of the context,

on the other hand, where in the same chapter,* our Maker and Ruler asserts: "I have not spoken in secret, in a dark place of the earth: I said not unto the seed of Jacob, seek ye me in vain: I, the Lord, speak righteousness. I declare things that are right." The hiding was not entire and absolute. Nature and history throb and palpitate evermore as in the conscious presence of their God. It was in no muttered, grovelling, and darkling oracle that the Most High addressed his Israel. In the centre of the world's ancient civilization, and not in any dark nook and remote corner of barbarism, was his revelation spoken. To prayer he turned no deaf ear, and gave no dilatory response. The Hearer of prayer who answered Jacob at Bethel, answered also Jacob's children as well, not at Shiloh and Mount Zion only, but wherever they kneeled. Nor were his edicts flagrant wrongs and palpable contradictions, that violated all natural equity, and which shocked all right reason, as was the character of the teachings of the forged and rival deities of the heathen. But yet, though an outspoken revelation, and a prompt response to supplication, and a righteous and wise government were evermore allowed to his people, on his part, no visible, outlined form shone out upon the Shekinah. And hence, the classical Pagans who worshiped carved wood, and chiseled marble, and molten brass, contemned in their supercilious ignorance the Hebrew as worshiping empty air, because his God was a Spirit; because the sanctuary at Jerusalem displayed no picture or statue like the shrines of the Gentiles.

And even in the word of Revelation, that he gave, there

* Verso 19.

was, beside the much that was plainly told, much that was withheld, or that was but remotely indicated. An attitude of docile faith and habitual dependence was exacted from the worshipers, and even when he spake to an Abraham or a Moses as a man talked with his friend, it was not to make the favored patriarch the depository of all God's councils, or to let either of them into the reserved store of his kingly and divine mysteries. They surveyed the day of the Messiah as at a distance; and saw Canaan's King, as the one of them saw Canaan itself, in the broader, fuller manifestations of his dominion, only as from the remote peaks of Pisgah, seeing but "parts of his ways," and but "a little portion of Him,"* and were reminded that they could not "understand the thunder of his power." Even the most honored thus touched but the hem and outer fringe of Jehovah's vestments. And in this way, there were clues given which left none at a loss who honestly desired guidance and defense: there were obscurities and difficulties left which taught the most favored and the most highly advanced their need of meekness, lowliness, and reverence in approaching the Holy, the Only Wise, and the Infallible, as well as the Unfathomable. And these same difficulties, in God's wise arrangement of discipline and retribution, afforded grounds of caviling to those who sought pretexts for their disobedience; and became occasions of fatal stumbling to those who, in levity and insincerity, sought such occasion. The very book of divine teachings thus became not merely an intellectual discipline to its students, but a moral test. There was light to beam with growing

* Job xxvi. 14.

brightness on the children of light, who earnestly sought and honestly followed it. There was interspersed gloom, that, to those who loved darkness rather than light, furnished plausible coverts under which they might burrow their way back to unbelief, atheism, and perdition.

And when God came in human flesh, and the Incarnate walked the hill-sides of Palestine, and the streets of Jerusalem, how wondrously did this—the Unfolding of the divine character and nature—yet retain, in itself, traits of the Enfolding and covering up of the Divine Majesty. The Manifestation enshrouded, on some sides and at certain times, very much of the glory as of the Only Begotten of the Father, which, on other sides and at other times, it allowed brightly to stream forth. It shone on Tabor, but how did it seem eclipsed on Calvary. As the Son of God, how startling and towering were his claims, and how full his divine credentials. Yet, as the Son of Man, how did he wear our sinless infirmities as the exterior wrappers of the Indwelling Divinity, and the mortal Tabernacle and Vail of the Incarnate Jehovah. On the side of his abasement, who stooped lower? On the side of his proper and hereditary honor, who towered higher? What Rabbi, or Sanhedrim, or Prophet, or Sovereign, uttered a loftier claim than that which called men to honor him, the Son, even as they honored the Father? Verily, from the manger to the Cross, the Saviour was a God "*hiding himself*;" and yet, along his whole career, in his discourses and in his miracles, how did he allow the streams of his majestic brightness to break out, as at every window, and loophole, and crevice, of the pavilion under which he moved. His entrance upon the mortal stage, and his withdrawal from

it, in the interlacing gloom and glory, required, from the eastern sages who saw his star, and the Bethlehem shepherds who heard his angelic escort, and from the Roman sentinel at his cross, watching all the portents of his death, the acknowledgment that this was indeed the King of Israel and the Son of God. But the Day-dawn from on high, thus visiting us, was, both in its mortal sun-rising and in its mortal sun-setting, begirt with clouds. The first comers saw an infant laid in the manger of the inn, the feeding trough of the cattle. The earliest gossip of Hebrew newsmongers, about the visit of the wise men and the star guiding them, was soon intermingled with the tale of the butcheries that left the mothers of Bethlehem frenzied mourners. The attendants around the last scenes of our Lord's earthly career beheld and heard a bruised and plaintive sufferer, and in the cross where he hung saw probably but a trunk, in aspect quite like to the two contiguous stakes where writhed, on his right hand and his left, two ordinary, vulgar, and ill-favored malefactors.

And, as in the Scripture, and in the very Incarnation, the gloom lay, in broad, mantling folds, around and beside the glory, so, too, in his daily Providence, does he allow himself to seem, at times, withdrawn and concealed, in disappointment of our confiding expectations—in disarrangement often of the wisest human plans, and in what, at least, looks like indifference to our highest interests. Like the disciples in their gloomy conference on the way to Emmaus, we are perplexed at the frustration, so rude, of what seemed hopes so blessed and so just. Why does Falsehood have for an hour currency, and even, not for weeks only, but for entire centuries, in the realms ruled

over by a God of truth? Why is Wrong ever allowed a span of impunity—however narrow be that span—under the very eye-lids of a God alike almighty and all-righteous? We may answer, without danger of presumption: Because a state of moral probation for our race requires the doubt and the trial, in order to test the fullness of our loyal trust in the Sovereign and Father; and in order to awaken and to reward the earnestness and importunity of our filial prayers. We walk by faith, and not by sight. Our hope must be fetched from the unseen; for, as the apostle argues, “What a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for?” So, too, by sharp and sudden reverses, he weans us from self-reliance, and from undue confidence in our fellow mortal, and braces our trust, more directly and more firmly, upon his own all-sufficiency and unchangeableness. He stains, by disaster, the pride of all human glorying, and checks, by flickering shades of uncertainty and bereavement, the brightest of our earthly blessings, that man may find nothing beyond Himself—the All-in-All. Here the parent weeps over the child’s empty cradle. There the orphan, through blinding tears, gazes on a parent’s vacant place. He reminds us of sin, in the perpetual visits of death, and in the suddenness of its inroads; and he warns us against heedless provocations, and habitual sluggishness, by startling rebuffs, and unlooked-for humiliations and desolations. So, too, it comes to pass, that his richest mercies visit us often in the guise, or in the train, of heavy judgments; and so, on many a shore, his judgments upon a nation are made the forerunners of richest consolation and widest revival to his churches. His keen chastisements but plough and harrow the soil

for harvests of unexampled blessing, enrichment, and disenfranchisement. The darkness makes the light more vivid while it shines, but the returning shadows teach us that the light is heaven's boon, not man's perquisite. So, to his ancient Israel, amid the wonders of the Exodus, while the angel of the Lord, in the cloudy, fiery pillar, led them, there was a continuous admonition of the Divine inspection and control. And yet that captain of the Lord's host walked in darkness, nor let the sound of his footsteps be heard by the quickest ear in all the camps that he now broke up, and that he now again pitched. Yet occasionally and gloriously was the shout of a king heard, resounding in those same encampments. He was their Saviour, but, ordinarily, an unseen one. He was their Conductor, but, most commonly, an inaudible one. He was their Omnipresent Keeper, neither slumbering nor sleeping; but no eye was wont to catch sight of their guardian's feet, and no groping quest felt distinctly the pulses of the guardian's outstretched and guiding hand. Among them and before them—their van-guard and their rear-ward—he yet hid himself from them; constant, and watchful, and bounteous Saviour, though he evermore continued to be.

Now, in days of calamity and trial, we are prone to exaggerate this trait of the divine conduct towards us, as if it were on his part abandonment and desertion—as if, in the sudden lurch given by the ship of the state under the stress of the storm, the helm of the universe had swept out of the Divine Pilot's hand. We complain, with Job, of looking for the Most High on the right hand and the left, alike in vain; of failing, as we go forward, or as we re-

trace backward our past steps, to discover any further proofs of his closeness to us, and of his interest in our concerns. Is the Mighty and the Just One, any longer, near to us, midst bereavement and disaster, and crimes that unite such cruelty and treachery to such seeming impunity?

A chief magistrate, chosen to his high post in most difficult times—a man of the people, in his training, and tastes, and habits, and utterances, but simple, massive, sincere, kindly and patient, had filled his first term of four years. And now, but in the second month of his second term of four years, he is congratulating us on the apparent success of the gigantic conflict, in which he and we had embarked for the vindication of the national unity and life. Four years since had the flag of the Union been lowered at Fort Sumter in South Carolina, as the attempted revolution began its treacherous outbreak. On the very anniversary which completed four years of time from the descent of that flag adown the staff whence it had long floated, the noble officer who had been compelled to surrender the post is instructed to raise it again on the ruinous mound. He has probably done it on that fortress of our southern coast. But, unknown to him and to his associates who have been thus heralding the failure of Treason, bearded in its own den, and the return of Authority and Nationality to these their rightful outposts—that president, under whose orders they act, is, at the very centre and seat of the national government, himself smitten down. It is not in Richmond, the surrendered capital of the baffled revolt, that this occurs; but in Washington, where, for four years of what had almost seemed a garrison life, he had been each month of the preceding

term in greater apparent danger of such assault than now. And this, too, when in a recent visit to that recovered city of Richmond, this eminent victim had shown such disposition to welcome the return of the worsted and baffled insurgents, by a gentleness and magnanimity which four years of contumelious obloquy had not soured, and with a parental indulgence that many of his staunchest supporters blamed as extreme. Shrewd, apt, penetrating, and yet familiar, honest and firm, he had established himself—against strongest disadvantages—in the popular heart, and in the esteem of the friends of freedom in the Old World. He was widely hailed as akin to our first President Washington in the simplicity, breadth, disinterestedness and integrity of his character; called of Providence, as he seemed to be, to become the Restorer over a wider territory and against a fiercer foe, where Washington had been the Founder. He fell, not by an open, manful attack, but under a shot fired without warning, from behind: not, in a collision waged upon equal terms, but by an assault marked with a ferocious disregard of all equality of risks, he is dispatched unawares. And the murderer mouths, with a flourish of his dagger, “Such be evermore the tyrant’s fate,” a motto borrowed from the escutcheon of Virginia, and, upon that State’s shield, surrounding a presentiment of David with the head of Goliath. It was as if the cowardly stabber would plant himself, in his frenzied avenging of the cause of oppression, on the glorious plane of David, the fearless champion of Israel’s freedom, and of Israel’s God; and would fain make his victim a huge, lawless, godless Gittite, who had invaded a country not his own: while actually that murdered magistrate was but

asserting, as his official oath bound him to assert it, the whole nation's right, as banded freemen, to the whole of that nation's territory.

On that same night and at the same hour a Confederate assassin attacks the Secretary of State, when confined to his couch by a fracture of both the arm and the jaw, and under the vile falsehood of a friendly, not only, but of a medical errand, with a brazen fraud that recalls the Joab or the Judas, simulating friendship, when contriving murder, he attempts, himself, the young, vigorous, and sinewy, to sever the throat of this aged, disabled, and bed-ridden, and helpless object of his malignity. Frantically he stabbed and bludgeoned, not the parent only, but the sons and attendants of his intended quarry, and all on the same chivalrous pretext of exterminating tyranny; as if there could be a tyranny viler than that which, in the cause of oppression, resorted to methods so mendacious and remorseless.

Was the God of justice indifferent, that he permitted the butchery of a kindly, generous, patriotic, and upright ruler; and that he allowed what may possibly, if not probably*—be the attendant slaughter of others, whose only fault was that they were that ruler's faithful and chosen counselors, or were but the inmates of the household of that foremost statesman in the cabinet of that massacred chief? While stealthy and craven murder, with bludgeon and knife and pistol, thus raged, and thus—for the time at least—escaped, did the Justice on high slumber, or connive, or sanction? It neither sanctioned deed so foul, nor connived at ferocity so base, nor slumbered for one moment,

*Apprehensions since, in God's mercy, disappointed.

through all the slow concoction, and all the swift achievement of the plot.

But if God—as it may well be—saw that—much as the nation had already learned, in the few later months of the struggle, to know of the inherent evils, and of the ineradicable barbarism of Slavery—it yet needed, by a more malign outbreak, and a more distinguished sacrifice, to have its holy wrath aroused and intensified into a deadly and uncompromising decision against all further tolerance of the system—then might not this very hiding of himself, as the Immediate Avenger—this abstinence from intervening to ward off the attack—this delay to entangle the assailants by an immediate pursuit, and a prompt punishment on the part of the by-standers—prove him in the end and at the more fitting season, the fuller and the more effectual Vindicator of the rights and lives thus hacked at? Might not the Judge of all the earth—thus for the time withdrawn, and vailing his cognizance of the huge crime—become, by such apparent withdrawal and delay to interpose, only the more signally, and the more surely, the Just Extirpator of the usages of a social system, which made for centuries the slave so mute a victim, and the slave-master so relentless and brutal a foeman? In a document, which was his own last message, Abraham Lincoln had spoken of God's possible purpose to compensate each drop of blood drawn by the driver's lash, by another drop of blood streaming from the soldier's sword. Might not the All-Wise God emphasize and rubricate that message, so to speak, by allowing the dying spasms of the tyranny which wielded that driver's lash, to dash, as it were, upon the face of this prophetic admonition, the blood of its

utterer ; and thus leave it, for all after-time of our national history, slavery's bloody hand set at its own clumsy seal, slavery's crimson endorsement of its own indictment ? Might not the very champions of the institution become thus God's select and appointed expositors of its true hideousness, and his unconscious executioners of their own idol, whilst they deemed themselves its heroic avengers ? They had been wont to speak with profuse, unstinted eulogy, of the slaveholder's relations to his bondmen as rearing a nobler civilization, and nursing a rare and true chivalry, like that of the old Paladins and Bayards. In a school book prepared in Britain for the use of their own Southern youth, they had spoken of Southern society as lacking but titles to make it the peer and welcome mate of the nobler classes of Europe. When this chivalry, thus disdainful of Northern industry, had been left, as at Andersonville and Belle Isle to famish and dismember and craze its prisoners ; to butcher, as at Fort Pillow, its surrendered, disarmed, and unresisting prisoners because of their dusky skin ; to plan the burning of Northern hotels, with their unarmed inmates, non-combatants, and many of them helpless women and children ; to offer in their own public journals large moneyed rewards for the heads of their Northern opposers, as if the Dayak and the New Zealander were the crowning types of their vaunted chivalry ; and to carve into finger-rings the bones of their Northern foemen fallen in battle ; and then, to inaugurate private assassination as the supplement of failure in open war, was not the system, so employing its lease of domination, and so carrying out its demonstrations of vaunted superiority in knightly valor, and honor, and

refinement, and courtesy, left virtually in the avenging wisdom of God, to fill up before the nations of the earth, the measure of its own dishonor and their loathing? The cry of the assailant, as he brandished the knife, "Such be evermore the tyrant's fate," was not, as he intended it, the verdict of conscience and history against the murdered, but the assassin's self-recited verdict of that conscience and that history, and of the God who implanted the one and who shapes the other, against the murderers, and against the yet more tyrannous system that bred them. "To perish in their own corruption," is the fearful doom of Scripture against sinners—a rotting away in the leprous sloughing of their own vices. And the embodied Tyranny that, defiant, elate, and vaunting, wrote itself thus bloody, thus ruthless, and thus false, and then seemed to look round, assured of sympathy and applause, was in fact, but building its own gibbet by the feat, and writing in red letters its own death-sentence for the amazement of a gazing and loathing Universe; at the very same time, and in the very act, by which it supposed itself the rival of old Roman heroism and of old Hebrew devotedness, treading in the steps, as it thought, of Brutus and of David. In the mysteries of the Divine government, it is needed that a certain range and swoop be given for "*sin*" to show, in the affecting and inimitable language of Scripture, its own "*exceeding sinfulness*." And God may have given to rebellion and slave-breeding their long tether of domination and their high, broad stage of glorying, and this new glut of eminent victims, only in the just intent that thus they might earn a wider execration, and go down amid a more unanimous tempest of denunciation and abhorrence; the shriek of

their own frenzied triumph, but, in another and juster sense of it, the world's indignant acclaim over the tyranny that dealt so craven a blow, and contrived so dastardly and ferocious a treachery.

God, again, removes his own useful and honored instruments, at dates that to us seem untimely, and in modes, that, although painful and even shocking to themselves and to the survivors and friends who mourn them, yet do, in reality, round the course of the departed as into a more epic symmetry, and crown the hero's or statesman's career of enfranchisement and victory, as with something that resembles the palm of religious martyrdom. The successful policy, and the triumphant campaign might secure to him who had ordered the one or the other, a niche of honor in the nation's gallery of her chief worthies, who had deserved well of the Republic. An earlier assassination of this chosen ruler had been menaced and probably intended at Baltimore, when he was first going to be inducted into office. It was, in God's good providence, an utter failure. How much, in the interval between the two terms of the first, frustrated attempt, and the final consummation of the second attempt, had God permitted this chief of our people to witness and to accomplish? And all the intervening denunciation by frenzied opposers and now at last the bullet of fanatical hate, have served finally to give to the character thus developed, and the career thus suddenly shut, a yet loftier niche in the nation's grateful memory. It has now become shelved, apart from predecessors—and it may be trusted, from successors also—the name and fame of a vast revolt successfully quelled—of a great social reform, that seemed to require centuries,

completed in a half decade—a name and fame safely sealed by so tragic and foul a death.

In the fierce hate of Catholic Spain against Protestant Holland the pistol of Balthazar Gerardt let out the life of Holland's noblest and ablest champion. But when the honored Prince of Orange, William the Taciturn, died, thus foully and suddenly, although Spain conferred patents of nobility as her guerdon for the act on the murderer's kin, did the death daunt and overwhelm the nascent freedom and the suffering Protestantism of the Netherlands? Has the world a literature or an ethical system that can long glorify *our* Balthazar Gerardt? In an early day of the European Reformation, one brother, in his frenzied detestation of the new doctrine killed another—under the guise of friendship—his own brother because a protestant heretic. The persecuting church applauded the new Cain who had thus struck down, by perfidy and fratricide, a new Abel. But did the honors of the church arrest the world's general judgment of the slaughter; or stay the contagious power of the faith professed by the martyr? The St. Bartholomew Massacre was, for the time, a sad discouragement of the Calvinists of France and Europe. But the field of Ivry, and the Edict of Nantes came in its ultimate train. And, meanwhile, did it most damage and blacken the victims, or the atrocious authors of the plot? And who of us would not rather choose to go down to posterity with the aged Coligny, with his white hairs bedabbled in blood, whom it sacrificed, than with the wily and ruthless Catharine de Medici, and her son Charles IX., who survived the butchery, and for the time chuckled and gloated over the success of their crime? It is the victim,

meekly faithful, in such a fierce collision, and such a solemn crisis, who, by the judgment of man's conscience, and the decree of the Divine Lord of conscience, remains the real conqueror, and not his unpunished slayer. As said cheerily the aged Latimer, when they had bound him to the stake and he turned to a fellow confessor with no wail in his tone, and no gloom in his eye: "We light this day, brother Ridley, a candle in England, which they will never put out." Many were the murders of that Marian era; but Foxe's Book of Martyrs which records them, remains to this day one of the bulwarks and safeguards of the National Protestantism. And so in later days of English history, the sufferings of Puritan and Nonconformist, at the hands of the Stuart line of kings, only served to bar, finally and effectually, the return of that royal house to the English throne. Talleyrand, a perspicacious observer of man's nature and of the currents of social change, spoke of guilty acts that were worse than crimes—they were blunders. Now, really, and under the divine legislation, all crime is blundering. It blunders, as to its aims; it blunders, as to its methods; and it blunders, as to its results. But there are crimes of singular atrocity which have as much of absurdity as atrocity. The slaughter by Herod of the babes of Bethlehem was such a sin. Aimed at the absent and invincible Messiah, it immortalized the plotter, as one, who shrunk not from the massacre of innocent nurslings, in his most impotent hope of foiling the Infallible, and achieving a successful Deicide. Crimes that are of an especial zest to their authors and their patrons, may yet, before the bar of posterity, be adjudged incredibly foolish for the blindness that filled the contrivers

as to the inevitable recoil of their own effort. And so the men, who plotted this slaughter in our high places, when talking of tyranny as if that tyranny inhered mainly or only in the soul which they unhoused, were actually stabbing to the heart that form of society, that slavebred chivalry, which they affected to advocate, and expected, in this savage fashion, to illustrate and to vindicate. The curse invoked by the Jews on the head of the Crucified came, hurtling back, in bloody rain, on them and their children's children, through long centuries and across wide continents. Those old Hebrews denounced their victim as a deceiver of the people; but were in fact, themselves, the most deceived of all people, in thus rejecting their true Deliverer, and choosing to be thrall'd by the veriest delusions of the destroyer. So, in less degree, is it with lesser and later crimes. "The curse causeless" travels back, dire and swift, on the heads of its guilty shouters. The banner may—or may not, have been that day, restored by its old defenders to the walls of Fort Sumter. But the pistol-shot, discharged that same day, in Washington, if we do not read all wrongly the omens of Providence, saluted another and more momentous flag-raising. The bullet-shot and the knife-stab, that evening delivered, have effectually nailed to the mast of the ship of state the banner of Emancipation—of universal—unconditional—uncompensated and unrepealable enfranchisement. This evil, Slavery, has been through our whole national lifetime the Achan, troubling our peace. We must bury it now, in this valley of Achor, the scene of our national mourning. Let them massacre without stint, the witnesses of Right at the North, wherever they may choose them, in

legislative halls, pulpits, at presses or in professors' chairs. But the slaughterers have even thus but fixed that banner of enfranchisement. These men of the South have themselves driven, with their own violent hands, the nails that fasten it in place. Who, North or South, has power to draw the nails so driven? So perishes tyranny, drunk in the frenzy of its hate, and shouting its own doom, like Caiaphas, a truer prophet than it had imagined itself, when supposing itself triumphant over its gasping victims.

The men of our own State may well, at such times, find happy and blessed lessons, as they remember the yet loftier motto, borne on the escutcheon of our own free State, "HIGHER." Let us, in the fear of our God, rise higher and higher, through the storms and glooms of the time, to the purer and serener regions above, where the Lord God of our fathers sits in untroubled Sovereignty. Let us calm and brace ourselves in the assurance, that no event, however unwelcome, or guilty, or disastrous—no influence for evil however defiant—no effort towards good however feeble, obscure, or powerless it may to us seem,—is there on our lower plane of action and observation, but it is distinctly and exactly ordered, permitted, or overruled, as a part of the great scheme of Providence, which on that loftier plane above is moving steadily on to its blessed consummation. Let us rejoice that our misguided foes must strike "higher" than they have yet aimed, if they would hope to uproot our confidence and to kill our principles. They must stab out the sun on high—the mounting, morning sun, as portrayed on the State shield, and in its place there a fit emblem, as we may read it, of the rising Sun of Righteousness—if they would proscribe

Liberty, and banish Righteousness, and exile effectually Conscience, and Hope, and Truth, from the earth. Can those who would "frame mischief by a law" expect to succeed, unless they can persuade the Common Father to interpolate it into his own legislation? Till they do, can they hope; or need we despair? And the Jehovah dwelling in the high and holy place can bring, and is of old wont to bring, great deliverance in the train of vast sorrows, and even of hideous crimes. This the Judge of all the earth has, like earthly magistrates, his certain set times of visitation. In these eras of crisis, and of inquisition, and of retribution, he often precipitates, into a brief space, the decision of questions that have been slowly ripening for long generations before. He "cuts short his work in righteousness." May not the changes and wastings that are upon us be regarded but as a summons from his secret pavilion, bidding us to look up, with loftier aims, and calmer trust, and more untiring prayer? Methinks it is but the trumpet peal that heralds the intervention and fuller manifestation of the God, who, as the hearer of prayer, is thus demanding from his people a more earnest and importunate use of prayer. He waits to be inquired of; and he is pledged that this inquiry shall not be left, as to his people's interests, a fruitless one. May we not well believe that the dreadful mutations of our times and of this present war, are in his survey of them, but newer and deeper and broader channels which he has opened to evangelization, and along which shall rush a more rapid and wide stream of truth? Will not the God of Israel—the Saviour thereof—not from trouble—but the Saviour thereof by means of trouble—if earnestly and

passionately invoked, come forth out of the very scenes of bereavement, desolation, and carnage that have littered the land with ruins; and show himself the Zerubbabel of a larger captivity than that which followed Nehemiah and Ezra from the Euphrates to the Jordan? Is not the residue of the Spirit with him, but awaiting the ascent of prayer, then to descend in showers of benediction over a regenerate, accordant, and prosperous nation? Those celestial and God-given influences wait not for man's permission to take their free and mighty course. He cannot curb them or exclude them more than he can shut out heaven's dropping rains, or returning daylight. A "HIGHER" power overrides earthly schemings, and barriers, flooding and dominating them, like "morning spread on the mountains." Reminded how terribly may be exacted the vast arrears of long unpunished sin, let us put promptly and thoroughly away the relics, habits, and spirit of oppression. Admonished how suddenly the paths of worldly ambition and activity may terminate in the tomb, should not the young, the busy, and the eager, and the giddy be startled, amid these funeral solemnities, to bethink themselves of that eternity, of which we are but too easily and generally forgetful? Was there not wisdom in his time, and is there not equal wisdom for our time, in the prophet's decision: "And I will wait upon the Lord *that hideth his face* from the house of Jacob, and I will look for him.* Has he not, and by the same Isaiah, replied to such a quest at such a time: "In a little wrath *I hid my face* from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer."† "And

* Isaiah viii. 17.

† Isaiah liv. 8.

it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; *we have waited for him, and he will save us; this is the Lord; we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation.*”* In the days of his incarnation he seemed sheltering himself from the prayers of the Syrophœnician mother, importunate in her pleadings for her child; but the withdrawal was but in kindness, to make more signal the faith that persisted in praying, and more exuberant the benediction which descended on that persistent, undaunted trust. High, therefore, and yet “higher” let the intercessions of the home, the closet, and the sanctuary arise, that, out of this crisis and agony of the national life, may yet revolve untold deliverances, and enduring and pervasive reformation.

Is it not a refreshment and a delight to remember that the Jesus whom we preach, and in whose name your prayers and hymns mount heavenward, and who is now exalted to the throne of supremest dominion, was himself once the maligned, the sacrificed, and the blasphemed? But in his rejection and entombment he was but preparing the overthrow of unbelief, and the triumph of his own gospel and kingdom. “Light is sown for the righteous.” Christ reigns in this very day of our nation’s mourning; and this Christian nation lives, whoever of its trusted captains falls; and this Christian freedom rises vindicated, consecrated, and necessitated by every gash and bullet-wound made in her confessors. When from under the altar the souls of those slain for the truth of God were heard asking, “*How long, O Lord?*” the infinite faithfulness of that most high and Holy One was heard,

* Isaiah xxv. 8.

admeasuring the time, and assuring the ultimate victory, however long delayed.

We cannot but believe, that the nobler minds of the South will themselves recoil from a cause that has such patrons as the conspirators and assassins, now betraying their hand—that the new crime will, by God's gracious alchemy, furnish a test which shall clear from clinging delusions many of the better intellects and nobler hearts of the southern States. If, in others of that population, it but precipitate a new and darker ferocity, it pillories their own cause; and sentences the fanatical tyranny to a more general reprobation, and a speedier and more irrevocable overthrow. And as of old Pentecost came in the wake of the last Passion, may we not well hope, and should we not earnestly pray, that the Holy Spirit, the Enlightener, and the Renewer, and the Consoler—will go forth over the very track of devastation, unspent in his infinite energy, on his errand of enkindling, and renovating, reconciling, sanctifying and restoring? May not his own churches, rejoicing in the life, inaccessible and indestructible, of this Blessed Friend, entrust cheerfully to his guardianship their own earthly lives, so soon and perchance so suddenly to close? It is his right not only, but it is his wont, to confer a peace which no earthly wars or commotions can shatter, and a life for the human soul, which death itself can not spill, but only enhance and defecate. He waits for the prayer of Zion; and he responds victoriously to her trust.

Be the Lord's, that you may be all the more truly and more effectively classed among your country's guardians and bulwarks. Free by his grace, the man who is the Lord's freeman—be his worldly infelicities what they

may—is at the last free as a denizen of the New Jerusalem, beyond and above these lower scenes of carnage, strife, woe and sin. This Captain of salvation may be hidden from the worldly, careless and impenitent; and seem effectually concealed beneath the thick veils of Nature and Providence, which neither wholly reveal, nor yet wholly disguise his worldly pathway. But, if hidden to them who believe him not and seek him not, he tenderly and habitually reveals himself to the eager inquirer, the praying disciple, and the obedient follower. Sweet are the glimpses which faith and hope and love win of him, in the earthly pilgrimage; but what shall be the full-orbed manifestation of that Saviour seen in his heavenly mansions, not for a time but forevermore. “We shall be like unto him, for we shall see him as he is.” Some, even in the judgment, shall, like Balaam, see him “but not near,” and, repelled from his throne, shall be sentenced to a yet greater removal, and to the long, sad exile of an endless night and a hopeless sorrow. What a hiding shall that be, on the part of a long refused Saviour, now clothed in all the tremendous majesty of an incensed Judge, withdrawn entirely and eternally from the sufferers who steadily spurned his consolations, and the sinners who slighted, defied and forfeited the grace which would fain have blessed and rescued them. In outraging him, they missed pardon and flung away the glory and repose and felicity of Paradise. “They are hidden from thine eyes,” was his own lament over obdurate Jerusalem. Let not ours be the stubborn ingratitude and unbelief that eclipses the Light of Life, and leaves us the heirs of such a wrath and such a ban, as the rejected Saviour must pronounce against the rejecting sinner.

SERMON II.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

“And Moses went up from the plains of Moab, unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho; and the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan, and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoor. And the Lord said unto him, this is the land which I swear unto Abrsham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither. So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord.”—DEUT. xxxiv. 1-5.

THERE is no historic figure more noble than that of the Jewish lawgiver. After so many thousand years, the figure of Moses is not diminished, but stands up against the background of early days, distinct and individual as if he had lived but yesterday. There is scarcely another event in history more touching than his death. He had borne the great burdens of states for forty years, shaped the Jews to a nation, filled out their civil and religious polity, administered their laws, guided their steps, or dwelt with them in all their journeyings in the wilderness; had mourned in their punishment, kept step with their march, and led them in wars, until the end of their labors drew nigh. The last stage was reached. Jordan only lay between them and the promised land. The pro-

mised land!—oh, what yearnings had heaved his breast for that divinely promised place! He had dreamed of it by night, and mused by day. It was holy and endeared as God's favored spot. It was to be the cradle of an illustrious history. All his long, laborious, and now weary life, he had aimed at this as the consummation of every desire, the reward of every toil and pain. Then came the word of the Lord to him, "Thou mayest not go over. Get thee up into the mountain, look upon it, and die."

From that silent summit, the hoary leader gazed to the north, to the south, to the west, with hungry eyes. The dim outlines rose up. The hazy recesses spoke of quiet valleys between the hills. With eager longing, with sad resignation, he looked upon the promised land. It was now to him a forbidden land. It was a moment's anguish. He forgot all his personal wants, and drank in the vision of his people's home. His work was done. There lay God's promise fulfilled. There was the seat of coming Jerusalem; there the city of Judah's King; the sphere of judges and prophets; the mount of sorrow and salvation; the nest whence were to fly blessings innumerable to all mankind. Joy chased sadness from every feature, and the prophet laid him down and died.

Again a great leader of the people has passed through toil, sorrow, battle, and war, and come near to the promised land of peace, into which he might not pass over. Who shall recount our martyr's sufferings for this people? Since the November of 1860, his horizon has been black with storms. By day and by night, he trod a way of danger and darkness. On his shoulders rested a govern-

ment dearer to him than his own life. At its integrity millions of men were striking at home. Upon this government foreign eyes lowered. It stood like a lone island in a sea full of storms; and every tide and wave seemed eager to devour it. Upon thousands of hearts great sorrows and anxieties have rested, but not on one such, and in such measure, as upon that simple, truthful, noble soul, our faithful and sainted Lincoln. Never rising to the enthusiasm of more impassioned natures in hours of hope, and never sinking with the mercurial in hours of defeat to the depths of despondency, he held on with unmovable patience and fortitude, putting caution against hope, that it might not be premature, and hope against caution, that it might not yield to dread and danger. He wrestled ceaselessly, through four black and dreadful purgatorial years, wherein God was cleansing the sin of his people as by fire.

At last, the watcher beheld the gray dawn for the country. The mountains began to give forth their forms from out the darkness; and the East came rushing toward us with arms full of joy for all our sorrows. Then it was for him to be glad exceedingly, that had sorrowed immeasurably. Peace could bring to no other heart such joy, such rest, such honor, such trust, such gratitude. But he looked upon it as Moses looked upon the promised land. Then the wail of a nation proclaimed that he had gone from among us. Not thine the sorrow, but ours, sainted soul. Thou hast indeed entered the promised land, while we are yet on the march. To us remains the rocking of the deep, the storm upon the land, days of duty and nights of watching; but thou art sphered high above all dark-

ness and fear, beyond all sorrow and weariness. Rest, oh weary heart! Rejoice exceedingly, thou that hast enough suffered! Thou hast beheld Him who invisibly led thee in this great wilderness. Thou standest among the elect. Around thee are the royal men that have enobled human life in every age. Kingly art thou, with glory on thy brow as a diadem. And joy is upon thee for ever more. Over all this land, over all the little cloud of years that now from thine infinite horizon moves back as a speck, thou art lifted up as high as the star is above the clouds that hide us, but never reach it. In the goodly company of Mount Zion thou shalt find that rest which thou hast sorrowing sought in vain; and thy name, an everlasting name in heaven, shall flourish in fragrance and beauty as long as men shall last upon the earth, or hearts remain, to revere truth, fidelity, and goodness.

Never did two such orbs of experience meet in one hemisphere, as the joy and the sorrow of the same week in this land. The joy was as sudden as if no man had expected it, and as entrancing as if it had fallen a sphere from heaven. It rose up over sobriety, and swept business from its moorings, and ran down through the land in irresistible course. Men embraced each other in brotherhood that were strangers in the flesh. They sang, or prayed, or, deeper yet, many could only think thanksgiving and weep gladness. That peace was sure; that government was firmer than ever; that the land was cleansed of plague; that the ages were opening to our footsteps, and we were to begin a march of blessings; that blood was stanch'd, and scowling enmities were sinking like storms beneath the horizon; that the dear

fatherland, nothing lost, much gained, was to rise up in unexampled honor among the nations of the earth—these thoughts, and that undistinguishable throng of fancies, and hopes, and desires, and yearnings, that filled the soul with tremblings like the heated air of midsummer days—all these kindled up such a surge of joy as no words may describe.

In one hour joy lay without a pulse, without a gleam, or breath. A sorrow came that swept through the land as huge storms sweep through the forest and field, rolling thunder along the sky, disheveling the flowers, daunting every singer in thicket or forest, and pouring blackness and darkness across the land and up the mountains. Did ever so many hearts, in so brief a time, touch two such boundless feelings? It was the uttermost of joy; it was the uttermost of sorrow—noon and midnight, without a space between.

The blow brought not a sharp pang. It was so terrible that at first it stunned sensibility. Citizens were like men awakened at midnight by an earthquake, and bewildered to find everything that they were accustomed to trust wavering and falling. The very earth was no longer solid. The first feeling was the least. Men waited to get straight to feel. They wandered in the streets as if groping after some impending dread, or undeveloped sorrow, or some one to tell them what ailed them. They met each other as if each would ask the other, "Am I awake, or do I dream?" There was a piteous helplessness. Strong men bowed down and wept. Other and common griefs belonged to some one in chief: this belonged to all. It was each and every man's. Every virtuous household in the land

felt as if its first-born were gone. Men were bereaved, and walked for days as if a corpse lay unburied in their dwellings. There was nothing else to think of. They could speak of nothing but that; and yet, of that they could speak only falteringly. All business was laid aside. Pleasure forgot to smile. The city for nearly a week ceased to roar. The great Leviathan lay down, and was still. Even avarice stood still, and greed was strangely moved to generous sympathy and universal sorrow. Rear to his name monuments, found charitable institutions, and write his name above their lintels; but no monument will ever equal the universal, spontaneous, and sublime sorrow that in a moment swept down lines and parties, and covered up animosities, and in an hour brought a divided people into unity of grief and indivisible fellowship of anguish.

For myself, I cannot yet command that quietness of spirit needed for a just and temperate delineation of a man whom goodness has made great. Leaving that, if it please God, to some other occasion, I pass to some considerations, aside from the martyr President's character, which may be fit for this hour's instruction.

1. Let us not mourn that his departure was so sudden, nor fill our imagination with horror at its method. Men, long eluding and evading sorrow, when at last they are overtaken by it, seem enchanted, and seek to make their sorrow sorrowful to the very uttermost, and to bring out every drop of suffering which they possibly can. This is not Christian, though it may be natural. When good men pray for deliverance from sudden death, it is only that they may not be plunged without preparation, all

disrobed, into the presence of their Judge. When one is ready to depart, suddenness of death is a blessing. It is a painful sight to see a tree overthrown by a tornado, wrenched from its foundations, and broken down like a weed; but it is yet more painful to see a vast and venerable tree lingering with vain strife against decay, which age and infirmity have marked for destruction. The process by which strength wastes, and the mind is obscured, and the tabernacle is taken down, is humiliating and painful; and it is good and grand when a man departs to his rest from out of the midst of duty, full-armed and strong, with pulse beating time. For such an one to go suddenly, if he be prepared to go, is but to terminate a most noble life in its most noble manner. Mark the words of the Master:

“Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh they may open unto him immediately. Blessed are those servants whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching.”

Not they that go in a stupor, but they that go with all their powers about them, and wide-awake, to meet their Master, as to a wedding, are blessed. He died watching. He died with his armor on. In the midst of hours of labors, in the very heart of patriotic consultations, just returned from camps and councils, he was stricken down. No fever dried his blood. No slow waste consumed him. All at once, in full strength and manhood, with his girdle tight about him, he departed, and walks with God.

Nor was the manner of his death more shocking, if we

divest it of the malignity of the motives which caused it. The mere instrument itself is not one that we should shrink from contemplating. Have not thousands of soldiers fallen on the field of battle by the bullets of the enemy? Is being killed in battle counted to be a dreadful mode of dying? It was as if he had died in battle. Do not all soldiers that must fall ask to depart in the hour of battle and victory? He went in the hour of victory.

There has not been a poor drummer-boy in all this war that has fallen for whom the great heart of Lincoln would not have bled; there has not been one private soldier, without note or name, slain among thousands, and hid in the pit among hundreds, without even the memorial of a separate burial, for whom the President would not have wept. He was a man from the common people that never forgot his kind. And now that he who might not bear the march, and toil, and battles with these humble citizens has been called to die by the bullet, as they were, do you not feel that there was a peculiar fitness to his nature and life, that he should in death be joined with them, in a final common experience, to whom he had been joined in all his sympathies.

For myself, when any event is susceptible of a higher and nobler garnishing, I know not what that disposition is that should seek to drag it down to the depths of gloom, and write it all over with the scrawls of horror or fear. I let the light of nobler thoughts fall upon his departure, and bless God that there is some argument of consolation in the matter and manner of his going, as there was in the matter and manner of his staying.

2. This blow was but the expiring rebellion. As a

miniature gives all the form and features of its subject, so, epitomized in this foul act, we find the whole nature and disposition of slavery. It begins in a wanton destruction of all human rights, and in a desecration of all the sanctities of heart and home; and it is the universal enemy of mankind, and of God, who made man. It can be maintained only at the sacrifice of every right and moral feeling in its abettors and upholders. I deride the man that points me to any man bred amid slavery, believing in it, and willingly practicing it, and tells me that he is a *man*. I shall find saints in perdition sooner than I shall find true manhood under the influences of so accursed a system as this. It is a two-edged sword, cutting both ways, violently destroying manhood in the oppressed, and insidiously destroying manhood in the oppressor. The problem is solved, the demonstration is completed, in our land. Slavery wastes its victims; and it destroys the masters. It destroys public morality, and the possibility of it. It corrupts manhood in its very centre and elements. Communities in which it exists are not to be trusted. They are rotten. Nor can you find timber grown in this accursed soil of iniquity that is fit to build our ship of state, or lay the foundation of our households. The patriotism that grows up under this blight, when put to proof, is selfish and brittle; and he that leans upon it shall be pierced. The honor that grows up in the midst of slavery is not honor, but a bastard quality that usurps the place of its better, only to disgrace the name of honor. And, as long as there is conscience, or reason, or Christianity, the honor that slavery begets will be a bye-word and a hissing. The whole moral nature of men reared to familiarity and

connivance with slavery is death-smitten. The needless rebellion ; the treachery of its leaders to oaths and solemn trusts ; their violation of the commonest principles of fidelity, sitting in senates, in councils, in places of public confidence, only to betray and to destroy ; the long, general, and unparalleled cruelty to prisoners, without provocation, and utterly without excuse : the unreasoning malignity and fierceness—these all mark the symptoms of that disease of slavery which is a deadly poison to soul and body.

1. I do not say that there are not single natures, here and there, scattered through the vast wilderness which is covered with this poisonous vine, who escape the poison. There are, but they are not to be found among the men that believe in it, and that have been moulded by it. They are the exceptions. Slavery is itself barbarity. That nation which cherishes it is barbarous ; and no outward tinsel or glitter can redeem it from the charge of barbarism. And it was fit that its expiring blow should be such as to take away from men the last forbearance, the last pity, and fire the soul with an invincible determination that the breeding-ground of such mischiefs and monsters shall be utterly and forever destroyed.

2. We needed not that he should put on paper that he believed in slavery, who, with treason, with murder, with cruelty infernal, hovered around that majestic man to destroy his life. He was himself but the long sting with which slavery struck at liberty ; and he carried the poison that belonged to slavery. And as long as this nation lasts, it will never be forgotten that we have had one martyred President—never ! Never, while time lasts, while heaven

lasts, while hell rocks and groans, will it be forgotten that slavery, by its minions, slew him, and, in slaying him, made manifest its whole nature and tendency.

3. This blow was aimed at the life of the Government and of the nation. Lincoln was slain; America was meant. The man was cast down; the Government was smitten at. The President was killed: it was national life, breathing freedom, and meaning beneficence, that was sought. He, the man of Illinois, the private man, divested of robes and the insignia of authority, representing nothing but his personal self, might have been hated; but it was not that that ever would have called forth the murderer's blow. It was because he stood in the place of government, representing government, and a government that represented right and liberty, that he was singled out.

This, then, is a crime against universal government. It is not a blow at the foundations of our government, more than at the foundations of the English Government, of the French Government, of every compacted and well-organized government. It was a crime against mankind. The whole world will repudiate and stigmatize it as a deed without a shade of redeeming light. For this was not the oppressed, goaded to extremity, turning on his oppressor. Not the shadow of a cloud, even, has rested on the South, of wrong; and they knew it right well.

In a council held in the City of Charleston, just preceding to the attack on Fort Sumter, two commissioners were appointed to go to Washington; one on the part of the army from Fort Sumter, and one on the part of the Confederates. The lieutenant that was designated to go for us said it seemed to him that it would be of little use

for him to go, as his opinion was immovably fixed in favor of maintaining the Government in whose service he was employed. Then Gov. Pickens took him aside, detaining, for an hour and a half, the railroad train that was to convey them on their errand. He opened to him the whole plan and secret of the Southern conspiracy, and said to him, distinctly and repeatedly (for it was needful, he said, to lay aside disguises), that the South had never been wronged, and that all their pretences of grievance in the matter of tariffs, or anything else, were invalid. "But," said he, "we must carry the people with us; and we allege these things, as all statesmen do many things that they do not believe, because they are the only instruments by which the people can be managed." He then and there declared that the two sections of country were so antagonistic in ideas and policies that they could not live together, that it was foreordained that Northern and Southern men must keep apart on account of differences in ideas and policies, and that all the pretences of the South about wrongs suffered were but pretences, as they very well knew. This is testimony which was given by one of the leaders in the rebellion, and which will, probably, ere long, be given under hand and seal to the public. So the South has never had wrong visited upon it except by that which was inherent in it.

This was not, then, the avenging hand of one goaded by tyranny. It was not a despot turned on by his victim. It was the venomous hatred of liberty wielded by an avowed advocate of slavery. And, though there may have been cases of murder in which there were shades of palliation, yet this murder was without provocation, with-

out temptation, without reason, sprung from the fury of a heart cankered to all that was just and good, and corrupted by all that was wicked and foul.

4. The blow has signally failed. The cause is not stricken ; it is strengthened. This nation has dissolved—but in tears only. It stands four-square, more solid, to-day, than any pyramid in Egypt. This people are neither wasted, nor daunted, nor disordered. Men hate slavery and love liberty with stronger hate and love to-day than ever before. The Government is not weakened, it is made stronger. How naturally and easily were the ranks closed ! Another stepped forward, in the hour that the one fell, to take his place and his mantle ; and I avow my belief that he will be found a man true to every instinct of liberty ; true to the whole trust that is reposed in him ; vigilant of the Constitution ; careful of the laws ; wise for liberty, in that he himself, through his life, has known what it was to suffer from the stings of slavery, and to prize liberty from bitter personal experiences. [Applause.]

Where could the head of government in any monarchy be smitten down by the hand of an assassin, and the funds not quiver nor fall one-half of one per cent ? After a long period of national disturbance, after four years of drastic war, after tremendous drafts on the resources of the country, in the height and top of our burdens, the heart of this people is such that now, when the head of government is stricken down, the public funds do not waver, but stand as the granite ribs in our mountains.

Republican institutions have been vindicated in this experience as they never were before ; and the whole history of the last four years, rounded up by this cruel stroke,

seems, in the providence of God, to have been clothed, now, with an illustration, with a sympathy, with an aptness, and with a significance, such as we never could have expected nor imagined. God, I think, has said, by the voice of this event, to all nations of the earth, "Republican liberty, based upon true Christianity, is firm as the foundation of the globe." [Applause.]

5. Even he who now sleeps has, by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Now his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and your children, and your children's children, shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which, in their time, passed, in party heat, as idle words. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake, and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well. I swear you, on the altar of his memory, to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished. [Applause.] They will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which, in vanquishing him, has made him a martyr and a conqueror. I swear you, by the memory of this martyr, to hate slavery with an unappeasable hatred. [Applause.] They will admire and imitate the firmness of this man, his inflexible conscience for the right; and yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's, his moderation of spirit, which, not all the heat of party could inflame, nor all the jars and disturbances of this country shake out of its place. I swear you to an emulation of his justice, his moderation, and his mercy.

You I can comfort; but how can I speak to that twi-

light million to whom his name was as the name of an angel of God? There will be wailing in places which no minister shall be able to reach. When, in hovel and in cot, in wood and in wilderness, in the field throughout the South, the dusky children, who looked upon him as that Moses whom God sent before them to lead them out of the land of bondage, learn that he has fallen, who shall comfort them? O, thou Shepherd of Israel, that didst comfort thy people of old, to thy care we commit the helpless, the long-wronged, and grieved.

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and states are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead, *dead*, DEAD, he yet speaketh! Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that ever was fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen in the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome! Your sorrows, oh people, are his peace! Your bells, and bands, and muffled drums, sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here; God makes it echo joy and triumph there. Pass on!

Four years ago, oh, Illinois, we took from your midst an untried man, and from among the people. We return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, oh, ye prairies! In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who

shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!

S E R M O N III.

REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS, D. D.

“Sorrow hath filled your heart. Nevertheless, I will tell you the truth. It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send him unto you.”—ST. JOHN xvi. 6, 7.

So Jesus, in view of his own approaching death, comforted his disciples! He was to leave them, robbed by violence of their accustomed leader; he whom they had believed should redeem Israel, snatched wickedly and ignominiously from their side; all their hopes of prosperity and power in this world utterly destroyed. He was to leave them a dismayed and broken-hearted band, terror-stricken and scattered abroad, the enemies of their beloved Lord triumphant over him; his words and teachings as yet involved in obscurity and mystery; their souls ungrown in his likeness; the nature of their Master's errand in this world not yet understood—nay, misunderstood almost as sadly by his disciples as by the Jews who murdered him. Knowing, as our Saviour did, just how they were to be affected by his death, how utterly appalled and bewildered, he still tells them, “It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away the Comforter (who should abide with them forever) will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send him unto you.”

We understand now, looking back nineteen centuries, how truly Jesus spake. We see that without that death there could not have been that resurrection from the dead ; that Jesus Christ was revealed to his disciples as a spiritual prince and deliverer, as Lord over the grave and king of saints immortal, in the defeat of all ambitions having their seat in this world ; that he died to prove that death was not the end of being, but the real beginning of a true life ; rose again to show that if it was " appointed unto all men once to die," it was not because fate and matter were stronger than spirit, or because death was inevitable, but simply because thus man broke out of fleshly garments into a higher mode of existence. We see now that he finally left his disciples, and ascended into heaven, to show them that absence in the flesh is often only a greater nearness of the spirit—that his power to enlighten, guide, animate, and bless them—yes, to comfort and cheer them—was greater as an unseen Saviour, sitting at the right hand of God, than as a present incarnate Master, in whose bosom John could lie, and into whose side and into the prints of the nails Thomas could thrust his doubting fingers. And what he promised he fully performed ! The Crucifixion which darkened the heavens with its gloom, gave way to the Resurrection, which not only broke Christ's own tomb and the tombs of many saints, but slew the Angel of Death himself, leaving him only the mock dignity of a name without reality, which let into the Apostles' minds, and through them into the world, their first conception of the utter spirituality of Christ's kingdom ; converted them from Jews into Christians ; indeed, began the new era, and from ordinary fishermen created those glori-

ous, sublime Apostles, whose teachings, character, deeds, and sufferings built up the Church on the chief cornerstone, and established our holy religion in the world.

And it was not only expedient for Jesus Christ to die, that he might rise again clothed with his conquest over the grave, his victory over the doubts and fears of his disciples, and the bold predictions and short triumph of his murderers—but expedient for him, in his ascension, to go away utterly from all bodily presence with his disciples and followers, drawing their thoughts and affections after him into the unseen world. Thus alone could Jesus keep the minds and hearts of his disciples wide open and stretched to the full compass of his spiritual religion—keep them from closing in again with their narrow earthly horizon—keep them from falling back into schemes of worldly hope—from substituting fondness for and devotion to his visible person, for that elevated, spiritual consecration to his spirit and his commandments, on which their future high and holy influence depended. Jesus went away, that the Christ might return to be the anointing, and illumination, and Comforter of his disciples. His nearest friends never knew him till he had wholly gone away. They never loved him till he was beyond their embraces. John, lying in his bosom, was not as near his heart as thousands of his humblest disciples have been, who have had Christ formed within them by communion with his Holy Spirit. That going away created and inspired the Apostles, who, under God and Christ, created and inspired the Church. Jesus shook off his Judaic, his local, and his merely human character, and became the universal Son of Man, the native of all countries, the contemporary

of all times and eras, the ubiquitous companion and common Saviour. His death, his resurrection, his ascension, rehearsed and symbolized the common and sublime destiny of humanity. Man is mortal, and must die; man is immortal, and must rise again; man is a spirit, and must quit the limitations of earth and sense, to dwell with God in a world of spiritual realities.

Thus Jesus honored the flesh he took upon himself, and the world he lived in; honored by accepting the universal lot of life and death. But at the same time that he honored our visible conditions and circumstances, he dis-crowned them of their assumed sovereignty over us by triumphing over the grave, and returning in the flesh to life and to its duties and necessities, and then, finally, he lifted man above not only the grave, but above time and sense, matter and affairs, by ascending into the unseen world, as into a more real state of existence, and promising from that invisible seat to conduct the triumph of his Church, to visit and cheer the hearts of his disciples, and to be with them until the end of the world, when his kingdom should come fully, and God's will be done in earth as in heaven. Then he would deliver the kingdom up unto the father, that God might be all in all.

And has it not, indeed, been so? The Comforter has come! He came to the Apostles, and wiped away their doubts and fears, their personal ambitions, their Jewish prejudices, their self-seeking and self-saving thoughts! For tongues that spake only the dialects of their local experience, it gives them tongues of fire, burning with an eloquence intelligible in all lands and all ages.

And what but a Holy Spirit, a descending Saviour,

taking of the things of God and showing them unto men, has been the strength and salvation of human hearts from that hour to this? How has the Master's influence grown, how mighty his consolations, how irresistible the inspirations of his grace and truth! Buried in catacombs, overwhelmed with the wrath of mighty kings and princes, resisted and withstood by all the pride of philosophers and sages, protested by the vulgar senses and denied by the coarse appetites of man—the holy faith, planted in Christ's broken tomb, has withstood the rigors of every climate, outlived the swords and axes that have turned their edge against it, the hoofs of horses and the iron heels of mailed hosts that have trampled it in the dust, been nourished by the blood of the martyrs that died for its glory and defence, and has overrun the very cities that slew its Apostles, crossed oceans unknown to the empires that defiled or despised it, become the glory and hope of a civilization, known only by its name! The Comforter indeed! What visible bodily master could visit every day the millions of homes that the ascended Christ now takes in the daily circuit of his divine walk? And what lips could articulate the unspeakable wisdom he distills into lowly hearts that feel, but can never tell, the joy and trust and truth he imparts? Ah! the best part of the Gospel is that Word which cannot be uttered, but which comes and abides with the believing soul—that tender experience of a life hidden with Christ in God, which it is no more given to reveal in language, than it is given to describe the things which God hath prepared for them that love him! Yes! on this holy Easter morning! when the mild spring air is full of God's quickening love, and the breeze goes whispering in the ear of every dry root and quivering stalk,

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the promise of a new life, a glorious resurrection, is there not a winged but viewless Comforter, noiselessly fluttering in at the windows of all Christian homes, and gently stirring in the hearts that have inherited their fathers' faith, the blessed assurance of God's eternal love; of the soul's superiority to time and sense, to death and hell; of the supporting presence of a Saviour's love and care, with all the gracious invitations, encouragements, and comforts that breathe from the Gospels, vital with the spirit and life, the death and resurrection of him whose history they record? Can we read the New Testament to-day and feel that it is only common print that we peruse? Are Christ's living words only remembered phrases? or do we seem to hear them spoken from heaven by him who is the Word of God, and with a music and a meaning that all "the harpers, harping with their harps," could not intensify or sweeten, making our souls burn within us as when of old he walked and talked by the way, at Emmaus, with his disciples?

It is, dear brethren, the faith, and hope, and trust of those inspired by the Comforter Jesus sent, that enables us to confront without utter dismay the appalling visitation that has just fallen with such terrible suddenness upon the country and the national cause! With a heart almost withered, a brain almost paralyzed by the shock, I turn in vain for consolation to any other than the Comforter. Just as we were wreathing the laurels of our victories and the chaplets of our peace in with the Easter flowers that bloom around the empty sepulchre of our ascended Lord; just as we were preparing the fit and luminous celebration of a nation's joy in its providential deliverance from a most bloody and costly war, and feeling that the Resur-

rection of Christ was freshly and gloriously interpreted by the rising of our smitten, humiliated, reviled, and crucified country, buried in the distrust of foreign nations and the intentions of rebel hearts ; a country rising from the tomb, where she had left as discarded grave-clothes, the accursed vestments of slavery that had poisoned, enfeebled, and nearly destroyed her first life ; a country rising to a higher, purer existence, under the guidance of a chief whom it fondly thought sent from above to lead it cautiously, wisely, conscientiously, successfully, like another Moses, through the Red Sea into its promised land ; just then, at the proud moment when the nation, its four years of conflict fully rounded, had announced its ability to diminish its armaments, withdraw its call for troops and its restrictions on intercourse, comes as out of a clear heaven the thunderbolt that pierces the tender, sacred head that we were ready to crown with a nation's blessings, while trusting to its wisdom and gentleness, its faithfulness and prudence, the closing up of the country's wounds, and the appareling of the nation, her armor laid aside, in the white robes of peace.

Our beloved President, who had enshrined himself not merely in the confidence, the respect, and the gratitude of the people, but in their very hearts, as their true friend, adviser, representative, and brother ; whom the nation loved as much as it revered ; who had soothed our angry impatience in this fearful struggle with his gentle moderation and passionless calm ; who had been the head of the nation, and not the chief of a successful party ; and had treated our enemies like rebellious children, and not as foreign foes, providing even in their chastisement for

mercy and penitent restoration ; our prudent, firm, humble, reverential, God-fearing President is dead !

The assassin's hand has reached him who was belted round with a nation's devotion, and whom a million soldiers have hitherto encircled with their watchful guardianship. Panoplied in honesty and simplicity of purpose, too universally well-disposed to believe in danger to himself, free from ambition, self-consequence and show, he has always shown a fearless heart, gone often to the front, made himself accessible to all at home, trusted the people, joined their amusements, answered their summons, and laid himself open every day to the malice and murderous chances of domestic foes. It seemed as if no man could raise his hand against that meek ruler, or confront with purpose of injury that loving eye, that sorrow-stricken face, ploughed with care, and watchings, and tears. So marked with upright, patient purposes of good to all, of justice and mercy, of sagacious roundabout wisdom, was his homely, paternal countenance, that I do not wonder that his murderer killed him from behind, and could not face the look that would have disarmed him in the very moment of his criminal madness.

But he has gone ! ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States during the most difficult, trying, and important period of the nation's history ; safe conductor of our policy through a crisis such as no other people ever had to pass ; successful summoner of a million and a quarter of American citizens to arms in behalf of their flag and their Union ; author of the Proclamation of Emancipation ; the people's President ; the heir of Washington's place at the hearths and altars of the land ; the legitimate idol of

the negro race ; the perfect type of American democracy ; the astute adviser of our generals in the field ; the careful student of their strategy, and their personal friend and inspirer ; the head of his Cabinet, prevailing, by the passionless simplicity of his integrity and unselfish patriotism, over the larger experience, the more brilliant gifts, the more vigorous purposes of his constitutional advisers ; a President, indeed ; not the mere figure-head of the state, but its helmsman and pilot ; shrinking from no perplexity, magnanimous in self-accusation and in readiness to gather into his own bosom the spears of rebuke aimed at his counselors and agents ; the tireless servant of his place—no duty so small and wearisome that he shirked it, none so great and persistent that he sought to fling it upon others ; the man who, fully tried, (not without fitful vacillations of public sentiment, which visited on him the difficulties of the times and the situation), tried through four years in which every quality of the man, the statesman, the Christian, was tested ; in the face of a jeering enemy, and foreign sneers, and domestic ribaldry, elected again by overwhelming majorities to be their chief and their representative during another term of office, in which it was supposed even superior qualities and services would be required to meet the nation's exigencies—this tried, this honored, this beloved head of the Government and the country is, alas ! suddenly snatched from us at the moment of our greatest need and our greatest joy, and taken up higher to his heavenly reward ! Thank God, he knew how the nation loved and revered him ; his re-election was the most solid proof of that which could possibly have been given. He had tasted, too, the negro's

pious gratitude, and tearful, glorious affection! He had lived to give the order for ceasing our preparations for war—an act almost equivalent to proclaiming peace! He had seen of the travail of his soul, and was satisfied. He had done the work of a life in his first term of service; almost every day of his second term, not forty days old, had been marked with victories, until no good news could have been received that would have much swelled his joy and honest pride! And now, as the typical figure, the historic name of this great era, its glory rounded and full, the Almighty Wisdom has seen fit to close the record, and isolate the special work he has done, lest by any possible mischance the flawless beauty and symmetric oneness of the President's career should be impaired, its unique glory compromised by after issues, or its special lustre mixed with rays of another color, though it might be of an equal splendor!

The Past, at least, is secure! Nothing can touch him further. Standing the central form in the field of this mighty, providential struggle, he fitly represents the purity, calmness, justice, and mercy of the loyal American people; their unconquered resolution to conquer secession and break slavery in pieces; their sober, solid sense; their religious confidence that God is on their side, and their cause the cause of universal humanity! Let us be reconciled to the appointment which has released that weighty and patient head, that pathetic, tender heart, that worn and weary hand from the perplexing details of national rehabilitation. Let the lesser, meaner cares and anxieties of the country fall on other shoulders than those which have borne up the pillars of the nation when shaken with the earthquake.

And seeing it is God who has afflicted us, who doeth all things well, let us believe that it is expedient for us that our beloved chief should go away. He goes, to consecrate his work by flinging his life as well 'as his labors and his conscience, into the nation's cause. He that has cheered so many on to bloody sacrifice, found unexpected, surprising opportunity, to give also his own blood ! He died, as truly as any warrior dies on the battle-field, in the nation's service, and shed his blood for her sake ! It was the nation that was aimed at by the bullet that stilled his aching brain. As the representative of a cause, the type of a victory, he was singled out and slain ! His life and career now have the martyr's palm added to the statesman's, philanthropist's, and patriot's crown. His place is sure in the innermost shrine of his country's gratitude. His name will match with Washington's, and go with it laden with blessings down to the remotest posterity.

And may we not have needed this loss, in which we gain a national martyr and an ascended leader, to inspire us from his heavenly seat, where with the other father of his country he sits in glory, while they send united benedictions and lessons of comfort and of guidance down upon their common children—may we not have needed this loss to sober our hearts in the midst of our national triumph, lest in the excess of our joy and our pride we should overstep the bounds of that prudence and the limits of that earnest seriousness which our affairs demand ? We have stern and solemn duties yet to perform, great and anxious tasks to achieve. We must not, after ploughing the fields with the burning share of civil war, and fertilizing them with the blood and bones of a half million noble youth, lose the great harvest by wasting the short

season of ingathering in festive joy at its promise and its fulness! We have, perhaps, been prematurely glad. In the joy of seeing our haven in view we have been disposed to slacken the cordage and let the sails flap idly, and the hands go below, when the storm was not fairly over nor all the breakers out of sight! God has startled us, to apprise us of our peril; to warn us of possible mischances, and to caution us how we abuse our confidence and over-trust our enemy. I hope and pray that the nation may feel itself, by the dreadful calamity that has befallen it, summoned to its knees; called to a still more pious sense of its dependence, toned up to its duties, and compelled to watch with the most eager patience the course of its generals, its statesmen, and its press. It cannot be for anything short of the utmost importance, that the venerated and beloved head of this people and his chief counselor and companion have thus been brought low in an hour, one to his very grave, the other to the gates of death!

It would seem as if every element of tragic power and pathos were fated to enter into this rebellion, and mark it out forever as a warning to the world. It really began in the Senate House, when the bludgeon of South Carolina felled the State of Massachusetts and the honor of the Union in the person of a brave and eloquent senator. The shot at Fort Sumter was not so truly the fatal beginning of the war as the blow in the Senate Chamber. That blow proclaimed the barbarism, the cruelty, the stealthiness, the treachery, the recklessness of reason and justice, the contempt of prudence and foresight which a hundred years of legalized oppression and inhumanity had bred in the South! And now, that blow, deepened into thunder, echoes from the head of the Chief Magistrate, as if slavery

could not be dismissed forever, until her barbaric cruelty, her reckless violence, her political blasphemy had illustrated itself upon the most conspicuous arena, under the most damning light and the most memorable and unforgettable circumstances in which crime was ever yet committed !

And in the same hour that the thoughtful, meek, and careworn head of the President was smitten to death, a head that had sunk to its pillow for so many months full of unembittered, gentle, conciliatory, yet anxious and watchful thoughts—the neck on which that President had leaned with an affectionate confidence that was half womanly, during all his administration, was assailed with the bowie-knife, which stands for Southern vengeance and slavery's natural weapon ! The voice of the free North, the tongue and throat of liberty, was fitly assailed, when slavery and secession would exhibit her dying feat of malignant revenge. Through the channels of that neck had flowed for thirty years the temperate, persistent, strong, steady currents of this nation's resistance to the encroachments of the slave power, of this people's aspirations for release from the curse and the peril of a growing race of slaves. That throat had voiced the nation's great argument in the Senate Chamber. The arm that had written the great series of letters which defended the nation from the schemes of foreign diplomatists, was already accidentally broken ; the jaw that had so eloquently moved was dislocated too ; but slavery remembered the neck that bowed not when most others were bent to her power ; remembered the throat that was vocal in her condemnation when most others in public life were silent from policy or

fear; remembered the words of him who, more than any man, slew her with his tongue; and so her last assault was upon the jugular veins of the Secretary of State. Her bloodhounds sprang at the throat of him who had denied their right and broken their power to spring at the neck of the slave himself!

But thus far, thank God, slavery is baffled in her last effort. Mr. Seward lives to tell us what no man knows so well—the terrible perils through which we have passed at home and abroad; lives to tell us the goodness, the wisdom, the piety of the President he was never weary of praising. “He is the best man I ever knew,” he said to me, a year ago. What a eulogy from one so experienced, so acute, so wise, so gentle! Ah, brethren, the head of the Government is gone; but he who knew his counsels and was his other self, still lives, and may God hear to-day a nation’s prayer for his life.

Meanwhile Heaven rejoices this Easter morning in the resurrection of our lost leader, honored in the day of his death; dying on the anniversary of our Lord’s great sacrifice, a mighty sacrifice himself for the sins of a whole people.

We will not grudge him his release, or selfishly recall him from his rest and his reward! The only unpitied object in this national tragedy, he treads to-day the courts of light, radiant with the joy that even in Heaven celebrates our Saviour’s resurrection from the dead! The sables we hang in our sanctuaries and streets have no place where he is! His hearse is plumed with a nation’s grief; his resurrection is hailed with the songs of revolutionary patriots, of soldiers that have died for their coun-

try. He, the commander-in-chief, has gone to his army of the dead ! The patriot President has gone to our Washington ! The meek and lowly Christian is to-day with him who said on earth, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest," and who, rising to-day, fulfils his glorious words, "I am the resurrection and the life ; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whoso 'liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

S E R M O N I V .

REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D. D.

“ And the king of Israel said unto Elisba, when he saw them, My father, shall I smite them ? shall I smite them ? And he answered, Thou shalt not smite them. Wouldst thou smite those whom thou hast taken captive with thy sword and with thy bow ? Set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink, and go to their master.”—II KINGS vi. 21.

THE point of this story is very manifest. The principle which it establishes is also very clear. The simple question proposed to the prophet and answered by him was : What shall be our treatment of an enemy subdued ? One class of sentiment demands, in the very language of man's nature : “ Shall I smite them ? ” Another replies in the spirit of the divine teaching : “ Set bread and water before them, and let them go.” The combination of both would be in the analogy of the divine administration. “ Behold the goodness and the severity of God.” There are those involved in every such crisis, the sparing of whom is false to the true operation of mercy. There are those also, the punishing of whom would be an avenging undue to justice.

Both mercy and justice derive their very nature and power from a proportionate discernment. When man describes either of them as blind and unlimited, he paints them as arbitrary, tyrannical, and unreasoning. In a just and equitable administration of government, whether dis-

tributing its rewards or its penalties, there must be the most accurate discerning of varied responsibility. The leaders in crime should never be excused from the just penalty of their offence. The subordinates—subjects of relative influence,—victims of determined power,—often more sinned against than sinning—are never to be dealt with,—on the same plane of responsibility. For them, mercy delights to rejoice against judgment, and the highest sovereignty may well display itself in the most complete forgiveness.

In the story which lies before us now, four separate facts are very remarkable, and to our purpose extremely appropriate. I. The warfare was really against the God of Israel. II. The power which prevailed was the providence of God. III. The victory attained was the gift of God. IV. The resulting treatment of the captives was the example of God.

These are very important propositions in any earthly crisis. The field of their illustration was very limited in the history of Israel. The extent of the field, however, will not affect the propriety of their application. I deem them remarkably applicable to our own national condition. And as you require and expect me, on these occasions of a nation's worship, to speak on the subjects of the nation's interest, I shall freely speak of the elements and obligations of the present crisis. I assume these four propositions as absolutely and minutely illustrated by our national condition.

I. The warfare which this Southern rebellion has made on our Government and nation, has been really a warfare against God. Not Israel was more truly a nation divinely

collected, divinely governed, divinely commissioned, divinely prospered, than have been the United States of America. It is no boastful nationalism, to say that this nation, in its establishment and prosperity, was the last hope in a weary world that man could ever on earth enjoy a peaceful and protected liberty. This broad, unoccupied continent, which God had reserved for its possession, was the last open field of earth remaining on which to try the grand experiment of a moral, social, intellectual advancement of the peaceful poor of the human family.

Freedom, education, orderly government, secure possessions, equal social rights, triumphant, stable law, universal possibility and prospect of advancement, complete freedom in man's personal relations to God, had been in all generations, and among all people, flying before the violence of savage force and brutish selfishness. Here was the last possible opening for their peaceful conquest. Here only on earth could human welfare be attained, without the violence of destructive revolutions and the overthrow of nations in the confusion of war and blood. To make the other three quarters of the globe free and happy, demanded a process of previous destruction of reigning evil. To make America free, happy, and prosperous, required only that it should be settled in peace, prospered in liberty, and hallowed in prayer. If it could thus be settled with plants of renown, generations to come should gather from it the fruits of paradise and glory.

The actual circumstances combining to make up the history of the settlement of this nation, were so peculiarly and remarkably an ordering and arrangement in divine providence, that I will not waste your time, or trifle with

your intelligence, by demonstrating in detail the fact, that God had chosen this place and this people for a special exhibition of his own wisdom and goodness in the government of man, and for the accomplishment of great results in human happiness, which had been nowhere else attained. I should be ready to affirm that whoever warred with the integrity, prosperity, and onward growth of this nation, warred with the plans and purposes of God.

But the warfare through which we have now passed, was organized expressly to overthrow the government and integrity of the American nation, for the establishment of local sectional sovereignties. It was avowed to be for the arrest and destruction of the dominion of universal liberty, and for the maintenance and perpetuation of American slavery. It was to establish a perpetual degradation of honorable labor and of the hard-toiling laboring classes, by making the capital of wealth the owner of the labor of poverty. It was to create and maintain a repulsive rivalry of distinct and contending peoples, in the place of one, united, and mutually sustaining nation. It was to overturn the whole power which this nation was exercising as a nation, to bless and exalt the earth, by breaking it up into inferior and inefficient communities, an example of good to none, a probable curse to all.

I cannot conceive of a warfare, in its inauguration and purpose, more completely against the purposes and the commands of the Most High. If we could imagine its success in the accomplishment of these avowed purposes of this rebellion, it would be impossible to calculate, in human reasoning, the sorrows which it would have brought upon a laboring earth. It would have been the

success of savage, bloodthirsty hatred, over all the arts of peace, and the employments and habits of patient and civilized men. It would have been the triumph of murder and cruelty, in spirit and habit, intensified by the pride of power, over all the barriers of law and the restraints of opinion. It would have been the overthrow of all the efforts of Christian benevolence, in the mere hardihood of selfish gain and acrid hostility. It would have been the ruin of the Christian Church, with all its associations for the spreading of the Gospel and honoring and establishing the Word of God. It would have spread a desolation, moral and physical, over this whole continent, devouring the hopes of coming generations, and blasting the anticipations of future goodness and greatness to the children of men.

The spirit, the mind, the heart of this rebellion have been displayed in the long-continued sufferings of the negro,—in the oppression and contempt of the poor whites,—in the native love of bloodshed, which has delighted in dueling and schooled itself in the skill of murder,—in the foulness of lust, which has left its fruits and marks in indelible monuments through the whole Southern country. They have now displayed themselves far more distinctly, but in an accordant manner, in the unprecedented and incredible cruelties which have been inflicted on our captive soldiers—deliberately planning the murder of thousands perfectly helpless, and the objects of pity to all other nations, by starvation, cruelty, and neglect. The whole exhibition of that people, as a people, has been so deeply, intensely wicked, that it was incredible, and was not and could not be believed, that

such a race of men, within the limits of outward civilization, were to be found on earth. Their success would have been the most shocking social desolation and accumulated crime that the human race has ever seen.

But even all this has not aroused the public sentiment of our nation to the conviction that we were really fighting the battles of the Lord against the enemies of man. And it has required this last ripened fruit of a demoniac hatred, in the shocking murder of the President of the Republic in the quietness of secure repose, and the cowardly assassination of his cabinet minister in the helplessness of a bed of sickness and suffering, long planned, encouraged and urged in public papers as a deed of honor, to make perfectly manifest that this whole warfare has been an assault of the most violent of men upon all that was orderly, conservative, and beneficent, in the gift of God and in the enjoyment of mankind. And no unprejudiced and impartial reader of history will hereafter, in his survey of the whole period, hesitate to say: "Never was there more clearly on earth an instance of that heavenly war, when Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and Satan which deceiveth the whole world, was cast out into the earth."

II. The power which has prevailed was the providence of God. The whole survey of this contest past has been a review of divine providence. The facts succeeding have been successive steps in this remarkable development of providence. The divine concealment of the real issue from the body of our people at the commencement of the struggle, was the opening line of this providence. How few were willing to accept the thought, that thus God

would overturn the giant wrong of human slavery ! How few could look upon the apparently mad attempt of John Brown, in the feeling that he was, after all, the Wickliffe of the coming day—the morning star of a new reformation ! We did not justify him ; we do not,—we need not justify him now. But we see him now as we dared not believe him then, opening a battle in a single duel, which should have no other end than the universal destruction of the slavery of man.

We were then combining to contend for a Constitution as it was. We asked no change. How few imagined that we were to fight out its glorious amendment on the side of liberty, until the signature of every State to its adoption should be written in the blood of its noblest citizens and youth ! We then pressed a compensated emancipation, and were ready to pay for it, at any conceivable price. How few could imagine that the States involved would madly refuse the offer, until God's peculiar plan should be wrought out, to let his captives go, but not by price or reward.

Most slowly did even that wisest man among us, who has been the last great sacrifice upon the altar of liberty, reach even a measure of willingness that the issue of liberty should be in the war at all. And yet how persistently did this great issue rise, as much by reproachful objections against it, as by growing clearness of perception concerning it, till at last South and North combined to see that the one grand question for white and black, for bond and free, was that which they called "the everlasting negro."

How completely hidden from our possible view was the extent of time and suffering to which the war should

reach! Could all its demands have been calculated and surveyed, how few would have been willing to embark upon a sea so troubled and apparently so hopeless! We thought of thousands of precious lives. Who would have dared to confront the certainty of a million? On the one side was ample and long-planned preparation and thought, adequate material, and the edge of united purpose whetted to its utmost temper; men that were prepared to fight, and determined to fight, not in a question of local liberty, but of universal conquest. On the other side was the habit of good-natured yielding of every thing for peace, a total want of preparation of material, a greater want even of spirit and desire to enter upon the contest. How gladly would they have made any concession and accepted any compromise, before the grand determination for the trial was wound up! Years of defeat were in store; apparently certain divisions were prepared; men's hearts failed them when they looked at the things which were coming; and yet all that they saw or imagined was but a mere toying with the great issue, when compared with the approaching reality, which they did not see.

How wonderfully and unexpectedly was the union of the North created, by the very assault on Sumter which was to fire the Southern heart! How few would have believed that all the Southern calculation upon a divided North, all the fears of mutual contests in our own streets, were to be put to rest for ever in the mere process of the controversy! What a providence for us was that sudden seizing of all forts and arsenals and public property, in the incredible violence of mad earnestness, when a calm and pretentious scheme of counsel would probably have betrayed our giant power in its sleep.

How graciously God has all the time stimulated purpose, and elevated faith, and new-created hope, by the mere mortification of defeats! How mercifully he has trained us up to the national idea, that we are a people, that we are one people, by scattering the blood of New-England and the West, of the Middle and the South, of the hill-tops and the shore, in one common sprinkling, through the whole field of warfare; burying the dead of the whole land side by side, in far distant but fraternal and equal cemeteries; giving a title to every State, in every soil, in this precious planting of their strength and glory; until at length we have come to rejoice in being one people, under one ruler,—and in the one title, American, we know no North, no South, no East, no West! How remarkable is that providence which has given us a new currency, negotiable throughout the continent, founded upon the aggregate of the property of the nation, and cherished and made certain by the very pride of the people; making that which is proverbially, in social economy, the weakness of a nation, the very strength of ours!

What a providence was that which settled the question of our iron-clads on the sea! “Man had not designed or intended it. Our authorities did not suspect the coming, if they were aware even of the character of the *Merrimac*, when she bore down upon our wooden fleet in the harbor of Norfolk. No preparation had been made sufficient to meet her. The *Monitor*, the only vessel in our whole navy that was able to cope successfully with her terrible armament and iron-plated sides, was considered of so little importance, that when she steamed out of the port of New-York, on her trial

trip, few were aware of her departure. She was not sent to engage her powerful foe. On the contrary, while upon her passage south, an order from the Navy Department was sent to call her back. But God interposed. The order was not permitted to be delivered. Winds and storm were made the executors of his will. Her voyage was retarded sufficiently to permit her antagonist to come forth and display her character and power, but not sufficiently to prevent *her* coming in time to save and defend the nation's property and the nation's honor. At the very moment when really needed, when most desired, and all was apparently lost, she came to the rescue and secured a glorious victory. *It was a victory given of God.*" It secured the succession of similar victories and the perennial monuments of the skill and courage of American naval warfare.

All these are lines of providence,—exalted, hidden, beyond our conception or arrangement. We might multiply them almost indefinitely, for they cover the whole field of observation. Every step which these Southern rebels have taken, they have been fighting against a providence that has been resistless, and have been compelled to defeat themselves. They have fought for slavery as a divine institution, until they were compelled absurdly to promise liberty to their slaves, if they would enlist and fight for slavery with them. Emancipation was made the boon for the black equally by the North and the South. They had vast crops of cotton, which they laid up for Northern armies to seize. They issued an unlimited order to plant only for food, to cover their territory with corn, and thus prepared the way for the support of Northern troops, in

their glorious march through the whole length of the rebelling territory.

They have lain in constrained idleness around Richmond, until the gathering hosts from abroad were too manifestly encircling them to permit a longer quiet. And then Richmond must be evacuated, and their whole armies, driven from their burrow, be made to surrender in the field. These are wonderful providences of God.

Perhaps the last act of providence is the most remarkable of all. They have combined for the murder of the President and his cabinet, in the hope of creating an unexpected anarchy of a nation without a ruler, and of involving the nation, in the suddenness of its despair, in an inextricable and hopeless revolution. But how God has confounded the counsel of Abithophel! Satan was not more deceived when he plunged the Jewish mob into the murder of their Lord, than when, on this very commemoration day of his crucifixion, he has aimed a traitor's bullet against the exalted ruler of this people. It is a costly sacrifice, indeed, to us, but the blessings which it will purchase may be well worth the price. It has demonstrated the spirit and fruit of this rebellion. It has made it abhorrent and hateful in the eyes of the whole nation. It has cut up all partial, trifling dealing with it by the roots. It has introduced a ruler whose stern experience of Southern wickedness will cut off all pleas of leniency to the base destroyers of their country. It has cemented for ever the national union and spirit of this people, by making the man whom they most loved and honored the last great sacrifice for the liberty and order of the people. And just as the murder of Charles the First has been the one grand

support of the English throne for two centuries, has made rebellion inconceivably hateful to the loyal mind, and warned off generations of Englishmen from all approaches to rebellion, so will the murder of Mr. Lincoln sanctify the right and power of Government, and make rebellion for ever hateful to the American nation.

If there be this day a single fact which especially strengthens the royal house and government of England, it is the unrighteous murder of the first Charles. The severed head of a Stuart is the foundation stone beneath the throne of Britain and Victoria. And if there be one fact of providence which hereafter will especially consecrate the right of national authority, and overwhelm the first suggestion of secession or treason, it will be this murder of the man whom all history will acknowledge the wisest, purest, greatest, best of American rulers; if not the Father of his country, at least the loved brother of all his people, and the friend and defender of the poorest and lowest of all its generations. Thus has providence triumphed over our enemies and given us the victory.

III. The victory is the gift of God. This is so clear in fact, and so clearly a consequence of the series of facts which we have already considered, that I need not illustrate it in minute detail. The time is too recent for our forgetfulness of any of the great distinguishing facts which have marked this warfare, or to permit us to arrogate the honor to our own skill and power alone. It is impossible to forget the gloomy aspect of the first years of this struggle—when at the East we were for a time severed from all communication with the national capital,—and in the West, all the states watered by the Mississippi up to the

Ohio, and higher on the western side, were held and fortified by the rebellion. It is impossible to forget the sadness of defeat after defeat in Virginia; the inaction and unwillingness, on the part of some of our leaders, to act in positive aggression against this Southern power, so conspicuously exalted, so defiant, so boastful, so encouraged from abroad; the threatening aspect of the Border States, as they were called; the bold threats of the leaders of the rebellion, of the devastation and ruin they were to bring upon this Northern land.

It is impossible to undervalue the courage, the union, the determination, the spirit with which these Southern rebels were inspired and sustained in their infuriated purpose. It is impossible to forget the devout humbleness of spirit with which our beloved and exalted President called the thoughts and dependence of the people, like some ancient ruler in the Theocracy, back to God. And when in the opening of the second year General Grant commenced his victorious career in the West,—and Donelson, and Pittsburgh Landing, and Vicksburgh, were rapid fruits of his valor, wisdom, and fidelity; and Dupont made his great opening on the coast of South Carolina; and Burnside effected his permanent lodgment on the inland shore of North Carolina; and the noble Farragut opened the Mississippi to New Orleans, meeting in his upward ascent the fleets which came down from the waters above: and Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee, and Maryland, were all recovered to a permanent Union; and Antietam and Gettysburgh were the remarkable tokens of divine protection within the limits of our own eastern soil; it was impossible not to discern the hand of God, giving victory

from the very hour that the war was acknowledged to be a war for liberty as well as order,—and for the deliverance of the oppressed, as truly as for the conserving of the prosperous and peaceful.

Accordingly, again and again did our exalted and believing President issue his proclamations of thanksgiving, sounding the appeal in the ears of the whole nation,—Oh ! give thanks unto the Lord, who maketh us to triumph over our enemies. But later victories are even more remarkable. The rapid campaign of Sherman, and the quiet imperturbable wisdom, faith, and purpose of General Grant, in the combination of all his varied concentrating forces,—in his calm endurance,—in his modest self-abnegation, in his fidelity to duty, and success in duty, have no parallel in the greatness of character which they severally manifest, in human history. All these displays, though grand in themselves, are but a part of the one wonderful divine scheme. All talent, calculation, courage, and force opposed to them, seem to have been paralyzed and made useless. And as I survey the whole scene, thus rapidly noted, I should hold myself an infidel in spirit, not to say, It is God alone who giveth us the victory.

But I deem all these displays inferior and secondary. The moral greatness of the President,—his meekness,—his faith,—his gentleness,—his patience,—his self-possession,—his love of the people,—his confidence in the people,—his higher confidence in God,—his generous temper never provoked,—his love fearing no evil, provoking no evil,—are such an elevation of human character, such an appropriate supply for our very want, that I cannot but adore the power of that God, whose inspiration

giveth man wisdom, as the one author of this gift, bringing an unknown, a reproached, a despised man, to reveal a greatness of ability, and a dignity of appropriation, which surrounding men had not suspected, which shone too purely and too beautifully to be envied or hated by any,—and which have at last commanded universal confidence and homage from those who had never united to sustain him.

Yet the divine interposition does not leave the field even here. The creation of the wonderful spirit and reach of human beneficence and ministration, which we have seen in the midst of this war, and by this war, and for this war, throughout our country, is even a higher demonstration of the divine presence and power. The calling forth of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, like the father and mother of the household, in their separate relationships and responsibility—the one striving for material provision, the other ministering the words and acts of kindness and love to those made the objects of their protection; the creating of the Freedmen's Commission, to search and care for the poor outcasts, for whom nothing was provided,—the prompting of the Union Commission, to minister to the wants of those whom rebellion had stripped, and rendered homeless and destitute, for whom no other protection seemed prepared,—the starting forth of Homes for Disabled Soldiers, and the orphans of soldiers, and the millions of dollars given by a people heavily taxed and burdened by all the cost of defending their liberty and their nation, for the grand and glorious purpose of ministering increased comfort to their varied objects of spontaneous consideration and sympathy,—displaying a love,

and tenderness, and purpose, which have grown brighter in the midst of the very sorrows which have filled every house and heart,—have been such a divine display of God's interposition, as nothing on earth beside has equaled.

How strangely contrasted has all this divine teaching and guidance appeared with the recklessness of life and comfort which have marked the history of the agents of this rebellion! How most highly contrasted in the different relations adopted toward the prisoners of war! No cruelty to our prisoners in Southern hands could move our Government to a bitter retaliation. Even though sometimes an occasional excitement of acerbity among the people, excessively provoked by the tales of suffering which they heard, has demanded some retaliation, the President could never be brought to be the agent of revenge or cruelty; and the general sentiment of this people would never have consented to it as a principle of national rule. That God, who has given them the victory in the line of their fidelity to himself, would have vindicated his own honor in their humiliation if they had laid such unhallowed hands upon the ark of God. And now all this survey is of a finished work. God hath given us the victory. And there remains as the one absorbing thought that which is our fourth point,—

IV. The resulting treatment of the captives in the Lord's example: "My father, shall I smite them? Shall I smite them?" "Thou shalt not smite them. Wouldst thou smite those whom thou hast taken captive with thy sword, and with thy bow? Set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink, and let them go."

The carrying out of this resuscitating plan seemed eminently adapted to the mind and heart of President Lincoln. But too great personal honor and influence it is not the will of God to entrust to individual men. When Moses came to the entrance upon the Land of Promise, he was permitted, by faith enlightened, to see something of its glory. But he was not personally to minister in its settlement or distribution. He beheld the glowing future spread before his people, and laid down in the land of Moab to die.

So our beloved leader has been allowed to live until, as from Pisgah's height, he could contemplate the fast approaching future for his nation. He saw the enemy subdued, their strongholds taken, their army scattered every man to his home, and the sure prospect of union, liberty, and peace before the nation. The one remaining question was, What shall be done with those whom God has thus subdued? The generosity of his spirit and wish, his readiness to give the utmost possible latitude to mercy in the arrangement of their return to national duty and penitent loyalty, were perfectly understood and known. All this future he was calmly, kindly considering, when his life was taken from him by the hand of violence. We shall not withhold our lament that death found him in the sanctioning by his presence of the demoralizing influence of the theatre, unwillingly as he evidently went there. That he should have been slain in a Moab like this, can never be anything but a sorrow to every serious mind. The full purpose of that providence we do not yet read. This death, like the burning of the Richmond theatre, many years since, may awaken a feeling of increased horror and

aversion to the seductive influence of the theatre throughout our religious community, and may thus be a blessing in the divine providence to arise from this sad incident in his departure.

But he has gone before the settlement, and without the settlement of this great problem of the coming influence and relation of his administration. That his death will change in some degree the character and measure of that influence cannot be doubted. That a restriction shall come as the consequence of his death upon the freeness of the action of mercy to the conquered is most natural and just. Human law knows no crime greater in its malignity, or in its effects, than the murder of the ruler of a nation, the final, heaviest guilt of treason against its authority. That others, whose influence and example have nourished this spirit, whose words and avowals have often before encouraged and incited it, shall be held responsible for it, is inevitable and just. And our Government owe it to the majesty of the nation, and to the authority of God, which they represent, not to allow such an abhorrent violation of human authority and safety to pass without a very clear and distinct retribution upon the guilty inciters and accessories in such a crime.

Still, let not a spirit of individual vengeance be allowed to rear the monument to our fallen head. Let not passion seize the reins of guidance in an hour so momentous. Let the widest possible door be opened for the exercise of kindness, and the utterance of welcome to those who honestly desire to return to their loyalty and duty to the nation which they have outraged, and the Government which they have insulted and despised. The intelligent leaders

in this rebellion deserve no pity from any human being. Let them go. Some other land must be their home. Their own attained relations and results will be punishment and sorrow enough in time to come. Their property is justly forfeited to the nation which they have attempted to destroy, and to the oppressed, over whom they have tyrannized and triumphed. If the just utterance of law condemns them personally to suffer as traitors, let no life be taken in the spirit of vengeance. Let the world see one instance of a Government that is great enough to ask no revenge, and self-confident and self-sustaining enough to need no retributive violence to maintain the majesty of its authority. Let the Lord's own example be, to the utmost extent of personal relations, our rule and purpose, determined in the spirit of union and patience and kindness, to edify and restore, in the widest possible application of the spirit, consistent with the nation's safety and the honor of the laws,—the multitudes who have been swept down the current of rebellion, by the dominant influence and example of those whom they have been taught to regard as their leaders in the path of public duty.

There may be great difficulties in the details of the resuscitation of our afflicted land. But there can be none which such a spirit and purpose as were displayed in President Lincoln would not soon overcome and remove. And upon nothing will memory more delight to dwell than upon that high forgiving temper which lifts up a fallen foe, restores a wandering brother, and repays the cruelty of hatred by an overcoming benignity and love. Little was he known in character and tendency by those who met his first administration with violent threats, and re-

proachful libels. And little has the real spirit of this Northern people been known by the great body of the South, who really know but little upon any subject, but as their accredited superiors have been accustomed to teach them. They have heard from their highest rebel officers nothing but terms of low and ribaldrous reproach and scorn applied to us. They have called us hyenas, and satisfied their hatred by the freedom of unlimited abuse. But in reality there has never been a time when this whole Northern people have not been ready to meet the first offer of conciliation with the most cordial response of kindness. Let that spirit now prevail. Open the arms of fraternal concord. Spread through all the land the priceless blessings of liberty and education to all the people. Give the full rights of respected and acknowledged citizenship to all. Blot out, cover up the last remnant of that slavery which has been the parent and the child of every species of oppression—the one line of division between a free North and a beggared South—and plant around the grave that holds the monument and the memory of our beloved President a mingled grove of the pine-tree and the palm, the orange and the apple, to flourish in immortal union, and to rival each other only in the beauty of their growth, the abundance of their fruit, and the perennial verdure of their living foliage, that God may be glorified in all and by all for ever.

S E R M O N V.

REV. CHARLES S. ROBINSON.

He was a good man, and a just.—Luke xxiii. 50.

ONE other Sabbath like this I remember, and only one ; that of which this is the exact anniversary, four years ago. What humiliated the nation then is now measurably rectified. The ensign of our country floats once more on the ramparts from which it had just been torn by the fierce hand of treason. The same batteries that hurled shot and shell at the fortress, whose name has become historic, have been forced to pour forth their empty salutes in honor of the restoration. And the proclamation is already in the air, which was to summon a grateful Republic to a thanksgiving for the manifold mercy of Almighty God.

Right in the midst of our rejoicing we are dashed into sorrow deeper than ever. To-day it is not the humbling of our pride that makes us mourn, but the wounding of our hearts in their keenest sensibilities. For he who has been our leader lies low in his coffin ; foul murder has been done at the capital ; and the nation stands hushed in the presence of its unburied dead.

Have the old days of barbarism returned upon us ? Is

assassination become civilized? Has the bullet of a murderer recognition as a belligerent right? In what age do we live? Is justice dead? Where are we? How happens it that the wires quiver with tidings of deeds worthy only of the darkest years of Venetian conspiracy and shame?

I said, we have got the flag back again on Sumter. So we have. But only at half-mast. It reached the staff just in time to droop. Men began to cheer—suddenly they turned to wailing. The triumph seems a mockery. Victory waits recognition unheeded, for the bells are tolling. He who made our success welcome is not here to share it. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the honored and beloved head of the nation, is no more!

My brethren, bear me record here to-day. This pulpit has never uttered one timid, troubled word in these four years. I have not lost heart for a moment in the essential righteousness of our cause, nor confidence in the final success that would come to it. You will misunderstand my language now, and mistake my temper, if you imagine I am cowed into any wavering, startled into any irresolution, or grieved into any distrust, by the terrible events of the hour. But I shall not attempt to conceal from you that I am shocked more than ever before, and under the cloud of God's providence as I never expected to be. I do not know the meaning of this awful transaction. I could almost wish it was the custom to wear sackcloth, and put ashes on mourners' heads. All the day would I fittingly sit silent under the shadow of a common grief with you. I speak truly when I say, I have met no greater sorrow in my manly life than this. "I behave myself as though he

had been my friend or brother ; I bow down heavily, as one that mourneth for his mother." And all this sensibility I know you are sharing with me.

The feeling which rests on each mind and heart to-day is not a simple feeling. To us all it is, in some measure, undefined. I cannot be of any real help to you, I fear, save in the way of giving you an analysis of your grief, and suggesting the form of its expression.

I.—Let me say, then, that in this complex mourning of heart, is found, first of all, our admiration of that great man's character, whose sudden death has saddened the entire nation. Surely, you will not need that I enter into argument to prove that these words of the text that I have chosen, applied to the counselor from Arimathea in the inspired record, are most fitting when applied to our late Chief Magistrate.

He was "a good man." Called by the great voice of the American people to leave his rural home, and assume the highest honors it could confer, his parting request to his old friends and neighbors was only for their continuous prayers. With the sincerest humility, he accepted his place as the minister of the nation, and the servant of God. He had no higher ambition than to know his duty and perform it. He felt himself swept out into the current of a purpose, as majestic in grandeur as it was celestial in origin ; the sublime purpose of Him to whom nations belong, to care for this western Republic in the hour of its manifest peril. From that day to this, he has never swerved from the line of his integrity. No man has ever been maligned as he has ; no man has ever outlived abuse as he has. When the nation shall have laid his remains

in the burial yard of the village where he lived, there will never be heard a hiss by his tombstone, there will be no trail of any serpent across his grave. Even now we have hardly ceased to hear the dignified tones of his voice, wonderfully pathetic, almost prophetic, as he told us, in the second inaugural address, of the simplicity of his faith, the humility of his estimate of himself, and his profound reliance upon the infinite God.

He was a "just" man. Through all these years it has been touching to notice how implicitly the true-hearted believed Abraham Lincoln to be true. The mean hirelings of place, and the mere parasites of office, kept out of his way. The demagogues and partisans grew passionate over his perversity to their principles, and called him an impracticable leader, because of his steadfast loyalty to truth and fairness as between man and man. When one received injustice, and could not, in the confusion of the times, make his righteousness appear, how instinctively he thought of the President, and knew, if he could only have a hearing from him, all would be well. When military commanders failed, and popular clamor was raised under the dangerous disappointment, calmly and generously the good man waited until they should make another trial. He stood true to those who were seeking to undermine his power, with a magnanimity sublime. Oh, the patience of that great, kind heart, in the days when it cost something to be considerate! And now, after the smoke has cleared away from two political battle-fields, fought more savagely than any other such in our history, there comes to view no one act of his at which a citizen will blush. His sun went down while to us it yet seemed

day ; but at the evening time it was light. He died at the height of his fame. All rancor of party has disappeared. The clouds that dimmed his noon gather now, at the twilight, to glow in his praise.

So much, then, is true ; “ he was a good man, and a just.” But there is a question, which our intelligent Bible-reading people are wont to ask, when any one of their great men dies—was he a Christian man ? There is no reason why we should turn away, unanswered, an inquiry like this. It is not an impertinent and obtrusive investigation of his interior life. He made no mystery of his faith. His own tale of his religious experience is something like this—coming in more than one way, and attested with more than one witness :

“ When I left Springfield, I felt my utter dependence upon God. The responsibility weighed heavily upon my heart. I knew I should fail without a divine help. But I was not then a Christian. When my child died, I felt that I needed the comfort of the Gospel. It was the severest affliction that ever fell upon me. Then I wanted to be a Christian. But never did I feel that I reached the point, till I wandered one day, alone, among the graves of the boys that fell at Gettysburg. There, when I read the inscriptions, so full of hope and faith, I began to think I loved and trusted Jesus as my Saviour.”

Thus, our image of this humble, noble man, rises on our vision complete. Gifted with great intellectual power ; proverbial for his rectitude ; bearing “ honest ” for his title as Aristides bore “ just ” for his ; affectionate, with all the instincts of common humanity, even to the lowest ;

fearless and brave; he added the crowning grace to his memory with his unaffected piety as a Christian.

II.—For all this the nation mourns his loss. But I am not mistaken in believing there is an element in our sorrow here to-day, far more subtle and experimental than mere admiration of his spotless character. There is, in the second place, a feeling of personal bereavement. Singularly identified with us all has this man come to be. Test your heart now. Tell me, of all the leaders in civil life, of all the commanders in the field, who has the hold upon your manly affections that this great-hearted man of the people had? Your ideal of him was like that of a relative—one of your household. Never, till the hand of an assassin struck him, did you know how dear he was. I see, in all this, that which makes me happy and hopeful; here is a token of the infinite capacities of tenderness in the spirit of the American people.

I think, to-day, as the fearful news is flashed across the land, of the families that live in the valleys, and among the hills, and over the prairies, to some member of which he has been kind, and so has endeared himself to all. How they will weep as for a brother beloved! Village bells are knelling all over the continent. A great hand waved darkly across the landscape, and swooped the banners down from exultation into grief. Oh, we have never known how many letters his own pen has written to bereaved wives and mourning mothers! When news of a terrible death in many an inconspicuous household was to be communicated, the President of the United States took time, from his few hours of privacy, to send an epistle, so generous, so full of grateful sympathy, so gentle and

appreciative, that the wounded hearts felt soothed, and bore the bereavement without breaking. He knew how to say kind things so well, and loved to say them !

I think of the soldiers, also, whose interests he watched like a jealous parent. In these trying times of partisanship and confusion there was always a likelihood of haste, and consequent injustice, in the administration of military tribunals. Many a man, innocent of alleged inadvertence or crime, was unable to show it, and so was in peril of shame or death. Patiently that busy President studied out complicated accounts ; bent all his legal ability to the investigation of contradictory testimony ; read the long, tedious documents on either side ; simply determined that every man should get his due ; and then, beyond that, as much leniency as was safe to give him. How the soldiers loved him ! They are telling to each other, this very day, stories of his kindness to them. Only last week he spent the day that remained to him in Richmond, going through the wards of the hospitals, saluting, with his warm-hearted grasp, each wounded hero in turn ; and, when they had no hands to offer, he laid his big palm on their foreheads, and thanked them in the name of the country !

I think, more than all, of the poor freedmen, when they hear of the President's death. How they will wonder and will wail ! They called him " Father," as if it were part of his name. Oh, they believed in Abraham Lincoln ! They expected him, as the Israelites did Moses. Some, no doubt, imagined he was a deity. They were unsophisticated and ignorant, and that good, kind man seemed so like a being from heaven. They said he would come. They prayed he would come. They waited for him to come. And then he

came! When those untutored sons of slavery saw him in the streets of the rebel capital, after its capture, they fairly blasphemed, without being aware of it. He seemed to them and their children a second Messiah. He never broke a promise to their hope. When they were certain he had uttered one word, they rested on it, as they would on God's. He stood by the poor creatures his hand had freed, under all obloquy and suspicion. He put his signature to a parchment that made them men and women with souls and bodies. Then the enfranchised millions opened their very souls to him, as if out under the sunshine. His name was a spell to quiet or to rouse them. What will they do, now he is dead! Alas! alas! for the weeping and the wonder they will have, when they know how he died!

Thus, we all weep together. Christian resignation offers its high consolations, and we have no spirit of murmuring or complaint. Yet none of us will deny that this is the severest blow, which, as a great people, we have ever received. The nation has, twice before, lost its Chief Magistrate by death; but there has been no mourning like this to-day.

III.—A third element in our grief, under this afflictive dispensation of Providence, is the fear of impending calamity. It is impossible to free our minds of the deepest solicitude for the future. Alas! we say, for the nation bereaved of its pilot, when out in the midst of such a sea as this! Palinurus has been suddenly swept, by a wave, from the helm.

I suppose this anxiety is natural; and yet, I am sure, it is needless. Difficult questions are coming up. The

practical wisdom of our recognized leader was cutting knots which men's perversity kept tying. We trusted him. We were knitting ourselves together in closer confidence in his decisions. That shrewd, native judgment, that clear-sighted penetration, that incorruptible integrity—oh, how we used to throw ourselves back upon qualities like these, and feel secure! We found fault with him more than once; but, eventually, he was justified in his course. We said he was slow; but he went as fast as God did. He reasoned with logic that events taught him. We were inordinately cast down under defeat; he kept us cheerful. We grew boisterous under victory; he was calm himself, but glad to have us so happy. He was never disheartened, never unduly elated. When he failed, he became humbler; when he succeeded, he thanked God. When the way was open, he was as alert as anybody; when the way was hedged up, he was strong enough to sit still. By and by we learned to know him well and rest in him sublimely. Meantime he urged us to look beyond him. He made us devout. Put a man on the busiest street-corner, and let him keep looking upward, and he will gather a crowd that will all be looking upward. So our President gave unaffected praise to God, until we all began to sing with him. Spectacles like these, which have been witnessed daily, have never been known in this land before; Mammon has learned the doxologies belonging to God.

When such a leader is taken suddenly away, there is nothing unphilosophical in the feeling of utter dismay and apprehension that men are apt to experience. But, in our case, all this is needless. My brethren, I commend to

your calm consideration, one solemn thought, concerning the lessons of all history. Men are nothing but instruments in the hands of their Maker, in working out his purposes. Just as a sculptor needs now a chisel, now a file, now a graver, and never thinks he must apologize or explain to us, who stand by to watch him, why he drops one tool or takes up another; for he is making a statue, which he intends for a worthy immortality,—so the all-wise God, carrying out his vast plans, assumes one man and lays aside another, and never answers any of our curious questions, while his “eternal Thought moves on his undisturbed affairs.” We are to blame seriously, if we allow ourselves to be depressed with forebodings. God’s rule, in all this four years’ war, has been, to bring to naught the things that are, not by the things that are, but by the things that are not. We have lived under the unvarying discipline of surprise. By this time we ought to have learned our lesson.

With courage undiminished, therefore, let us believe that God will fit this coming man for the duties of his unexpected office. Be on the alert now for the discovery of some new purpose. The infinite plans of the Almighty are shifting their phase for some disclosure that will relieve our embarrassment. It is expedient that even such offences as these should come. There can be no doubt that God means to make good out of this evil. And the question is this: Will you and I be quiet in all the pain of our bereavement, if we are only sure that the event will be overruled to the benefit of the cause, the race, the nation? Will we accept the counsel of Caiaphas as possibly adapted to our crisis: “Ye know nothing at all;

nor consider that it is expedient that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not?" Perhaps, in this very alarm for the future, there will be found a healthier spirit for us all.

IV.—For, in the fourth place, I remark, we find, as an element in our mourning to-day, a deep-seated indignation at the horrible crime which has been committed. Humanity sickens and shudders at the diabolical ingenuity, the malignant hatred, of this culminating act of the rebellion. If there ever was a time in which to obey the command, "Be ye angry, and sin not," that time has come now. "There was no such deed done nor seen from the day that the children of Israel came up out of the land of Egypt unto this day; consider of it, take advice, and speak your minds."

Let a vast public sentiment be aroused and organized, that shall exhibit this vile wickedness in its true light. Let us invoke Christendom to make it an eternal hissing. With a recoil of feeling so violent that it wearies my will, and shocks my very being, with uttermost loathing for an offence so abominable; seeing in it that keen, fine relish of depravity that marks it not only as devilish, but one of the master-works of the prince of devils, I stand simply appalled—wondering, with unspeakable wonder, how it can be accepted by any creature wearing the form of civilized humanity! It is an outrage on the community, whose tolerance it defies. It is an insult to decency, a rebuke to forbearance, an offence unto God. It is without the power of language to reach the condemnation it merits. The words of denunciation die on my lips in their own feebleness. It is with an affecting sense of gratitude to

God that I discover the positive poverty of my mother-tongue in epithets of vileness befitting its description. As much as in you is, live peaceably with all men; but there ought to be a voice of opinion so stern, so outspoken, that no man of credited decency should stand tamely by and hear a crime, so unparalleled in its baseness, even extenuated.

Is the world going back into savagery? Is this Christian land to become the rival of Dahomey? This is no isolated act. The history of this slaveholders' rebellion is full of such. Again and again have the lives of our chief men been threatened with the dirk, the bullet, and the knife. Poison has been put in their food. Their homes have been entered by spies. Their steps have been waylaid in the streets. And our common people have fared no better. Quiet villages have been invaded, and women and children shot down with fiendish glee. Cars, crowded with unsuspecting travelers, have been thrown from the track. Public buildings have been fired over a whole city at once. And all this under the shadow of authority claimed through a paper commission. Yet the nation has kept its temper. The spectacle of a great people, thus outraged beyond a parallel, yet so patient and forbearing, has been sublime enough to make our enemies wonder. They have called our magnanimity meanness, and complimented us upon our manifold spaniel-like virtues, with sarcasm that burnt in upon manly sensibility like fire.

This assassination is the earliest reply which chivalry has had to make to forbearance unmeasured and friendliness almost fraternal. Now, let us have done with it! Talk to me no more of "our misguided brethren." Some

are misguided—and it is those who misguide them I denounce. Cain was brother to Abel. Relationship is a perilous thing when it says, “Art thou in health, my brother,” and then stabs under the fifth rib. Talk to me no more of the “same race, educated at the same colleges, born of the same blood.” Satan was of the same race as Gabriel, and educated at the same celestial school of love and grace; but one became a rebel, and between them ever thereafter was “a great gulf fixed.” He cannot be brother of mine, he belongs to no race of mine, who, in the foul cause of human bondage, fights with a rural massacre, makes war with midnight arson, and crowns his unmanly barbarity with stabbing a sick man in his bed, and shooting an unarmed husband in the very sight of his wife.

Let no one deem this violence unnecessary. They tell us that none of our utterances are lost; the vibrations of the air on which they fall perpetuate them into an eternity of circles, spreading wider and wider. If I am ever again to meet these denunciations of mine, conscientiously spoken in this Christian pulpit, let me find them in company with a declaration that will explain them. There are, in this community, to-day, men and *women*—God forgive them!—nurtured under the hot debasements and vile luxuries of the slave system, sojourning here on our charitable sufferance, in order meanly to escape the perils of the ruinous war they have helped to incite, who clap their hands in applause of this murder! I think, in serious self-defence, we are to see that this thing is ended. This wickedness clamors for retributive judgment, and invokes the wrath of God.

V.—Thus I am led, naturally, to speak of a fifth element in our feeling of mourning to-day ; the profound conviction of necessity that the law of the land should now take its course in relation to all the aiders and abettors of this infamous rebellion. There was, perhaps, needed one more proof of the unutterable sin of treason. Here has it been flashed out upon us, like the final stroke of a departing thunder-storm, the least expected, but the most fearfully destructive of all that have fallen. We have been growing more and more loose in our estimates of guilt. We were catching from each other a spirit of sentimentalism that boded no good. Tired of war, longing for quiet, eager for trade, sickened with bloodshed, we were ready to say, let the criminals be pardoned, let the penalties of law be remitted. The next act in our national history was, in all likelihood, to be a general amnesty proclamation. Suddenly, the hand which would have signed it was smitten down into death. Then our eyes were opened to the fixed, unalterable malignity in the temper of our foes. A great conspiracy is disclosed. Murder is done at the capital. Our beloved President becomes a victim to the very magnanimity he was inculcating. Warned fully of the peril, he would not believe human nature could be so base. He trusted, and was betrayed. The entire government was menaced, in the moment of its open-hearted proffer of good will.

We are satisfied that all this is perilous pusillanimity now. There is no fitness of generosity to malignants venomous as these. So, while our hearts are chilled, their affections hurried back on themselves in curdling horror, with pity ineffable, and sorrow that cannot be repressed,

we are united in saying, let the will of the law be done ! When there was a rebellion in heaven, the rebels were punished. God sent the fallen angels to hell. We are not to find fault with that kind of administration. Men can forgive. I do not believe there is one unkind sentiment in any heart in the house of God this day. We draw a distinction, world-wide, between a crime and a criminal. The one we denounce, the other we pity. But the majesty of law must be vindicated. No puritan had a right to be the defender of Guy Fawkes. No patriot had a right to screen Benedict Arnold from justice. Let there be now no violence. Let the common people be spared. But, on the track of the villains that have opened this insurrection, and urged it along its bloody track even to this dreadful consummation, let the footsteps of justice follow swiftly, relentlessly.

It may, possibly, be said, by some, that this assassination of the officers of government is a mere act of madness, done by a brace of frantic fanatics ; and that it is not equitable and fair to hold a whole people responsible for its wickedness.

Let it be said, in reply, that the tidings of this murder, going into the ranks of rebellion, will be hailed with a howl of gladness and satisfaction, equal to the yell in Pandemonium, when Satan seduced Adam, and buried a race in ruin. It will never be disowned, save by a few of the most exposed leaders, who, seeing in it their own ruin, will repent, not like Peter, for sin, but like Judas, for the results of sin. Even now, the instincts of every rebel sympathizer are on the alert to befriend the assassins, and block the way of justice. Furthermore, let it be said, that

this crime happens to be conspicuous and heart-rending, because it has marked the nation's idol for its victim; but it is only one of fifty thousand murders, actual, intelligent, committed during the last two years by the parties in power through the revolted States. And these murders in the prisons are, every one of them, just so much the more diabolical, as starvation slowly is more horrible than the quicker death of the bullet. The spirit is the same in all cases. This wickedness is the legitimate outgrowth of that system of slavery which originated the rebellion, and debauched, from time immemorial, all the finer instincts of man.

Hence, there is no revenge in the popular heart to-day, but only retribution. We pity the malefactors; we pray for them; but in this determination we are fixed—let the majesty of the law be vindicated upon them as traitors; let justice pursue them, one by one; let the gates of the world be closed to their search for asylum; let judgment follow on as implacable as doom.

VI.—I might well pause here, in the enumeration of elements in the feeling we are all cherishing under the pressure of this heart-rending sorrow. But there is one more, which I detect in my own heart, and know is in the hearts of my hearers. We desire to know what instruction the all-wise God has intended us to receive. We would inquire for His counsels, and humbly learn of Him. My office, as a Christian minister, will be discharged this morning, when I have sought to point out to you some few of the lessons forced into vivid illumination by this terrible dispensation of Providence.

1. First of all, then, let us learn here how history is

composed. I am certain we have no proper conception of the magnitude of an event like this. We are too near it to discover its proportions. Travelers tell us they are always disappointed with the earliest glimpse of vast mountains. Standing close under the shadow of awful forms, so peerless in majesty, they have no adequate notions of their loftiness and amazing mass. These need distance on the landscape to be truly appreciated. So an event like this is never really revered as it should be. It needs time for the free play of the imagination. We are all unconscious of the spectacle we are to present to posterity.

The dreadful deed, which has filled our minds with horror, will be a growing vision of weird wickedness, shining with a strange luridness of its own, as one of the wildest tragedies of the world's most unwelcome remembrance. It ranks with the suicide of Cleopatra, the death of Cæsar, the murder of William the Silent, the conspiracy of Catiline, the gunpowder plot of Guy Fawkes, the imperial incidents in the wide empire of crime. To us the event seems simply personal; our views of it are necessarily narrow. Our leader has fallen. Our Government has been menaced. But we only speculate upon its immediate results. The criminals will soon be apprehended. The insurrection will end, and all the excitement will subside. But when the mighty future shall receive the inheritance, it will be weighed by other balances, and estimated more truly.

Thus history selects and perpetuates its own materials. Each thought, each word, each deed, each flash of sentiment, each outbreak of passion, each exercise of influence,

enters into the grand aggregate of human recollection and intelligence, which we call our Age. Out of this the pen of unerring history compiles its annals.

"For Humanity sweeps onward; where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas, with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready, and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn."

2. In the second place, let us learn the essential iniquity and barbarism there is in any system of human oppression. It was long ago remarked by Lamartine, that no man ever bound a chain around the neck of his fellow-man, without God's binding a chain of equal links around his own. Whoever debases the image of God will certainly become debased. This thought receives an illustration here that amounts almost to a demonstration. This crime is the manifest outshoot of American slavery.

I suppose no one remains now who doubts that all this aggregated mass of abomination, this summation of villainies, whose tide of murky violence is rolling itself along before our weary eyes, had its fountain-head in the malignant ambition of a few men, who started the stream of revolution in order to waft themselves into continuous power. These miserable criminals, whom justice is pursuing with eager scent, are but the merest minute-hands on the outermost dial of that popular sentiment which they represent. The spring that has set them in motion, the mechanism that gave them all their power, even the delicate balances that have timed their present success, are out of sight, yet easily discoverable in the dark intri-

cacies of that domestic and political life based on the humiliation of a feeble race. You may tear these index-pointers away, but the clock-work will run on. There will still remain the secret progress of debasement, on the bold face of which they have happened to become conspicuous. You will gain nothing till you tear the hideous system to pieces, and break the spring that lies coiled within it.

What is this crime? Nothing new, surely; only more public. It is one of a million crimes, each of which God has seen. The same reckless imperiousness of will, that has so many times struck at laws, has now struck at the Executive of law—that is all. The same thwarted passion, that has more than once shot a slave unpunished, now has shot a President—that is all. The same spirit is unsubdued. It is ready to fly in the face of anything that stands in its way. To continue a system of social life that now has become a necessity in a measure, as a minister to laziness and lust, these people have dismembered the church, divided the republic, fought their own brothers, and at last taken to murder and assassination. No one can fail to see that there is one single line of connection running all through the history of this infamous rebellion. The pride of power, engendered by the tyranny, petty at first, over the unprotected black race, has betrayed these miserable wretches into the mistake of supposing they could lord it over the white race—that is all.

This latest crime is more showy, but the hearts are no blacker than before. And the hearts have been made black by the system. How else will you explain this appalling fact; there are *women*, with babes in their arms,

who will declare that this murder in cold blood of a man in the presence of his wife is *chivalrous*! This is monstrous, when judged by any system of philosophy. There is but one solution of the mystery: underlying all the ferocity of such a sentiment, is found the subtle working of mere pride of caste. Slavery has debased the feminine and human sentiments with which they were born. That code of morals always did tend to barbarism. The young men of the South were corrupt before the war. The women were brutalized in the finer feelings of natural decency. They would send women to be stripped and whipped by men for a price. Passion grows wild with mere indulgence. Hence it is that a deed combining so much of execrable meanness with so much of hellish cruelty, find women unsexed enough to applaud it! Home on the diabolical system it represents, do I soberly urge the responsibility of this murder. It is high time to have done with it, root and branches.

3. Once more: Let us learn here to-day the power of martyrdom in fixing great principles. President Lincoln has been useful in his life, far beyond what falls to the common lot of even the most patriotic and public-spirited men. But his death has confirmed his usefulness—made it illustrious, influential, and immortal.

In the natural course of time his period of official service would have ended. His administration of the government would have been canvassed cautiously, and, perhaps, uncharitably criticized, and, by some parties, condemned. By this sudden, tragic close of it, however, it has been forced into prominence. It will now be marked forever. All the principles it has aimed to establish are settled

hereafter beyond a peradventure. The documents he has added to the archives of the nation are sealed with blood. This republic will take no step backwards from the vantage-ground to which he had led the banner of its sovereignty. Even his policy will have weightier influence than that proposed by any living man. The noble archer has fallen in death, before he could really know how princely were the shots he made; but the arrows he sped latest are yet out in the air, over the sea, and will strike unerringly the mark. And when they who stand nearest to the spot where the shafts hang quivering, look around to discover whose was the sinewy strength that sent them so forcefully and so true, they will find that another hand, just as firm, has assumed the bow, and another eye, just as keen, has discerned the same target.

They who oppose an honest man living, are ever among the first to honor him dead. Nobody dares uproot a standard planted by a loved leader who poured out his life at the foot of its staff. Perhaps it was this which was needed to bring our people together permanently. Perhaps this was the essential condition of our restoration to unity, that we become reconciled over an open grave. It may be that party-spirit will yield now, and bury the bitterness of its animosity in a martyr's tomb.

You will recall the touching fable of Roman history. A vast seam opened in the land, in the very midst of the Forum, disclosing a yawning abyss which they could not fill with rocks or with soil. At last the soothsayers declared that the commonwealth could be preserved only by closing the gulf; and the gulf could be closed only by devoting to the gods, who had opened it, what constituted

the principal glory and strength of the people. At this all stood aghast. But there was one Curtius, a youth of high birth, who, hearing the deliverance, demanded of his countrymen whether their arms and their courage were not the most valuable possessions they owned. They gave him assent with their silence. And then the heroic warrior, arraying himself in full armor, and mounting his horse, rode headlong into the chasm; whereupon the earth immediately closed, and over the memorable spot swept a placid lake bearing his name.

Shall we say that now our divided country will come together again, when he who seemed the glory and strength of the American people has gone down in the breach? Shall not his sacrifice avail for propitiation to that foul spirit of sectional pride which rent the land asunder?

4. And this leads me on to mention a final lesson. We see now the inevitable triumph and perpetuity of our cause. We are not hero-worshippers in any degree. We never were. But we believe in God. We entered upon this war not willingly, not of our own accord. We have been fighting for a principle. That we have never surrendered nor forgotten. What we loved this leader for was what we deemed truth to our cause.

What is our cause? It is easier to say what it is not; for its essence is negative. Whatever this crime of assassination is, whatever it represents, whatever it aimed at, whatever was the spirit that prompted it, whatever may be now wickedly offered in its apology—just *not that* is our cause. And as that crime, in spirit, in purpose, in instigation, was all in the interest of human bondage, so our cause embraces all that is antagonistic to that system. There

never has been but one issue in this terrible contest. Underneath all these evident questions has been lying one which some of us studiously labored to ignore; and that was concerning the dignity of universal labor, and the absolute equality of all races before the common law. He who, at this late day, shuts his eyes to this fact, is neither intelligent nor wise. We have fought for an open Bible, a free school, an unfettered press, and a Scriptural pulpit.

In all the doctrines ostentatiously put forth by our foes—States' rights, uncontaminated blood, family pride, sectional independence—there has ever been this keen, sharp liking for slavery as a social system. They recognized it as a kind of secret zest among themselves; as voluptuaries recognize, with an understood leer, a favorite lust; as wine-bibbers recognize the subtle flavor of an indescribable liquor. Our cause consists in precise opposition to that. We, therefore, have stood for the rights of men, the truth of the Gospel, the principles of humanity, the integrity of the Union, the power of Christian people to govern themselves, the indefeasible equality of all the creatures of God in natural conditions of existence, no matter what may be the color of their skin. So the nations of the world have looked upon us, and held us responsible. We were the enemies of all class-systems, castes, and aristocracies. We were the champions of manhood in all that was noble, of womanhood in all that was pure. This has been, and still is, our cause.

And what I call you to learn now is, that this cause is safe. A martyr's blood has sealed the covenant we are making with posterity. Oh, the glories of our immediate prospect of usefulness in the years to come! The Republic

is secure. The Union is confirmed as a perpetual federation of States. The peril through which we have just passed has no parallel. Our Government, as an entirety, was aimed at with one savage blow. Such a stroke, on any other nation, would have rocked Christendom to its centre. Yet our nation is untremulous as the primeval granite. The most delicate balances of commercial life show not even the semblance of noticeable variation, even when this violence of a ton's weight all at once jars the beam! Our cause is eternally secure!

Think, then, as we close our meditation upon this martyr life, how strangely God has overruled much that seemed so destructive to our good. On that very day—they call it Good Friday—there is annually represented, in the Sistine Chapel, at Rome, the disaster of the world when the Redeemer was crucified. Thirteen lamps are lit in the darkness, ranged in pyramidal form, the topmost one conceived to be the symbol of Messiah. A low, mournful chant from the Lamentations continues to echo through the building, while one light after another is extinguished at intervals until twelve are gone out. Only the loftiest and the brightest remains; and still the chant moans on. Then the last one is struck, and every glimmer perishes in total gloom. Thereupon the music ends. A moment succeeds, of unutterable oppression—rayless and stifled—and then one voice breaks the silence; a voice wailing, piercing, as if from a crushed and broken heart, lifting the burden of the Miserere; the grief of the race over its Helper and its Hope.

Fitting seems the symbol to us now, as we look only on the earthly side of this tremendous loss; on that same day,

while the shadows were gathering in the chapel of that seven-hilled city, our light appeared to go out, and the nation was in the gloom.

But to-day, let us look on the heavenly side. How sweet and calm it is to think of that great, brave heart, this Easter Sabbath! He is not here, but risen. Far beyond the sound of battle, far beyond the turmoil of state, in the infinite realms of gladness, that troubled mind has found its rest. Mourned, as never before martyr was mourned; loved, as never before statesman was loved; honored, as never before patriot was honored; he has gone down to a spotless grave. High over all human passion that disembodied spirit stands, free as the thought that follows him; the eye of faith seems to behold him even now on the radiant plain of eternity; on either side falls away every official adornment; the soul of the Christian man bends in all humility before his Maker's presence, saved by grace; saved, not because he wore the robes of the highest station on the globe; saved, not because of his rare gifts of affection or intellect; saved, not by reason of the blessed deeds he had done; saved, merely because of his faith in the Saviour, that he learned by the graves of the boys that fell at Gettysburg; and, as you gaze after him, with a subdued and tearful heart, you can only pay him the tribute that trembles on the lip that speaks it—

“HE WAS A GOOD MAN, AND A JUST!”

S E R M O N V I.

REV. WM. IVES BUDINGTON, D. D.

“Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee : the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain.”—Ps. 76 : 10.

OUR honored, trusted, and beloved President is dead, and by the hand of an assassin. Can we believe it? Can we bear it? He has been growing upon our confidence and affection, so constantly and so largely, that it is both a personal and a national bereavement; it is a loss to each of us and to all of us. We have lost a friend who was a father to the humblest in the land, and a Ruler who was the Saviour of the country. I have been looking for comfort for myself and for you; I have found it, and I think you will, in the familiar, but still unexhausted and inexhaustible truth contained in the text. *The wrath of man shall praise God!* Suppose it were not so; that God could not do it, or would not? What then? God would not be God; he would not have the power, or he would not have the love, that is the very essence of his nature. So sure is the doctrine which is the foundation of our peace and hope before God. “Surely,” says the psalmist, and “shall”—observe how strong the words he chooses—“Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee.” The latter clause is susceptible of another and better rendering:

“The remainder of wrath shalt thou gird about thee.” It is not that he restrains it; his power and wisdom are still more conspicuous in giving it license, and yet making it his servant. It is not necessary for God to restrain human wrath, as if any parts, or consequences of it, passed beyond his control, and he was compelled to meet power with power; but having made men free, he uses their freedom, so that the remainder of wrath, its last shreds, he girds himself with, as a man buckles his sword-belt around him. He makes it his strength and ornament. It is not enough to say, human malice effects nothing against God; it praises him, it brings about his purposes, he uses it as a weapon, it is made so subservient as to seem to be, what the wisdom of God forbids us to believe it is, necessary to his glory. This is a strong statement of a precious truth. We may repose the most perfect confidence in God, that instead of being thwarted by the rage of men, he will use it as an instrument, and whether men are good or bad, they will be made to serve him: the good, of their own accord; the bad, in spite of their evil designs.

I might show the truth of this by many examples, some of which are familiar, and have been cited by inspired authority to establish the doctrine. Pharaoh and Sennacherib are said, in Holy Scripture, to have been raised up for the very purpose of exhibiting God’s power in them, and making him known throughout all the earth. And this, without in the least abridging human freedom and blameworthiness, as was most conspicuously shown in the killing of the Lord of glory, “delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God,” but “taken by wicked men, and by wicked hands crucified and slain.”

But we need not go to past histories, not even when interpreted by inspired penmen. The event of to-day proclaims God, his power, and wisdom, and love, as really as any event which ever provoked a nation's tears, and clothed them in sackcloth. The wrath of man has praised God, shall praise him, and is praising him now. Be not afraid of any manifestation of human wickedness and rage. Be not surprised, and let no sense of loss and defeat overwhelm you, because the spirit of Rebellion, in its dying throes, mad with shame and despair, has stung itself to death by striking at the sacred person of the Chief Magistrate. Even now, amid the wild excitement of this hour, with the surges of grief sweeping over the nation, every patriot bosom tumultuating with conflicting emotions, we already see enough to say, "The wrath of man shall praise God." It is not all darkness above us; through the rifts of the clouds the light is shining, glimpses of the infinite flood filling the eternal heavens.

Let me, now, ask your attention to a few of the considerations, which may aid you to understand how the wrath of man, in compassing the death of our President, shall yet praise God.

1. In the first place, it shall do it by revealing the wickedness of this rebellion.

There would seem to have been evidence enough of this already; with bursting hearts we are ready to exclaim, we did not need this last act to make the rebellion the most tragic of crimes. Considered simply as rebellion against just authority, it must be held to be a sin against God, so long as the 13th chapter of Romans maintains its place in the Bible, and binds the consciences of Christians. Nor

is it possible to mitigate this sentence, by quoting the exceptional cases in which the right of revolution is to be allowed. Our enemies themselves being judges, this was no exceptional case; no grievance had been endured by the South; on the contrary, her foremost statesman, the Vice President of the Confederacy, had publicly declared, and abundantly shown, that the Government at Washington had never done them a wrong, but had been the most beneficent of governments, and that from the beginning the South had controlled the legislation of the country, and had received the lion's share of the honors and emoluments of the Government, while bearing the least considerable portion of its burdens. If rebellion ever was a sin, therefore, and St. Paul declares it always is, this was the greatest sin against God that ever was inaugurated. It began in a conspiracy worse than Cati-line's; it secretly plotted death to the constitution, while in the enjoyment of its honors and immunities; it raised, organized, and drilled armies, while nobody, but themselves, believed that war was possible, or intended; and when at last the strange rebellion was actually born, it came not less of perjury towards God, than of treason towards man.

Thus conceived, and thus brought forth, its whole history has been marked by cruelties, which have been only the more diabolical, because they have been practised under the studied hypocrisies of thanksgivings, and fasts, and humble professions of humanity and injured innocence. The most flagrant falsehoods have been invented to fire the Southern heart; the most ferocious passions engendered, venting themselves upon wounded men, and the

unresisting bodies of the slain ; and all this, while the Government, actuated by the most merciful of men, and the most paternal of rulers, was holding the olive-branch in one hand, and the sword in the other. At length, in its adult stature, the rebellion culminated in a malignity, which has absolutely no parallel in the military annals of mankind, in the starvation of prisoners of war, adopted when the novelty of the war had worn off, when no apologies of impulse and sudden gusts of passion could be pleaded, but entered upon as a system, and prosecuted with a calm and unrelenting purpose, until by tens of thousands the naked, the frozen, and the starved were consigned to a death in comparison with which the cruelties of Indians and Sepoys were mercies. I do not overstate the facts—would God I did ! I have just seen a letter from Dr. C. R. Agnew, a gentleman of the highest professional skill in the city of New York, and who, from love of country, and in the midst of a large and lucrative practice, has consecrated conscientiously one-third of his time to the service of his country in connection with the Sanitary Commission. No one can doubt his competency to testify, nor his character as a Christian man ; and I will now read from his letter, dated at Wilmington, N. C., March 20, 1865. It is painful for me to read it in your presence, ye mothers and sisters and wives ; it will be painful for you to hear it, but you must do it, and hold your minds to the facts which are thus certified to you, for only by knowing these facts, and feeling as they will make you feel, can you understand this rebellion, and the justice of God in dealing with it. Dr. Agnew writes :

“ Many of the men were in a state of mind resembling

idiocy, unable to tell their names, and lost to all sense of modesty, unconscious of their nakedness and personal condition. Some of them moved about on their hands and knees, unable to stand upon their gangrenous feet, looking up like hungry dogs, beseeching the observer for a bite of bread or a sup of water. Some of them hitched along on their hands, as they were able, pushing gangrenous feet, literally reduced to bone and shreds, before them. Others leaned upon staves, and glared from sunken eyes through the parchinent-like slits of their open eye-lids into space, without having the power to fix an intelligent gaze upon passing objects. Others giggled and smirked and babbled like starved idiots ; while some adamantine figures walked erect, as though they meant to move the skeleton homewards so long as vitality enough remained to enable them to do so. To see the men who remain here in hospital would move a heart as hard and cold as marble. Their condition is that of men who have for months suffered chronic starvation. Their arms and legs look like coarse reeds with bulbous joints. Their faces look as though a skillful taxidermist had drawn tanned skin over the bare skull, and then placed false eyes in the orbital cavities. They defy description. It would take a pen expert in the use of every term known to the anatomist and the physician to begin to expose their fearful condition."

But all this long history of war, culminating in this frightful crime against humanity, was not enough to make apparent the wickedness of the rebellion ; there were among ourselves not a few sympathizers and apologists, and among foreign nations it still wore an air of respectability. "Its authors and leaders," we were told, "were

honorable, chivalric men ; they never could be subjugated ; we must let them go and establish a slave empire, or by an inglorious compromise become ourselves partners of their crime." And one thing more was necessary to unite all hearts at home, and make the cause of freedom the cause of civilization and mankind : the arm that had struck at the life of the American nation must be permitted to strike down the person of the American President. It has been done. The wrath of man has expended itself, and who does not see that that wrath shall praise God ? This last revealing act has brought home to every man the murderous malignity with which the rebellion was instinct. When our President fell, "you and I and all of us fell down."

The rebellion is no longer an abstraction—it is murder. Treason is no longer a mere opinion, as respectable as any other while the war lasts, and the better opinion if it triumphs ; but it is red-handed violence, stealing behind the back of our chief to murder him, and breaking into the sick-room of our leading statesman to stab him in his bed. Let who will speak well of this rebellion hereafter, neither you nor I may care. The *venue* is changed ; we are henceforth no more concerned than the rest of mankind ; our enemies have made themselves outlaws, and our cause is merged in the cause of humanity. Eternal justice is avenged. The wrath of man praises God !

2. But I proceed to make a second point in illustration of the text. We learn the wickedness of that system of slavery, which has nurtured the implacable, man-hating and God-defying spirit, revealing itself in the murder of the President.

It is no new thing that we see to-day, only now we *see* it, and *feel* it, as we did not when it was grinding the poor bondman in the earth. The wisdom and goodness, in one word the glory of God, is conspicuous in this, that men now take part with God in his abhorrence of crime perpetrated upon the humblest of his creatures. If you will reflect a moment, if you will call to mind the facts by which slavery has expressed itself, ever since you can remember, you will recognize the same spirit, and the great criminal of to-day, who has draped our houses and our churches in black, is a legitimate child of slavery; no new thing has happened under the sun, only a new exhibition of an old thing; it is but the outcome of that proud insurrection against human rights, which has trampled on men for more than two centuries. Call it what you will, a Patriarchal system, which brings down to our times the virtues and blessings of the highest style of manhood; a system of domestic life, good enough for gentle woman to cherish in the name of the family and the sanctities of private life; an order of society which the minister of God is to baptize with a Christian name, and in the conservation of which, the church of God in America is to find her mission; call it what you will, I know that the separation of husband and wife, the sale of little children out of a mother's lap, the withholding of wages from the laboring poor, and the denial of knowledge to the mind, which is as much the birth-right of the human soul, as the light of the sun is of the human body; I *know* that these things are sins against God, and sins against him who said, "In as much as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto me," such that even all the tears and blood and groans

of this civil war, are not too severe an expression of the righteous judgment of God ! But oh ! the difference between knowing this, and feeling it, as we do to-day, when this violent invasion of the sacred rights of man has entered our hearts through the sacred person of the representative head of the nation ! Many a poor black man has fallen, shot from behind, who died, as our President did, for the assertion of human rights ; and although each of these murders revealed as much of wickedness to the infinite heart of God, as this last, they did not to us. Many a traveler at the South, not black but white, for no greater crime than the declaration of his belief in the inalienable rights of all men, and many suspected of such a declaration, or of such a belief without the declaration, have been murdered and left swinging from the branches of trees ; but the intelligence, when it came North, only wrapped in mourning some solitary family, or some little circle of relatives bereaved ; we did not feel it, and could not feel it, as now when the fell spirit of slavery has stricken down our President, and draped a nation in the emblems of mourning.

I do not presume, with my present knowledge, to charge this crime upon individuals ; we must await the developments of the trial to know who are implicated in the bloody conspiracy ; but I do take it upon myself to say, that slavery is responsible for this crime, the proof is demonstrative, it could not be stronger. The only right, that slavery has, is the might of a superior over an inferior race ; and as if conscious of its origin, it has always opposed violence to reason. It has taught that it was right to kill a resisting black man, and equally a protesting white man.

Since the war has raged, nothing has been more common than to threaten with assassination the agents of the Government, and especially its head. Rewards have been offered; vicious and uneducated young men have been inspired with the ambition; and when at last one has been found, bold enough and mad enough to do it and succeed, it will be impossible, in the recoil of public feeling, and in the fear of the execration of mankind, to deny the parentage and training of the act. It matters not, who or what the miserable tool was, what his name or his antecedents, whether a Northern sympathizer, or Southern rebel, he but embodies the spirit of slavery, he is but the hand that executes its savage command. This, therefore, is the vindication of God's providence. He has given vent to the wrath of man, till it has fully declared itself, and all men seeing detest it. Slavery stands revealed, for the abhorrence of mankind; its last act, in the rebound, strikes itself upon the head, and in the excess of its wrath, it praises God!

3. We learn the folly, as well as madness of sin. And so the wrath of man shall praise God.

The thought of the murderer was to avenge the South, and destroy our national Government; the effect is to bury the cause of the South beneath the execration of mankind, and gather around the Government the strength of all loyal hearts, and the sympathy of every civilized people. Was there ever an instance like this of the insanity of wickedness? Destroy the Government! Never was it stronger. It is the revelation of a strength we scarcely dared claim, and which was never suspected abroad. It is lodged in the hearts of the people, and is

as indestructible as the people themselves. The ship of state scarcely feels a tremble as the helmsman falls at his post; another hand is on the wheel, the machinery never intermits its action, nor even feels a jar, the good ship falls off not so much as a point from her course, and is now as safe and sound as when our loved and elected chieftain guided her with a wisdom, patience, and faithfulness never surpassed. Probably no two men in the nation could be struck down, whose death would be a greater calamity to leading rebels than that of Lincoln and Seward. The Government can spare them, for by the blessing of God upon their wise administration of public affairs, it is now sure of the support of the people, and of the respect of foreign nations; and there are other men, as capable to guide the policy of pacification and reconstruction. But the rebels, the leading and responsible rebels, cannot spare these men, least of all by a death occasioned or inspired by them. The armies of Grant and Sherman have destroyed the body of the rebellion. Mr. Lincoln's death its spirit. From this hour forth not a shred of respectability remains to it; and as this intelligence shall reach the nations of the old world, its adherents, from very shame, will fall off from it, and its representatives abroad in the midst of the horror of mankind be compelled to employ the language of apology and deprecation. And this by their own act! Their mad threats, their insane spirit has at last found a head and a hand; and nothing has been wanting but success to defeat it. God is praised, and by the wrath of man. There is something wonderful about this. "How unsearchable are the judgments of God, and His ways past finding

out!" The very mercifulness of Mr. Lincoln, the fact that as far as possible in faithfulness to public interests, he was bent upon showing kindness to individuals, the fact that of all men in this country he least of all deserved to die by a rebel bullet, this has made him the fittest sacrifice for his country, and given his blood a power over friend and foe, to make friends, or to banish enemies, which no other event could possibly equal. A man who was regarded as the father of the people, and the saviour of his country, has been murdered, for no fault of his own, but as the representative of a righteous cause, as the man who stood for you and me, and for the cause of the down-trodden, and for the liberties of millions yet to be; and his blood, thus shed, is doing and will do, what his life, and no other life could accomplish. It has united our countrymen, as they never were before; around the bier of Lincoln, they have felt and acted as one family. This great national sorrow, if it has not made us one nation, has proved us one. Common emotions have done much to knit to each other the hearts of our countrymen; taking his life and death together, I do not hesitate to say, that Abraham Lincoln has done more than any one man that ever lived to make the American people one nationality! I do not mourn for Lincoln; his best friend need not mourn for him; he died at the acme of his fame; he died in a way to make the most of his virtues, his loving, kindly nature, it has all borne fruit in his death; he is embalmed forever in the hearts of his countrymen, and his blood is the cement of that Union to the preservation of which he religiously consecrated his life. He was happy too, in the time of his death, it was the sunrise of peace upon the land; a

momentary pang, he knew not whence or what it was, and he was happy in death.

“ His suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived he at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.
But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumined the eastern skies,
He passed through Glory’s morning gate,
And walked in Paradise.”

If then he has not suffered loss, and the country, united by sorrow, has gained; behold the folly and madness of this great wickedness; see! how the wrath of man praises God!

4. There is another influence of Mr. Lincoln’s death which illustrates the text. It checks that unreasonable, and I will add unchristian charity, which ignores the guilt of sin, and denies the necessity of its penalty.

People are talking of justice now, not forgiveness. There is for the moment wild talk of vengeance; for one extreme is apt to generate another; and vengeance is an extreme, but no more so than indiscriminate pardon. Before this war broke out, a lax theology prevailed amongst us, which had succeeded, to a considerable extent, in banishing from our pulpits, and from the minds of our people, the old and vital doctrines of the Gospel, the intrinsic evil of sin, and the absolute necessity of penalties to vindicate the law of God, and, by consequence, the need of an infinite atonement to open the way for pardon. Men ceased to fear God, or reverence his law; the guilt of sin was denied, it was only a mistake at worst; hell

was derided as a superstition; and many were lapsing into infidelity and atheism. At the same time, and by legitimate consequence, low views were entertained of government, as God's ordinance, capital punishments were abolished, penitentiaries were no longer penal, criminals were sympathized with, and pitied rather than blamed, and the greatest criminals were the most shielded; treason had shrunk to the dimensions of a political theory, and was no longer a crime, much less the greatest crime known to the statute-book and possible to the citizen, while murder had lost its revolting character, by no longer putting the murderer's life in peril. From all this the war, we thought, had redeemed us; it had certainly taught us fundamental lessons of right and wrong, and made a chasm between them, in the blood of our sons, which nothing ever seemed able to fill up. But with the success of the national arms, and the comparative subsidence of the rebellion, there was fast returning upon us our old and loose way of thinking and talking. Bloody treason began to be whitewashed; and the chief traitors found apologists, and men pleaded for the lives of traitors, who would have been the first to fall by assassination had the treason triumphed. How far this reaction would have gone, but for the last great crime of the rebellion, none can tell. The dying viper might, and probably would have been nursed into life again by the warm confidence of a country into whose bosom it had struck its venomous fangs. The genius and the virtues of the military leaders of the South were praised, as if the brilliant qualities of criminals, instead of enhancing, diminished the crime. A base-born hero-worship was already preparing to sacrifice the sacred

interests of right to the pretensions of a proud aristocracy. But blessed be God ! we have been spared this shame ; in the hour of our triumph we have not been permitted to fall down, and beg pardon of our conquered foes for the heroism of our slaughtered sons. God's providence has saved us this ! The wrath of man has been allowed one more expression, that we may not mistake, and that all the world may know, the malice, strong in death, of this man-hating and God-defying rebellion ! It has stood for its picture once more, lest through the smoke of battle the features of the demon should be obscured ; now upon the dark back-ground of the war, like a retiring tempest, a miscreant leaps upon the stage, brandishing the assassin's dagger, exulting in the murder of our good President ! Blessed be God ! the wrath of man shall praise Him !

5. There is a still more impressive lesson to be learned. God has a right to the blood of his servants, no less than to their life. There are times when the death of a good man will do more than his life can by any possibility. Suffering wrong with patient love will sometimes triumph, when everything else fails. God needed, for His purposes, the death of His Son, so imperatively needed it that not even the prayer of that Son, whom His Father always heard, could avail to make the cup pass from him. God needed the blood of the martyrs, in their day, to corroborate and sanctify His Gospel ! God needed, likewise, the blood of Abraham Lincoln ! We can already see that it is doing what his life and his best services were powerless to accomplish. When leaving his home at Springfield, giving himself to his country, and asking the prayers of God's people for him, he gave himself equally to life and death. Even

then threats of assassination flew thick and fast about him, they paved his way to the capitol, he was almost involved in their toils before he reached it, and, now that the threat is accomplished, he has fallen a sacrifice, not unprepared nor unwillingly. It is a high distinction—I might say the highest and not over-state it—when a man's death is needed to accomplish his life's work; and, useful as he may have been while he lived, to be still more useful when he died. There are few men of whom this can be said. God places not many in such circumstances, that, even when through mortal weakness they die, it adds strength to the whole influence and force of their lives. Most men die because they must, and their time has come; and, however much their removal may be mourned, their death is simply a loss; it is the payment of a debt to nature. But not so with the soldier-like death of Lincoln. It gives him an immortality of fame, seals with blood and consecrates forever the history of which he has been the anointed leader; and out of such a death there is a resurrection of new life for the nation and mankind! No man's life is to be compared with Christ's, and no man's death with His; but he comes nearest to the Divine Man who receives a trust for humanity, carries it to a successful issue, and at last dies for it, making his life to culminate and triumph in death. This is the high calling of men treading after and next the person of Christ! This is the crown of martyrs! This the calling and the crown of Abraham Lincoln!

I cannot cease speaking without commending to your prayers and confidence him who is called so suddenly to the Chief Magistracy of the land. I feel compelled to

do this, because of the unfortunate impression made upon the country by Mr. Johnson at the late inauguration. With a haste as unreasonable as it is uncharitable, he has been condemned, as if an act proved a habit. There is not a man in this assembly who would not feel that the deepest injustice had been done him by such treatment. Admitting the worst that has been said, or that *can* be said, of Mr. Johnson's condition on that day, it is as susceptible of a favorable interpretation as of an unfavorable. It *may* have been, nay, we are bound to believe it *was* an accident, pure and simple—proof only of an enfeebled body, and of an anxiety, in spite of sickness, to discharge a public duty. We have the amplest assurances that this was the case. The Vice-President, now President of the United States, is entitled to the respectful confidence of the American people. The strong and generous testimony of General Burnside, yesterday, in New York, is sufficient, and will be cordially regarded as such by all loyal and patriotic citizens. Let us give him our confidence, and pray for him, as we did for his lamented predecessor.

SERMON VII.

REV. JOHN McCLINTOCK, D. D., LL. D.

“Remember them which have the rule over you, . . . whose faith follow.”—HEB. xiii, 7.

It is the LORD; his will be done. The blow has stunned the nation. Had we no trust in him who conquers even the last enemy, “the victory of the grave” which calls us together to-day would fill us with despair. And even with all the light which the word of God affords, and with all the strength which our faith in God gives us, we can still only say, “His way is in the sea, and his path in the deep waters.” We shall know hereafter what he doeth; but we know not now.

“*Remember,*” says our text, and “*follow.*”

There is little fear of our forgetting—there is little fear of the world forgetting the name of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. It was the remark of Heine, the German poet and satirist, that “men preserve the memory of their destroyers better than that of their benefactors; the warrior’s name outlasts the philanthropist’s.” There is some truth in this, taking the world’s history as it has been. But it is one of the best signs of the times that men’s hearts are, more than ever, attracted by moral greatness, and that all laurels are

not stained with blood. The day is dawning, even though its rising sun be dimmed by clouds, and struggles up amid gloom, and tears and blood, in which the glory of the reformer shall outshine that of the conqueror—in which the

Saints of humanity, strong, yet tender,
Making the present hopeful with their life,

shall be held the true heroes in men's thoughts, as they are the true heroes in the progress of humanity, and before the eye of God. And to this heroic class belongs the name of Abraham Lincoln, who fell, if ever man did, fighting the battles of humanity.

A voice came to us ten days ago from beyond the sea. Here is what it says of Abraham Lincoln: "When the heats of party passion and international jealousy have abated, when detraction has spent its malice, and the scandalous gossip of the day goes the way of all lies, the place of Abraham Lincoln in the grateful affection of his countrymen and in the respect of mankind, will be second only, if it be second, to that of Washington himself." When Robert Cairnes penned those prophetic words, how little did he dream that in a few weeks his prediction should become history! "When the heats of party passion are abated!" A work of long and weary time, no doubt. Yet it has been done in a day. The fame of Abraham Lincoln has not had to wait for the revolving years to set it right. The bullet of the assassin has done the work of an age. To-day that name stands as high before this whole people, of all parties, of all sects, of all classes, as it would have stood in a half a century, had the blow of the assassin never fallen. Party spirit, for the

time at least, is dead. Who thinks of party now? There are doubtless, in this congregation, many men who voted against Abraham Lincoln; is there one of them who does not mourn him to-day? When you heard that Abraham Lincoln was dead—you, who a year ago, perhaps, made his name an object of abuse and calumny; you, whose lips were accustomed to speak of that brave, noble, loving man as a usurper, perhaps, or at least as a foolish imbecile, and an unfit tenant of the highest place in all the world—I ask you, when you heard on Saturday morning that Lincoln was dead, did not your heart throb as never before; did not your throat become husky and the damp gather in your eyes in spite of you, as you spoke of it? Party spirit for the moment is indeed forgotten. Do not forget the lesson; and when your party journals begin, as they will begin very soon, to assail Andrew Johnson, as they have in the past assailed Abraham Lincoln, do not be led away; let not opposition be sullied with calumny or embittered by hate.

The streets of the city of New York, and of every city in the Union, from Portland to San Francisco, are clad in mourning. I have been struck, in going through the poorer streets of this city, to find the emblems of sorrow more general, if possible, on the abodes of the humble and the lowly, than on the stately dwellings of the rich in the grand avenues. All over this land, and over all the civilized world, I dare say, there shall be grief and mourning in the hearts and homes of those who are called the “common people”—of whom was Abraham Lincoln. The “ruling classes” abroad will grieve also, but for a very different reason. The Tories and aristocrats of England

have watched, with fear and wrath, the later progress of the Republic towards triumph; and they will feel the tremor of a new fear when they learn that this good and generous man—so tender, so merciful, so forgiving, so full of all peaceful thoughts, that revenge or cruelty could find no place in his heart; this noble, steadfast man of the people, at whose feet all their taunts and gibes had fallen harmless, whose simple dignity of nature achieved for him that serene indifference, that high superiority to abuse and calumny which have been claimed as the peculiar attributes of what are called high birth and breeding—has passed away from earth. For they were just learning that he loved peace next to justice, and, in the vague terror of their conscious guilt, as abettors of the slaveholders' rebellion, they looked to the gentle ruler, whom they had so vilely traduced, to avert the war which their consciences told them ought to come.

But while, for this reason, there will be real grief among the ruling classes, there shall be sorrow of another sort among all the liberal hearts, among all who have hoped and struggled for the future equality of the race, and who, these four weary years, have been watching the issues of our great war for freedom, with an intensity of feeling only next to our own. As for the working classes, everywhere through the British islands, and on the continent of Europe, the name of Abraham Lincoln had come to be, for them, the synonym of hope for their cause; for

Love had he found in huts, where poor men lie,

not only in every slave cabin in the South, where he is canonized already, but in many a shepherd's lodge of

Switzerland—in many a woodman's cabin of the Black Forest—in many a miner's hut of the Hartz Mountains—in many a cottage in Italy, for there, as well as here, the poor had learned to look upon him as the anointed of God for the redemption of the liberties of mankind. It is but lately that Garibaldi named one of his grandchildren Lincoln, little dreaming how soon that name was to be enrolled among the immortals. Oh! how his great heart will throb, how the tears will roll like bullets down his seamed and furrowed face, when to him shall come the sad message, "Lincoln is dead!"

And now let us ask why all this sorrow? Whence this universal love? Certainly it was not intellectual grandeur that so drew all hearts towards Lincoln. And yet I do not sympathize with much that has been said in disparagement of his intellect, although mere mental gifts, of the highest order, might well have been eclipsed, in the popular estimation, by the sublimity of that moral power which overshadowed all his other qualities. But it is stupid to talk of him as a man of mean intellect. He had a giant's work to do, and he has done it nobly. Called upon to steer the ship of state through the mightiest and most rapid tide of events that ever swept over a nation, he guided her safely, and was within sight of the harbor, when he was struck down at the helm. Even in his speeches and writings, where defects of form reveal the want of early culture and give room for the carping of petty critics who can see no farther than the form, I do not fear to say that the calm criticism of history will find marks of the highest power of mind. Do you remember his little speech over the graves of our martyrs at Gettysburg? I remember

the thrill with which I read it, across the sea. It is Greek-like in its simple majesty of thought, and even in the exquisite felicity of some of its phrases. Nor could that have been a mean intellect which enabled this simple son of the people, standing among men who piqued themselves upon their refinement and culture, among men of large acquirements and polished speech, to hold on his own way among them, to take or reject their advice, to hear all plans and all arguments, and after all to be the real ruler of the nation and of the times. With such gifts as God gave him, he was enabled to pierce to the very core of a matter, while others, with their fine rhetoric, could only talk around it.

Yet it was not for the intellect, but for the moral qualities of the man that we loved him. It is a wise order of Providence that it is so that men are drawn. We never love cold intellect. We may admire it; we may wonder at it; sometimes we may even worship it, but we never love it. The hearts of men leap out only after the image of God in man, and the image of God in man is love. Oh! what a large and loving heart was stilled last Friday! How fine, how tender, how all-embracing was the love of that old man! Those of you who have never seen him, and never have known the inexpressible charm of his simple manner, can never understand how much there was in him to love. Men of all classes were alike won by his personal magnetism. Those who have traduced him most, and those who have been most carried away by the blind fury of partisan hate, and have gone to Washington to see him, have always come away disarmed. Whenever they had talk with the President, whenever

those tender eyes opened gently upon them, (they had the habit of opening gently,) and they looked through those portals of his soul and saw the infinite wealth of tenderness that was there, they yielded to the spell. Illustrations of the tenderness of his nature abound. A colonel in the army was telling a friend the other day, of a time in 1862, when he had command of one of the posts, and the President visited the place for a few days. This officer had never met the President, and had no very exalted opinion of him, "but at the end of those ten days," said he, "I found that I was in love with him, and I could not help it." He related an incident that took place one evening while sitting alone with the President. Mr. Lincoln was reading Shakspeare, when suddenly turning his eyes upon the officer, he said: "Colonel, do you ever find yourself talking with a dead friend as if he was present and still living?" "Yes," said the colonel, "I know the feeling, for it has occurred to me often." "I am glad I asked you the question," said Mr. Lincoln, closing his book and leaning his head upon his hand, "I did not know that it was common, but ever since my little boy died, I find myself talking with him every day."

The entire absence of vindictiveness, either personal or political, was one of the ripe fruits of Lincoln's native tenderness. Did you ever hear of his saying a hard thing of his opponents? After all the vile calumnies heaped upon him at home and abroad, did you ever know him to utter a single word showing personal hate, or even personal feeling? It is a marvellous record. Test our public men by this standard, and you will see how loftily he towers above them in moral dignity. He lived as he

died: the last of his public utterances closed with the words, "With malice towards none, with charity for all." This phrase will fall hereafter into that small number of phrases, not Scripture, but which men often cite, unwittingly, as though they were.

Another striking element of his moral nature was his profound faith—a faith not like that of the man who now stands at the head of the French people, a blind fatalistic confidence in his own destiny, or in the destiny of the system with which he is identified. Nor yet merely an uncalculating faith in the wisdom, virtue or steadfastness of the American people. Abraham Lincoln had this, indeed; but it was not all; he had a profound religious faith; not simply a general recognition of the law of order in the universe, but a profound faith in a Personal God. He once remarked to me, at a sudden turn in conversation, "Ah, Providence is stronger than either you or I," and he said it in such a tone as to reveal a habit of thought. It was out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth spoke. We were discussing at the time the relations of this country with Europe, and the effects of his Proclamation of Emancipation. "When I issued that Proclamation," said he, "I was in great doubt about it myself. I did not think that the people had been quite educated up to it, and I feared its effects upon the Border States, yet I think it was right; I knew it would help our cause in Europe, and I trusted in God and did it." I believe that no President since George Washington ever brought in so eminent a degree to his official work a deep religious faith. Of his personal religious experience I cannot speak of my own knowledge, but we have more than

one cheering testimony about it. I have been assured that ever after the battle of Gettysburg he was daily in the habit of supplicating in prayer the throne of divine grace, as a believer in Jesus Christ, and that from that time he classed himself with believers. Oh ! what prayers those must have been in the dark days of '63, and how wondrously has God answered them.

I shall not speak of the patriotism of Abraham Lincoln, though it is one of the points of which I had intended to speak, but you know all about it. You know what a tremendous duty fell to him, and how he did it all the way through ; seduced by no blandishment, frightened by no threats from the steady pursuit of his one duty—to restore the integrity of the Government. How far he succeeded is known to you all. The “ forts and places ” which he said he would retake are all ours to-day, and the main army of the rebellion is scattered and gone !

The manners of Abraham Lincoln have been a matter of a great deal of comment, and of snobbish comment too. If unaffected simplicity, the most entire ease, and the power to put one's visitor at ease, and to do it unconsciously ; if these are the ultimate results and the final tests of refinement, as they unquestionably are, then was he the peer of any nobleman in manners. When you shall learn to be as easy, as gentle, as truly unaffected, as free from all thought of yourself, as Abraham Lincoln was, then indeed will you have finished manners. What if there were a few accidental remnants of his former habits ? Of all the people in the world, we are the very last that should think of these.

Just now, across the sea, men are grieving over the

death of a plain man of the people, like Abraham Lincoln, a man of the same kind of manners, a man bred to the plough, and whose early years were given to trade—Richard Cobden. And not merely in naturalness of manners, but also in moral elevation, in guileless sincerity, in delicate regard for the feelings even of enemies, in true devotion to the good of their fellow-men, especially to the cause of the poor and oppressed, and in earnest religious faith, were these men twin-brothers. Even in outward look there was a marked resemblance; the same tenderness of eye, the same pathetic sadness of general expression, and the same lurking smile of humor.

In two weeks after the fall of Sumter, I heard the news of it in Paris. Cobden arrived in town, from Algiers, I think, just then. Early the next morning I went to him, and said, "Are you enough interested in the American question to have a few words?" "Interested!" said he, "interested!" and the tears started to his eyes. "My God! sir, I do not sleep at night!" We then talked over all the probable phases of this great question and its tremendous issues. Never, until I came home and sat down alone with Abraham Lincoln, as I had sat down with Richard Cobden, did I know how much alike these two men were. How prophetic is it of the near coming of the time when all the sophisms of power, by which a few have held, and are still striving to hold, the mass of mankind in their iron grasp to make them the tools of their ambition and avarice, shall be swept away forever, that, all over the earth, in palaces as well as in hovels, there is mourning over Richard Cobden and Abraham Lincoln; men that worked with their hands and yet raised themselves

higher than nobles ; precursors of that triumphant Christian civilization that is yet to gladden the hearts of all mankind with the reign of universal brotherhood. In seven years Cobden bowed the neck of the proudest aristocracy in the world. In five years Lincoln destroyed and buried the most cruel, the most dangerous aristocracy that ever sought to establish itself in a civilized nation. The two representative men of the spirit of the age have passed away from earth together.

We had no fear about Abraham Lincoln, except the fear that he would be too forgiving. Oh ! what an epitaph—that the only fear men had was that he would be too tender, that he had too much love ; in a word, that he was too Christ-like ! And how Christ-like was he in dying ! His last official words in substance were, “ Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.” And on Good Friday he fell a martyr to the cause of humanity. I do not think there was adequate ground for the fear that he would ever have sacrificed substantial justice upon the altar of his personal tenderness ; or, that he had not the strength and the resolution to punish the authors of the rebellion ; yet, after all, in coming ages, it shall not be the least of his titles to the veneration and love of mankind, that his compeers found no fault with him, except that he had *too much* love.

Last Friday, we are told, President Lincoln asked General Grant if he had heard from General Sherman ? General Grant replied that he had not ; but that he was hourly in expectation of receiving despatches announcing the surrender of Johnston. “ Well,” said the President, “ you will hear very soon now, and the news will be important.”

"Why do you think so?" said the General. "Because," said Mr. Lincoln, "I had a dream last night, and ever since the war began I have invariably had the same dream before any important event has occurred." He then instanced Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburgh, &c., and said that before each of those events he had had the same dream. Turning to Secretary Welles, he said: "It is in your line, too, Mr. Welles. I dreamed that I saw a ship sailing very rapidly by, and I am sure that it portends some important national event." Dear friends, the life of Abraham Lincoln is closed. After a very, very stormy voyage, the ship has reached her harbor at last. And how, after all these tempests, these fierce blasts, these rising floods, how did the ship sail in? Shattered and sinking, with sails all torn and rent? No, dear friends, God ordered it otherwise. Not a mark of the storm was on the noble vessel; the hull was sound, the spars were strong, the sails were spread, with the broad flag flying again as it never waved before, and with pennants of red, white and blue streaming gloriously and triumphantly over all, the ship sailed into port, and the angels of God said their glad "All hail!" So now say I—and I venture to speak in your behalf, as well as in my own—Abraham Lincoln, Patriot, Philanthropist, Christian, Martyr, Hail! and Farewell!

And now, what are to be the results of this tragedy to the country and to mankind? It is God that rules, and already we see that, even in this terrible crime, He has made the wrath of man to praise Him. One thing is clear: even now the American people are united as they were never united before. Four years ago (or it will be

four years within a week), in 1861, I stood in Exeter Hall in the City of London, with an audience of nearly four thousand people. The London *Times* of the day before had said "the Great Republic is gone." I made these words the texts of a little speech to these four thousand Englishmen. I ventured to say to them, what in my heart I believed to be true, that whatever might be the result of civil war elsewhere, and however a single battle might turn in the United States, the Government of the United States was impregnable; that the great Republic would come forth out of the trial stronger than ever; that however the first battle might go, we should win the last, and the rebellion would be crushed. It is but right to say that these remarks met with sympathy. The four thousand people that sat before me showed every sign of feeling; they rose from their seats, they clapped their hands, they stamped their feet, they shouted. The four years have passed, and the Republic is not gone, thank God, but stands out in grander proportions, is established upon a firmer foundation than ever before. In the four days that have passed since the shot that laid Abraham Lincoln low, the work of fifty years in the consolidation of the Republic has been done. The morning of the same day that saw one President die, saw another quietly inaugurated and as quietly performing his functions. True there were a few men in Wall street, who seemed to look upon it as the harbinger of a golden harvest; men who, if allowed by any chance to pass the gates of the Celestial City, would go with their eyes bent downward studying some plan to pluck up the golden pavement. Naturally enough, these men mistook the mighty import of passing

events, and bought gold for a rise. On Monday gold was ten per cent lower than on Saturday.

Another lesson we have learned is this: that in our Government no one man is essential. The Harpers have just published a book by Louis Napoleon Bonaparte on the life of Julius Cæsar. Its object is to teach the world that it must be governed by its great men; that they make epochs and not merely mark them. How suddenly that book has been refuted, and what a blow has been given to this gospel of Napoleon, by the assassination of Lincoln and its issues. Here is one greater than Cæsar struck down as Cæsar was, and yet the pillars of the Republic are unshaken. What a pitiful anachronism does the Imperial plea for Cæsarism appear, in presence of the dead Lincoln, and the mourning, yet living and triumphant Republic!

Let us now gather one or two practical lessons for ourselves and our children. Hatred of assassination is one of these lessons, if, indeed, we needed to learn it. The work that Brutus did to Cæsar was just as bad a work as that of Booth to Lincoln. It was centuries before humanity recovered from the poisoned wound it received from the stroke of the dagger that pierced the breast of Cæsar. Teach your children, moreover, not only to hate assassination, but treason as well; for treason breeds assassins, as it breeds all other forms of crime and wrong. You cannot be too severe upon it in your thoughts or in your talk; you are severe upon the robber and the assassin; shall you be lenient towards the treason which has begotten both robbery and assassination?

Remember, too, that as treason is the parent of assassi-

nation, so slavery has been the parent of treason. Is it necessary for me to exhort you to teach your children to hate slavery too? In this one thing I ask you to join with me this day. Let us bow ourselves before Almighty God, and vow that so far as in us lies, none of us will ever agree to any pacification of this land, until slavery be utterly extirpated. Watch your editors, then; watch your clergy; watch your generals and soldiers, your admirals and sailors, watch even Andrew Johnson, though of that I apprehend there will be no need. Watch them all, if need be, and see to it that this sprout of hell never shoots up again in the American soil.

One more lesson, and not the least. If anything I have said, or anything that you read or hear in these sad days, breeds within you a single revengeful feeling, even towards the leaders of this rebellion, then think of Abraham Lincoln, and pray God to make you merciful. Think of the prayer of Christ, which the President said, after his Saviour, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." Let there be no place for revenge in our souls; justice we may and must demand, but revenge, never. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." I counsel you also to discountenance all disorder, all attempts by private persons to avenge the public wrong, or even to punish sympathizers with treason. I have been sorry to hear from the lips of generous young men, under the pangs of the President's assassination, sentiments of bitterness and indignation, amounting almost to fierceness. It is natural, no doubt, but what is natural is not always right. Indulge this spirit, and you may hear next that this man's house or that man's should be mobbed. Mobs

are alien to our northern soil ; they belong to another atmosphere than that of free schools and free men. The region of slavery was their natural home ; let us have none of them. And soon, when the last shackles shall have fallen, and throughout our land, from sea to sea, there shall be no master and no slave, the blessed Peace shall come, for which we have looked, and prayed, and fought so long, when the Republic shall be established upon the eternal foundations of Freedom and Justice, to stand, we trust, by the blessing of God, down to the last syllable of recorded Time.

S E R M O N V I I I .

REV. A. N. LITTLEJOHN, D. D.

“ Know ye not there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel.”
—II SAMUEL iii. 38.

BRETHREN, you know the event which has called us together amid these badges of sorrow. All sights and sounds proclaim it. The very air is full of it. Its mingled horror and sadness may not be uttered. The grief that hangs so heavy upon us moves a continent to tears. We are but a small company of mourners in the vast multitude who will to-day bend in anguish over the bier of the nation's head. We were just beginning to see the bow of peace wearing out from the vapor and settling over the troubled waters. We were just beginning to feel that the last chapter had been written in the record of blood. The disappointment is bitter and terrible. Without question we have at last reached the Marah of the nation's journey through the wilderness. The sword that was to pierce us through, God has reserved for the hour of victory. The land is a fountain of tears, and the hearts of the people are bowed as the heart of one man. There could be no sorer lamentation, though every house had in it one dead. It is made the duty of the pulpit, beyond any other organ of public sentiment, to deal with the overwhelming sorrow of the hour, to guide and temper the nation's grief, to

teach it how and for what to weep, to interpret the sober philosophy of the grave, and to press home upon the softened, pain-stricken sensibilities of the people those gifts, privileges, and destinies which the world can neither give nor take away. Certainly our century, with all its intense and changeful life, has witnessed no such impressive instance of the sudden ruin and intrinsic vanity of earthly fortunes in the high places of power. Yesterday, Abraham Lincoln stood upon an eminence which the wisest and the best might have envied. His word was clothed with the force of law. His hand was upon the secret spring of a nation's energies. His opinions were scanned and weighed as the foreshadowing of the settled policy of a reintegrated republic. On his will and purpose largely depended the peace of the world. He had but to speak, and two continents gave him audience. To-day, he is still in death. He lies where each of us must lie. He fills no more space than that allotted to the humblest member of the race. Yesterday, he was of good cheer at the approaching reward of four years of honest, anxious, patriotic toil, with an out-look upon honors manifold, and with an assured release from the bitterness of days of darkness and fields of blood, his own unexultant but manly smile reflecting the profound joy of a redeemed and triumphant country. To-day, he is gone, as the rest of us shall go, to give account of his stewardship to God. Alas! the brevity and uncertainty of the noblest earthly career! Let us know and feel that we can mourn intelligently over this terrible bereavement only as we shall individually see in it a new and more pointed admonition from our final Judge.

The deed which has deprived the land of its Chief Magistrate and, perhaps, the Department of State of its illustrious incumbent, let us not hesitate to say, was worthy of the cause which has filled the land with widows and orphans—a cause conceived in wickedness, brought forth in iniquity, and consummated in a crime which shall live forever as the sufficient commentary upon the spirit that gave it being. Under no provocation should we be tempted to harshness and injustice. But it is neither harsh nor unjust—but the simple truth gradually forced upon us by the stern logic of events—to say that the murderous hand which has brought upon us this stupendous calamity is, in reality, the same hand which wielded the merciless lash upon nuresisting victims whose cry there was none to hear—the same hand which, tutored into lawless violence by the cruel and arbitrary instincts of slavery, struck down a senator of New England for presuming to exercise freedom of speech—the same hand which kindled and led an unprovoked and suicidal rebellion against the mildest and freest of governments—which hung and slaughtered in cold blood thousands who remained faithful to their allegiance, and occupied itself at intervals with the torture and starvation of the captured in prison camps and noisome dungeons. There is no help for it. Charity itself can invent no sufficient mitigation of the fact. This crime must go into history as the legitimate embodiment of the spirit of that greater and once legalized—protected crime of oppression which, by the decree of God, has been swept away, and the very traces of it surged out by fire, battle, and blood. It seems as though the last bite of the serpent was needed to convince us of its incu-

rable and dreadful venom. Henceforth slavery will have no apologist in the court of the world's civilization. The mark of Cain is upon it, and no hand will be found bold enough to brave the infamy of attempting to hide it. Consigned at last to the gulf of perdition, with a wild and heartless malice, it sought to drag down with it all that lay within its reach. It has perished in a way to satisfy the proprieties of retributive justice. Its end is not merely ruin, but dishonor. Its name will rot with the bones of the assassin who directed its last blow. And, hereafter, though the common life of the republic shall be freed from its insult, menace, treason, and atrocity; yet trumpet-tongued it will continue to bear witness through the ages, by a thousand scars, to the malignant and tremendous power of the demon that once possessed it.

In the death of Abraham Lincoln, the people who have been in arms against the national authority, and who will soon be suing for mercy, have lost their wisest and truest friend. They have lost one who, beyond any other man in official position, was ready to pity their desolation, to commiserate their folly, and to receive them back as prodigal sons. They have lost one who had already anticipated and given expression to the latent magnanimity and clemency of the national mind. They have lost one who would have spared no effort, consistent with the public safety and honor, to enable them to retrieve their broken fortunes, and renew at the common altar their plighted faith.

But if they from whom we have been estranged during these four years of conflict, have lost so much by this calamity, what shall be said of our own loss. Say what

we will; interpret Providence as we may, it cannot be exaggerated. Happily party differences no longer stand in the way of a suitable recognition of the transcendent services of our late Chief Magistrate. It may be doubted whether any instance can be cited, in which the mists of prejudice have so suddenly parted, only to reveal behind them a fame so free from challenge or disparagement. Certainly history furnishes no case in which death has so instantly invested its victim with the sanctity of an approval more spontaneous and universal. The character of this man had grown so evenly, so silently, and from such modest beginnings; it had borne vast burdens, wrought mighty issues with so little friction; it had sent its root so deep into the core of our life, that we knew neither what it was to us, nor how large it was destined to appear in coming time, until death spread out before us the quiet and solemn shadow of its proportion. The work of the public mind in dealing with this character, since it has taken its place in the sphere of the unchangeable, has been that of recognition, not of discovery. We say to-day only what we might have said a week ago, but for the reserve with which the living must always be spoken of. The same pure, simple, honest, incorruptible, large-brained force of will and conscience that we see to-day, and whose departure we mourn as something not likely to be replaced, has been toiling for us all through these recent years of doubt and peril. We saw it, and yet feared to speak too strongly of it, lest some flaw or soil should appear before its career should close. But now that its record is made up, we may love, revere, and praise in language which, before, might have seemed that of partial admiration.

History, when it shall give its final verdict, may modify, in some particulars, the glowing eulogies of the hour. It may be that the nation, under the impulse of sudden and profound grief, may claim too much for this man of the people. But this much is sure, he will go forever into their memory, and the seal will be immovably set upon it—that never have they had in that highest and most responsible position, an uprightness more unquestioned, a wisdom more balanced, luminous, and practical, a generosity more lofty, a patriotism more ardent, a cheerfulness more patient, a purpose more brave in the day of trouble, or a consecration of talent and energy to the common weal more absolute. All agree that his heart was too open and large to harbor a mean or selfish intent. And as for anger and revenge, under immense provocation, none need be told that they found no place in word or deed. No ruler was ever more reluctant to strike, even when crime crossed his path and demanded the blow. There is scarcely an infirmity imparted to him by the most unsparing criticism, which was not traceable to a certain gentleness of spirit, which, however harsh and knotty wills that “make haste to the hangman’s office” may sneer at, will be accounted hereafter, in calmer days, as the only flower of Paradise that was able to float on this sea of blood.

There are some who scruple to call Mr. Lincoln great. We are not among them. If he was not great, then, by some strange fortune, it fell to his lot to achieve results hitherto deemed possible only to the highest order of faculty. If he was not great, history will have its most startling wonder to record. It will have to show how an ordinary man wrought the most extraordinary things in a

sphere of action where personal character and official influence are subject to the severest scrutiny. It will have to show how something less than greatness did what conceded greatness has always pronounced most difficult. The nation, at this hour, grudges not to own him great. There is a wisdom in the popular instinct which adjusts sorrow to the sense of loss. Judged by this rule, there can be no doubt where the common mind of the country places this man. There were qualities, gifts, enrichments, which he lacked. He had not the severe dignity of Washington, nor the acumen and breadth of Hamilton, nor the versatility of John Quincy Adams. He had not the electric eloquence of Clay, nor the matchless finish of Everett, nor the massive strength of Webster. And yet there was in him a fullness, ripeness, directness of power, which, if measured by what it did, will prove him inferior to none of the illustrious names gone before him. There can be no dispute as to what was really in him, for he pretended to nothing which he had not, and concealed nothing that he had. His simplicity and candor made him appear less than he was. He spoke and acted with such absence of parade, that all who did not weigh him well thought him an honest mediocrity, plodding slowly toward a great end. The cheerful ease with which he mastered the most intricate questions of the time, deceived all but those nearest to him as to the magnitude of his labors. He made no claim to eloquence. All the more striking attributes of the orator were wanting. And yet, in his plain, strong way he said things—as when he stood over the heroic dead at Gettysburg—which the world will never forget. As a writer he was singularly deficient in the ordinary graces of

style. And yet he has left State Papers which will be regarded hereafter as the ablest expositions of the momentous issues of our time. The elaboration bestowed by those in quest of fame upon the vehicle of thought, he bestowed upon the thought itself. Destitute of methodical training, utterly without what is technically known as culture, there was that in his handling of obscure and complicated subjects which evinced the finest fruit of careful intellectual discipline. He never said anything that would imply that he thought himself a man of courage or inclined to self-sacrifice on behalf of imperiled principle; but there are none who knew him well that will not at once accord him all the moral qualities of the true hero. No man, perhaps, ever had a career which, taken in its whole length, was better calculated to invite vanity, boasting, and self-sufficiency; or to develop the small weaknesses which, with most men, follow in the wake of rapid and unexpected success. But the keenest eye fails to detect in him the traces of such qualities. His modesty and humility kept pace with his rising eminence. And of him it can be said truly—and nothing could be more wonderful—that such was the habitual gentleness—such the native, robust magnanimity of his character—such his incorruptible fairness, that, amid all the fiery strifes and clashing factions of a period of tumult and revolution, he never alienated a friend, or justly made an enemy.

The word greatness is variable and elastic. It is often a term of comparison conveying no absolute meaning. It covers all degrees of power from that of confessed genius down to that of common-place, but successful talent.

Still, loose and vague as may be the use of the word, it has, after all, a very definite signification to the settled judgment of mankind. There are certain tests—certain properties of character which, wherever they are found, assert the presence of true greatness, and secure for it, in the critical estimate of the world, the attribute of immortality. I shall name some of these tests and properties, and then inquire how they were answered in the character and career of Abraham Lincoln.

1st. It is a proof of greatness to discharge immense responsibilities in times of change and peril, and to hand over a trust of extraordinary powers without even the suspicion of failure or abuse. There can be no question that Mr. Lincoln met this test as completely as any ruler of ancient or modern times. He parted with power with less regret than he received it. It had no attractions to him. It stirred no ambition, tempted to no self-aggrandizement, awoke no dreams of dynastic fame. No one in high office could be more scrupulous to mark the rightful limitations of authority, or more reluctant to overpass them under the pressure of danger to the national life.

2nd. It is an evidence of greatness to lead and to fashion, amid all possible elements of hazard and convulsion, an era of transcendent success in the life of empires or republics. Without controversy, we find this in the character and administration of this man. He began his work amid disadvantages which never can be adequately estimated. He encountered difficulties which would have utterly overwhelmed a will less patient, cheerful and self-poised than his own. And yet the civic and military achievements of the Government over which he presided

have never been surpassed. The contrast between the commencement and the close of his administration will be one of the wonders of history. When it began one-half the country was ablaze with the flame of rebellion, and the other half was dumb with perplexity and the sense of coming disaster. There was not only the division of geographical sections, but the division of heterogeneous races and clashing social institutions. It was an open question whether the will of a single part should override or obey the sovereign will of the whole body—whether the nation was only a heap of atoms or an organic force. In the Old World, where it was believed that our trouble would develope sympathy, if not friendship, we found only envy of our growth, fear of our strength, and studied predictions of our failure and ruin. Western Europe was rejoicing that the day had come for writing the epitaph of republics. How changed all this when Mr. Lincoln's career closed. He lived long enough to see the tokens of returning peace, the defeat and surrender of hostile armies, the closing up of the terrible wound upon the nation's life, the utter destruction of the political heresy that had plunged the land in fratricidal blood, the fusion into a more compact and homogeneous unity of diverse races, the confession of all nations that the Republic had triumphed, and the joy of the oppressed throughout the world over another mighty advance of liberty and justice in the affairs of the race.

3rd. It belongs to the highest order of mind and character to mould and govern the opinions of a free people. This, Abraham Lincoln did as few have done before him. He mastered and directed public sentiment upon the most

vital questions. He did it fairly, conclusively, permanently. With a skill and prescience which will challenge the admiration of posterity, he gathered up and crystallized the fluid thought of the masses into the statesmanship and policy of the hour. His success on this difficult task was due, in the main, to marked peculiarities of intellect and administration. He had no theories, no pet fancies, no schemes with which he believed his fame identified. He was not a bookish statesman. He had no historic idols. No school of political thought could wholly claim him. He studied all questions demanding his decision under the light of facts. His course waited upon events. His policy grew naturally out of the emergencies around him. His wisdom was of the sort which neglects no fact, but gives to each its proper force. He knew how to walk with the people, and yet to assert his function as a leader and prophet. The time was when some believed him slow, timid and vacillating. Results have shown that he was only patient, cautious and comprehensive; and that the hot, hasty wills who judged him lived in an atmosphere of fog and confusion. We have had no statesman of whom it can be so truly said, that he was, in the work that fell to him, so wise an imitator of the developing, sanative forces of Nature and Providence, whose great law it is to be progressively conservative and conservatively progressive.

4th. It is a quality of greatness to win and to hold in high station and amid days of change and peril the confidence of millions. In this Mr. Lincoln was pre-eminent. No case can be named in which a vast people surrendered into the hands of their ruler more of their lives, fortunes,

and destinies, and yet were freer from doubt, suspicion, or complaint. In the darkest hour of the four years past, whatever else might give way, there was no change or abatement of the popular trust in their head.

5th. It has always been reckoned a mark of greatness to preserve an original, uncorrupted individuality amid the frictions and abrasions of a rulership which makes the incumbent the depositary of all men's notions, the prey of flatterers, deceivers and parasites, the victim of the menace or the blandishments of a dominant party. Who has shown this mark of greatness more clearly than this man? The day he died he was no other than he was when he left his home for the capitol—save in knowledge, experience, trial, service, and suffering. He was ever so truly himself that custom could not alter, conventionality could not spoil, fashion could not beguile him. Faction, with its secret schemes, put its teeth on a file when it struck his simple, healthy, honest will. And court sycophants found their occupation gone, as there was in him absolutely no vanity, or private ambition to work upon.

6th. It is the effect of a great man's life to enrich by character, deeds, and sufferings, the annals of a people, and to multiply their traditions of endurance, heroism, and triumph. In this our late President, by general consent, will rank second only to Washington.

7th, and finally. The sovereign and unchallenged test of greatness, as adjudged by all nations and ages, is to complete service by sacrifice; to attest by death what was toiled and fought for in life; to add the martyr's crown to the patriot's work. This alone was needed to round out and immortalize Abraham Lincoln. God gave him the

baptism of blood, as he had already given it to the cause which he represented, and so translated him into the list of the world's leaders, deliverers, emancipators, who plead more mightily from their graves than living rulers from the seats of power. Let us not doubt, then, that a great man has passed from us into history, and joined the powers which cannot die. Let us not doubt that our time of sorrow has brought forth a character worthy to enshrine its immortal issue. This man has gone from us. He needs no other monument than the race whom he led forth from bondage, and the country saved, under God, by his guidance. He has been followed to his grave by such majesty and sincerity of grief as never yet waited upon king or conqueror, and his memory may be safely left to the keeping of all lands and ages.

We have lost the mortal. We have gained the immortal. We have lost a Chief Magistrate. We have gained one who shall henceforth be known among the world's benefactors. We have lost a virtue subject to change. We have gained a virtue which shall be the same until the heavens shall be no more. We have lost a voice that might have faltered and a will that might have fallen away from its task. We have gained both, exalted and consecrated to a wider and nobler mission. We have lost a rare combination of gifts. May it not be that we have gained another, which, in view of emergencies yet to come, shall prove the foresight and adaptation of God's. We have lost a man built up into greatness by the institutions of liberty and law. We shall gain another proof of the power of those institutions to repair all damage and waste in the life committed to their keeping.

I have spoken of the man, his character, career, and services ; I have sketched his place in history, and shown why the gratitude and love of this bereaved people should cherish and venerate his name. Permit me, in conclusion, to indicate what God teaches us in this sorrow. Once more he admonishes us that our strength is not in chariots or horses, or men of war, or an arm of flesh. Once more He tells us that in the development of His plans there is no necessary man. Again He interposes to check the instinctive gravitation of mankind toward great personalities, and to strike at the root of all civic and military idolatries engendered by illustrious fortune or commanding genius. Again He shifts from shoulder to shoulder the mantle of the ruler, the statesman, the conqueror, the prophet, to show us that it is only in His wisdom and might that we can safely glory. "The earth is weak and all the inhabitants thereof. I bear up the pillars of it." "God is the Judge. He putteth down one and setteth up another." Once more, too, amid the far-sounding joy and the waving of multitudinous banners, He suddenly opens at our feet the path of humiliation winding on into the valley of the shadow of death. Thus, by a calamity and bereavement which have pierced the common heart, He has seen fit to set up another check to the pride and self-confidence of a great people flushed with victory. May these admonitions not be in vain. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be so poured out to-day upon the weeping, prostrate millions of this land "that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations."

S E R M O N I X.

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.*

“And the Lord blessed Abraham in all things.”—GENESIS xxiv. 1.

A FEW hours since, I came home from witnessing the resurrection of the flag over Sumter's walls, and on our way the arrow of fatal tidings met us and pierced us through. I came in tears to find you all in tears. And to-day I only seek to give utterance, in the broken language of grief, to the artless, spontaneous outgush of our every heart. “I cannot see to read in the valley of the shadow of death,” said Christopher North to his class, when he returned to them their essays unread, a few days after the death of his wife. Nor could I see to write under the shadow of this overwhelming sorrow. Let me, in the most unstudied language, just talk to you about that dear departed *father*, whose form lies but a few leagues off to-day, on its way to the burial.

It is more than two centuries since the civilized world has received a shock like this. I open the page of history and read, that on the 10th of July, 1584, William the

* The above report of an extemporaneous discourse, delivered in the Lafayette avenue Presbyterian Church, on April 23d, is mainly recalled from memory.

Silent, the founder of the Dutch Republic, was passing from his dining-hall to his private apartments, attended by his wife. Near the stairway was an obscure arch sunk deep in the wall, and almost hidden from view. The Prince of Orange had just reached the second of the flight of stairs, when a hired assassin darted out from the dark archway, and standing within a few feet of the prince, discharged a pistol at his heart. Three balls entered his body; one of them rebounded even from the wall beyond! William exclaimed, as he felt the wound, "Oh! my God, have mercy upon this poor people!" In a few moments he breathed his last in the arms of his faithful wife, Louisa of Coligny.

Gérard, the assassin, dashed out of a side door and endeavored to make his escape by a narrow lane to a spot where a horse stood in waiting for him. He stumbled over a pile of rubbish in his path, and before he could rise again he was seized by several halberdiers who had followed him from the house. He was brought at once before the magistrates, was subjected to the most excruciating tortures, and in a few days was condemned to die under the terrible triple agonies of burning, quartering, and decapitation.

No one can read the narrative of the murder of the deliverer of Holland, without being amazed at the coincidence between the crime of Balthazar Gérard and the crime of the brutal Booth. One could almost believe that the American miscreant had learned his horrible part from the Burgundian fanatic. The lofty and magnanimous character of the two illustrious victims—the same cowardly assault upon both when unarmed and unprotected—the same wea-

pon employed—the fact that both the victims were attended by their wives—the method of attempted escape—all these furnish a resemblance that is as startling as if drawn from the realm of a horrible fiction. The crimes were not more coincident than the characters of those who figured in these two foremost assassinations of modern history.

William the Silent was a noble representative of Protestant heroism, Protestant faith, and Protestant liberty. Gérard was the fiendish embodiment of all that was crafty, bigoted, and revengeful in Spanish Popery. Abraham Lincoln was the representative of American Republicanism in its most pure and primitive type. In Booth, the butcher, was incarnated the diabolical spirit of Southern slavery. He is a specimen of the pupils which the “peculiar institution” has graduated for half a century. Proud, indolent, dissipated, licentious, a slave of the wine-cup, and accustomed to the unbridled indulgence of his passions, he was the very man to step forth as at once the representative and the champion of the traitor-confederacy. What Preston Brooks more feebly attempted in the “Freshman class” of slavery, John Wilkes Booth achieved in the “Senior year” of its matured iniquity. This astounding tragedy at Washington is but the legitimate product of the same accursed system that tore down the nation’s standard at Sumter, that massacred the heroic garrison of Fort Pillow, that starved the thousands of Union soldiers at Belle Isle, Andersonville, and on the Charleston race-course, and had been for a century, maiming, and branding, and torturing God’s poor bond-children on innumerable plantations. Abraham Lincoln, holding the pen that

pierced oppression through with its edict of emancipation, is the embodiment of Christian democracy. John Wilkes Booth, wielding the assassin's weapon, is the embodiment of the bowie-knife barbarism of the slaveholding oligarchy. Thanks be to God that the days of that oligarchy are numbered!

But let us turn away from the harrowing crime to its illustrious victim himself. Let us, as a bereaved household, sit down and talk together, in the soft, low accents of affection, about the great, the good, the honest, the patient, the gentle-hearted, the beloved head of our national family, whom God has taken to himself. We are too near his coffin to criticise him; our hearts are yonder in that coffin with him. God knows that when the tidings of his murder first smote me through on that steamer's deck, I could hardly have felt a keener agony if I had heard that my wife or child were gone. So you felt; so millions feel; such will be the pang that will attend this tragedy in its circuit around the globe. No man of our time could be stricken from his orbit that would leave such a startling void; and no man of any time was ever followed to his burial by such myriads of mourners, or laid in a grave that was so literally drenched with a nation's tears. Yes! the poor ploughboy of a Kentucky homestead has a funeral that was not accorded to a Napoleon or a Wellington.

In selecting a passage for the motto of this unpremeditated tribute, I could find scores of lines in God's word that would be appropriate to the eulogy of our martyr-president. But none, perhaps, that could tell more briefly his history than these simple words—"The

Lord bless Abraham in all things." In blessing our Abraham, God blessed our regenerated country, and the whole household of humanity. Let me point you to some of the crowning mercies of the Divine gift—with devout gratitude to the Heavenly Giver.

I.—And first, God blessed our President with a lowly birth. Abraham Lincoln was thoroughly a man of the people. The common people of America saw the very best that was in themselves when they looked at him. So plebeian a President we have never had. Benjamin Franklin has hitherto been the type-man of American democracy. For remember that our Washington came of gentle blood, and belonged to the colonial aristocracy of Virginia. He had many of the traits of an English country gentleman; his associates were such men as Lord Fairfax, and the patricians of the "Old Dominion." But Lincoln was made of that homely stuff that was wrought into Andrew Jackson and Daniel Webster.

Look for a moment at the career that is photographed in the following dozen lines:—Born in Hardin County, Kentucky, of farmer parentage, on the 12th of February, 1809; his boyhood spent in clearing forests with the woodman's axe; one year only spent in the rudimentary studies of a district school; at the age of nineteen toiling as a hired hand on a Mississippi flat-boat; then a clerk in a country store of Illinois; next a student of law from a few books borrowed in the evening, to be returned on the next morning; in 1834 a member of the State Legislature; in 1846 in the National Congress; through the year 1858 measuring weapons with Douglas in the most protracted and brilliant political canvass yet waged between Amer-

ican debaters; in 1860, chosen triumphantly to the Presidential chair; for four years the central figure in the most stupendous conflict of modern times; re-elected to the Presidency by a voice of the people "like the sound of many waters"; and from that lofty eminence, in the very moment of victory, translated through martyrdom to a seat in history beside our first Washington himself; I ask you, where is a record like unto this in our modern annals? Yet to the last, and through all his wondrous steps of exaltation, he is the same plain, modest, homely, simple-hearted Abraham Lincoln who hewed out rails in an Illinois forest, and "sorted" farmers' letters in a rustic post-office. Since the day when a Corsican lieutenant of artillery presided over a congress of conquered kings at Tilsit, history has recorded no such extraordinary elevation. Napoleon grew dizzy; but honest Lincoln's head never lost its balance. Lifted into the gaze of all Christendom, his calm spirit reposed in a majestic serenity; for he felt that the Hand that raised him thither, held him there with an infinite grasp until the Divine purpose was accomplished. Suppose that, when the coarsely clad boatman of Illinois was floating down the Mississippi in his rude craft, some prophetic angel had told him that he would yet make that river the scene of prodigious exploits, of which he should be the prime controller, and would one day sweep from all that river's bank the gigantic system of human bondage, would he not have smiled at the bare thought as the dream of an enchanter? Yet the dream was fulfilled. To Joseph's sheaf all the other sheaves made obeisance. I count it as an especial mercy that, through all his career, God blessed our Abraham with

true humility ; and kept him as free from selfish ambitions as the lowliest sentinel who ever paced his solitary rounds on a rampart.

Secondly, God blessed our good President with more than an unselfish heart ; He gave him a clear and vigorous head and a most marvellous sagacity. It has been too common to speak of Mr. Lincoln as merely a good, honest man, whom the "accidents" of politics made conspicuous—a man who merely drifted on a current of events that he was powerless to control. Such will not be the verdict of posterity. The next generation will acknowledge that the man who rose from a log cabin to the Presidential chair—who led a vast republic through its wilderness of perilous confusions, and its Red Sea of horrible carnage, with a patience that never gave way, a faith that never faltered, and a sagacity that made never a serious mistake, was a man who has no superior in the American annals. I predict that, fifty years hence, the foremost name in American history will be the name that was signed to the Edict of Emancipation. Napoleon's test of ability was a very simple one—"Who *did* all that?" We apply this test to our departed President, and ask—who has achieved more than Lincoln ? who did his life-work better than he ? The backwoodsman of Illinois did not lay claim to Hamilton's imperial intellect, yet Hamilton never read events more sagaciously. He did not claim John Jay's profound wisdom, yet Jay never decided more wisely. He did not pretend to Daniel Webster's massive and magnificent oratory ; but Webster never put more truth into a portable form for the common people. Lincoln's speech in the Cooper Institute of New

York, in 1859, was a master-piece of clear trenchant argumentation. With him, common sense did the work of genius. He clove at once to the root of the matter. Some of his homely sayings will live alongside of Benjamin Franklin's. His pleasant jokes had more meaning in them than many another man's pompous harangues.

For example, when Mr. Lincoln wrote to a Kentucky friend these simple words "if slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong," he answered in one sentence all the detestable logic of Thornwell and Calhoun. When he said in 1858, "it is impossible for this Union to exist, one-half slave, and the other half free," he announced a truth which previous statesmen had either failed to perceive or else failed to utter. His brief address on the battle-ground of Gettysburgh is sublime in its pathos. His last memorable "Inaugural" will take its place beside the Farewell Address of Washington. The earping *London Times* did not dare to sneer at that. When I read it on the street in a daily journal, I said to myself, "God be praised for a President who can utter God's Word from a Presidential chair!" There are few finer passages in the English language than this oft-quoted sentence, so sonorous in its roll, and so severely true in its portent. "If it is the will of God that this war continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be repaid by another drawn by the sword, then, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

Scoffers at home and secessionists abroad have been wont

to flout at Mr. Lincoln as a "jester," a "clown" and a "buffoon." As well denounce Washington as a cynic because he seldom laughed. Lincoln's humor was as natural to him as breathing. It was a happy gift. It kept his temper sweet, and lubricated his mind, that might otherwise have been worn into sullenness or into despondency by the tremendous friction of care and overwhelming anxieties. None of his jokes were ill-timed or malevolent. Some of them were exceedingly adroit. For instance, when an inquisitive visitor questioned him too closely as to the destination of the Burnside expedition, the President inquired with mock gravity, "my friend, can you keep a secret?" "Yes, Sir," he eagerly replied. "Then," said Mr. Lincoln, "I will venture to inform you that the expedition *has gone to sea.*"

The shrewd sense that made this ready answer was the same shrewd sense that dictated every Presidential message, that aimed the emancipation-edict at slavery's guilty head, and guided his every footstep along the dark dangerous way that duty commanded him to tread. I do not claim for our beloved President a profoundly philosophical mind. I do not claim for him brilliant genius. But I do claim that when the Almighty made Abraham Lincoln for this great national crisis, *He did not make a mistake.*

III. Let us look now a moment at another blessing which God gave to our beloved and martyred ruler. Beneath that manly head He gave him a woman's heart. Did you ever hear that our Father Abraham ever spoke a harsh word to one of his children? Did you ever see his now dead hands stained with cruelty? With almost unlimited power entrusted to him, did he ever play "the

tyrant?" He loved everybody, and wanted everybody to love him. Nobody was afraid of him—except rogues and traitors, and he was too lenient even toward them. The humblest "blue-jacket" that entered the White House was sure of a hearty grasp of that open honest hand, and if the soldier's child came along, the tall ungainly form would lift it up for a kiss. He never could stand a woman's tears; they were almost certain to melt down a death-sentence into a pardon. His last act was one of clemency to a notorious traitor; if he had lived, he was in more danger of surrendering to rebel prayers than he ever was of surrendering to rebel swords.

All the common people had felt of Lincoln's heart, and they loved him. His political foes were his personal friends: "he is a kind honest man after all" was the confession that followed even the bitterest assault upon his public policy. The popular names given to great men are a clue to the popular estimate of their characters. We once had a resolute piece of stuff in the Presidential chair whom the people styled "Old Hickory." We had an "Old Tippecanoe"—so named from his principal battle; we called another gallant veteran "Rough and Ready." But this plain homespun kind-voiced President was so near to every one of us—so like our own relative that we were wont to call him "Uncle Abe" and "Father Abraham." There was no disrespect in this; but rather a respect so deep and honest that it could afford to be familiar.

Did this abounding kindness of heart ever warp his sense of right, and lead him to compromise his principles? This was his danger, but I think that in the main he

avoided it. Not for a moment did he yield to the false counsels of the treacherous, the bribes of the corrupt, or the weak fears of the desponding. Abraham Lincoln's religion, as far as the world saw it—lay in two cardinal principles—a rigid sense of right—and an unfaltering faith in the Providence of God. He was a child of Providence. “If I did not seek help from God every morning I could not stand up under the load laid upon me,” was the substance of a remark made to an intimate friend during a gloomy period of the war. What was the degree of our President's heart-faith in Jesus Christ is known only to the Omniscient. He worshiped in God's sanctuary; he once taught in the Sabbath School; he was rigidly moral; he practised abstinence from the wine-cup as well preached it; he set a noble example of industry, continence, fortitude and integrity. He never made any public confession of his faith in the Redeemer. This I regret from my inmost heart. Would to God that the lofty philanthropy which made him our *Wilberforce*, had also been coupled with Wilberforce's devout, tender and fervid piety! Praises be rendered too unto God for the faith in an overruling Providence which dwelt in Lincoln's great kindly heart; and for the beautiful law of right which guided his glorious career! Never had a public man a harder path to tread; but he never lost his way—for he simply and steadily *kept to the straight road*. After issuing the proclamation of freedom he said to a friend, “I did not think the people had been educated up to it; but I thought *it was right* to issue it, and so I did it.”

And now that great, generous child-like heart has ceased to throb! Those deep, melancholy eyes—deep wells of

sorrow as they always looked to me—are dimmed forever. Those gaunt ungainly limbs with which he strode along his patient way under the burthen, are laid to rest. The hand that broke four million of fetters is lifeless clay! Lincoln in his coffin has put a world in tears. Never was a man so mourned; never before did all Christendom stand mourners around one single bier. That pistol-shot at Washington echoes round the world in the universal wail of humanity. God pity our noble friends abroad when they hear the tidings! Kossuth will weep as he wept for the lost crown of Maria Theresa. John Bright's heart will bleed as it bled but yesterday over the grave of Cobden. Garibaldi will clasp that little grandson to his bosom with a tenderer love, that the child bears the name of "Abraham Lincoln." Our missionaries in Syria and China and the Pacific Isles will drop warm tears on the pages of those Bibles that they are rendering into heathen tongues. Here at home I see the sorrow in every eye; the air is heavy with the grief; "there is not a house in which there is not one dead."

Intense as is our grief, who shall fathom the sorrow of those to whom he brought the boon of freedom, when they shall learn of the death of their liberator? What wails shall mingle with the voices of the sea along Carolina's shore! Miriam's timbrel in a moment drowned in Rachel's cry of anguish!

Last Saturday morning I addressed one thousand freed men's children in the doomed city of Charleston. When I said to them, "May I invite for you your father Lincoln to come to Charleston and see the little folks he has made free?" a thousand black hands flew up with a shout. Alas! at that moment a silent corpse lay in the East Room

at Washington. On reaching Fortress Monroe,—under the first stunning blow of the awful tidings, I went aside to a group of poor negro women who were gathered about a huckster's table, which was hung with a few coarse strips of black muslin. "Well, friends, the good man is gone." "Yes, sah," spake out a gray-haired Aunt Chloe—"yes, sah! Linkum's dead! They killed our best friend. But God be libin yet. Dey can't kill Him. I'se sure of dat!" How instinctively the childish faith of those long-suffering hearts reached up to the Almighty arm! In that poor freedwoman's broken ejaculation, "Linkum dead—but God still libin," I find the only solace for your smitten heart and mine.

Did Lincoln die too soon? For us and for the world he did; but not for himself. It is all sadly right. God's will be done! The time had come when, like Samson, our beloved leader could slay more by his death than in his life. He has slain the accursed *spirit* of slavery yet lurking in the North. He has slain the last vestige of sympathy with the discomfited rebellion in every candid foreign mind. That pistol's flash has revealed the slave-drivers' conspiracy to the world—

"Not only doomed, but damned."

Our father died at the right time; for his mighty work was done. He lived to see the rebellion in its last agonies; he lived to enter Richmond amid the acclamations of the liberated slave, and to sit down in the arch-traitor's deserted seat; he lived until Sumter's flag rose again like a star of Bethlehem in the southern sky, and then, with the martyr's crown upon his brow, and with four million broken fetters in his hand, he went up to meet his God. In a

moment his life crystallizes into the pure white fame that belongs only to the martyr for truth and liberty ! Terrible as seems the method of his death to us to-day, it was after all the most fitting and glorious. He fell by the hand of the same iniquity that slew Lyon and Shaw, and Sedgwick and Rice, and Wadsworth and McPherson. In God's sight Lincoln was no more precious than the humblest drummer-boy who has bled away his young life on the sod of Gettysburgh or Chattanooga. He had called on two hundred thousand heroes to lay down their lives for their country ; and now he too has gone to make his grave beside them.

"So sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest."

When that grave that now opens for its illustrious victim on yonder western prairie shall finally yield up its dead, glorious will be his resurrection ! Methinks that I behold the spirit of the great LIBERATOR in that judgment scene before the assembled hosts of heaven. Around him are the tens of thousands from whom he struck the oppressor's chain. Methinks I hear their grateful voices exclaim, "we were an hungred, and thou gavest us the bread of truth ; we were thirsty for liberty, and thou gavest us drink ; we were strangers, and thou didst take us in ; we were sick with two centuries of sorrow, and thou didst visit us ; we were in the prison-house of bondage and thou camest unto us." And the KING shall say unto him, "inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me. Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

S E R M O N X .

REV. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, D. D.

The God of Israel said, the Rock of Israel spake to me, He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. And he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain.* — II SAMUEL xxiii. 3, 4.

I COUNT it one of the noblest acts in the history of the race, an impressive proof of the progress of human society, that a nation has rendered its spontaneous homage,—a tribute without precedent in its own annals, and hardly equaled in the annals of the world,—to a man whom it had not yet learned to call great. It teaches us that there is something greater than greatness itself. No inspiration of genius had enrolled him among the few great names of literature; no feats of arms nor strategy upon the field, had given him a place among military heroes; no contribution to the science of government, no opportunity of framing a new civil polity for mankind, had raised him to the rank of publicists, of philosophers, or of founders of states. Great he was in his own way, and of a true and rare type of greatness—the less recognized and acknowledged the more it is genuine and divine;—but the people had not begun to accord to him the epithets and the

*Preached in the Broadway Tabernacle Church, April 30th, 1865.

homage of greatness, nor is the loss of a great man to the world the chief calamity in his death. Not greatness but *grandeur* is the fitting epithet for the life and character of Abraham Lincoln; not greatness of endowment nor of achievement, but grandeur of soul. Grand in his simplicity and kindliness; grand in his wisdom of resolve and his integrity of purpose; grand in his trust in principle and in the principles he made his trust; grand in his devotion to truth, to duty, and to right; grand in his consecration to his country and to God, he rises above the great in genius and in renown, into that foremost rank of moral heroes, of whom the world was not worthy.

Had the pen of prophecy been commissioned to delineate his character and administration, it must have chosen the very words of my text; "just," so that his integrity had passed into a proverb; "ruling in the fear of God," with a religious reverence, humility and faith marking his private life and his public acts and utterances; bright as "the light of the morning," with native cheerfulness and the serenity of hope; and with a wisdom that revealed itself as "the clear shining after rain;" and gentle withal "as the tender grass springing out of the earth;"—such was the Ruler, whose death the Nation mourns.

He hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And Pity—like heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air —
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.

The life of Abraham Lincoln, the life by which he has been known to the people, and will be known in history, covers less than five years from the day of his nomination at Chicago to the day of his assassination at Washington. Before this brief period, though he had been in posts of public life at intervals during thirty years, and had gained a reputation as a clear and forcible political debater, evincing also a comprehensive faculty for statesmanship, he had done nothing, said nothing, written nothing that would have given him a place in history or have caused him to be long remembered beyond the borders of his adopted State. And yet for that brief historical life which is now incorporated imperishably with the annals of the American Republic, and shall be woven into the history of the world while human language shall remain, he was unconsciously preparing during fifty years of patient toil and discipline.

Those seven years of poverty and obscurity in Kentucky, in which he never saw a church or a school-house, when he learned to read at the log-cabin of a neighbor, and learned to pray at his mother's knees; those thirteen years of labor and solitude in the primeval forests of Southern Indiana, when the axe, the plow, and the rifle trained him to manly toil and independence; when the Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and *Æsop's Fables*, his only library, read by the light of the evening fire, disciplined his intellectual and moral faculties, and a borrowed copy of "*Weems' Life of Washington*" acquainted him with the Father of his Country; and when the Angel of Death sealed and sanctified the lessons of her who taught him to be true and pure and noble, and to walk uprightly in the fear of

God; that season of adventure in the rough and perilous navigation of the Mississippi, when the vast extent of his country, and the varieties of its products and its population, were spread out before his opening manhood; the removal to the fat bottom-lands of the Sangamon, in the just rising State of Illinois; his further discipline in farming, fencing, rafting, shop-keeping, while feeling his way towards his vocation in life; his patient self-culture by studious habits under limited opportunities; his observation of the two phases of emigration, Northern and Southern, that moved over the prairies side by side, along different parallels, without mingling; his brief but arduous campaign in the Black Hawk War; his studies in law and politics, and his practical acquaintance with political and professional life;—all this diverse and immethodical discipline and experience was his unconscious preparation for leading the nation in the most dark, critical and perilous period of its history.

Abraham Lincoln was a “self-made man;” but in just the sense in which any man of marked individuality is self-made. So far was he from affecting superiority to academic culture or independence of the schools, that it may be said of him as of his great counterpart in character, in aims, and in influence, the plebeian sovereign of England, Richard Cobden, that while he was “a statesman by instinct,” and was calmly self-reliant upon any question that he had studied or any principle that he had mastered, he always deferred greatly to those whose opportunities of information and means of culture had been better than his own. The true scholar is “self-made;” for he is a scholar only so far as he has digested the works of others

by his own processes of thought, and has assimilated the treasures of learning into the independent operations of his own mind. Whether his books or his teachers be few or many, whether his education be in professional schools or in the open school of Nature and of practical life, he who would become a power either in the world of opinion or in the world of action, must make himself a man of self-discipline and culture with such helps as are at his command. Mr. Lincoln made himself, not by despising advantages which he had not, but by using thoroughly such advantages as he had. He did not boast his humble origin nor the deficiencies of his early education as a title to popular favor, nor use these as a back-ground to render the more conspicuous his native genius or the distinction which he had achieved; but while he never forgot his birth, nor repudiated his flat-boat and his rails, nor divorced himself from the "plain people," he yet recognized the value of refinement in manners, and cultivated the highest refinement of feeling. When Mr. Douglas had recourse to personalities in political debate, Mr. Lincoln in his rejoinder said, "I set out, in this campaign, with the intention of conducting it strictly as a gentleman, in substance at least, if not in the outside polish. The latter I shall never be, but that which constitutes the inside of a gentleman I hope I understand, and am not less inclined to practice than others. It was my purpose and expectation that this canvass would be conducted upon principle, and with fairness on both sides, and it shall not be my fault if this purpose and expectation are given up."* This self-made man, recognizing his lack of

* Speech at Springfield, Ill., July 17, 1858.

courtly breeding, so far from affecting indifference to good manners, studied to practice the truest gentility of speech and of feeling. Born in the cabin, reared in the forest, a hardy son of toil, whose early associations were with the rougher and coarser phases of life, he made himself a gentleman without even the "petty vices" that sometimes discredit the name; and when raised to the highest social position, proved that the heart is the best teacher of gentility. Never despising a good thing which he had not, he made always the best use of that which he had.

He himself has told how resolutely and thoroughly he sought to discipline his mind, in later life, by studies and helps of which he was deprived in youth. "In the course of my law-reading," said Mr. Lincoln to a friend,* "I constantly came upon the word *demonstrate*, and I asked myself, what do I do when I demonstrate, more than when I *reason* or *prove*—what is the certainty called demonstration? Having consulted dictionaries and books of reference to little purpose, I said to myself, 'Lincoln, you can never make a lawyer if you do not understand what demonstrate means.' I had never had but six months' schooling in my life; but now I left my place in Springfield, and went home to my father's, and stayed there till I could give any proposition of the six books of Euclid at sight." Thus, at twenty-five years of age, Abraham Lincoln paid his honest tribute to that very means of mental discipline which experience has placed at the foundation of a college course. He "made himself," by using the same methods of training that Daniel Webster used as a student at Dart-

* Rev. J. P. Gulliver, Norwich, Conn.

mouth, and Edward Everett at Cambridge; and having determined upon the profession of law, he fenced in his mind to book-study with the same energy and resolution with which he had once split 3000 rails to fence in the fields for tilling. There is no royal road to learning, and Mr. Lincoln's success demonstrates anew the law that persevering labor conquers every obstacle. He did his utmost to repair the deficiencies of his youth in the only way in which they could be remedied, and by that conquest over his own mind, which was the key to all other victories, he showed himself a man. But for this, his mind would have remained a broad unfenced prairie, and he but a pioneer squatter, making no improvements, or at best a surveyor, staking out some general boundaries of knowledge, but having no proper sense of ownership in the tract, or in the treasures that lay hidden beneath its surface.

I have thus sought to redeem from perversion that much-abused term "the self-made man." None can quote Abraham Lincoln in justification of boorishness, of illiterateness, of opinionativeness, of uppishness, as prerogatives of a self-made man; nor can his name and life be used as in any sense an argument against that culture of society and of the schools, of which he scarcely knew, until he had attained his majority. The unconscious plan of his life was none the less a *plan* of that Divine mind whose constant guidance he owned; and his first fifty years were a training-school of Providence for the five that constitute his historical life.

An analysis of the mental and the moral traits of Mr. Lincoln, will show us how complete was his adaptation for

that very period of our national history which he was called to fill, and which he has made so peculiarly his own.

I.—His mental processes were characterized by originality, clearness, comprehensiveness, sagacity, logical fitness, acumen and strength. He was an original thinker;—not in the sense of always having new and striking ideas,—for such originality may be as daring and dangerous as it is peculiar and rare;—but he was original in that his ideas were in some characteristic way his own. However common to other minds, however simple and axiomatic when stated, they bore the stamp of individuality. Not a message or proclamation did he write, not a letter did he pen, which did not carry upon the face of it, "*Abraham Lincoln*," his mark. He thought out every subject for himself; and he did not commit himself in public upon any subject which he had not made his own by reflection. Hence even familiar thoughts, coming before us in the simple rustic garb of his homely speech, seemed fresh and new. He took from the mint of political science the bullion which philosophers had there deposited, and coined it into proverbs for the people. Or in the great placer of political speculations, he sometimes struck a lode of genuine metal, and wrought it with his own hands.

"The Union is older than the Constitution;" "The Union made the Constitution, and not the Constitution the Union;" "Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws?" "The states have their status in the Union, and they have no other legal status;" "Capital is the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed;" "In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free;" "Often a limb must be am-

puted to save a life ; but a life is never wisely given to save a limb ;"—what volumes of philosophy, of history, of political economy, of legal and ethical science are condensed in these pithy sentences, each bearing the mark of Mr. Lincoln's individuality. Much of this individuality of thought was due to the seclusion of his early life from books and schools, and to the meditative habit induced by the solitude of the forest.

To the same quality, and partly to the same cause, may be ascribed the clearness of his mental processes. Compelled in childhood to find out by observation, by experience, by meditative analysis, knowledge in which he had no teacher, and for lack of external aids, thrown back habitually upon his own thoughts, he knew always the conclusions he had reached, and the process by which he reached them. If he must plunge into the depth of the forest, he took care to trace his path by blazing the trees with his mark ; and if sometimes he seemed slow in emerging from the wilderness, it was because, when a boy, he had learned not to halloo till he was out of the woods. Deliberation and caution were qualities in which he was trained, when compelled to hew out a clearing for a home within sound of wild beasts and of savage men ;—but because of these very qualities, he knew always where he stood, and how he came there. That communion with nature which has taught Bryant such clear, terse, fitting words in rhythm with her harmonies, taught Abraham Lincoln clear, strong thoughts, whose worth he knew, because he had earned them by his own toil.

I am not here dealing in conjecture. His own narrative, already quoted, as he gave it familiarly to a clergy-

man of Connecticut, informs us that, when a boy, he used to get irritated when any body talked to him in a way that he could not understand, "I don't think I ever got angry at any thing else in my life; but that always disturbed my temper, and has ever since." Often after hearing the neighbors talk in his father's house upon subjects he did not comprehend, he would walk up and down his room half the night, trying to make out the exact meaning of their "dark sayings." When once upon such a hunt after an idea, he could not sleep till he had caught it, and then he would "repeat it over and over, and put it in language plain enough for any boy to understand." This simplifying of thought was a passion with him; and in his own pithy words, "I was never easy until I had a thought bounded on the North, and bounded on the South, and bounded on the East, and bounded on the West."

How much the American people will hereafter owe to him for having staked out the boundaries of political ideas hitherto but vaguely comprehended. How conclusive against the right of secession is this clearly-bounded statement of the first Inaugural: "I hold that in the contemplation of universal law, and of the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its own organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our National Constitution, and the Union will endure for ever, it being impossible to destroy it, except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself."

The opening sentence of his Springfield speech, June

17, 1858, which was the foundation of his great debate with Douglas, bounded the question of nationalizing slavery so clearly and sharply, that Mr. Lincoln had only to repeat that statement, from time to time, to clinch every argument of every speech. "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, I do not expect the house to fall,—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other." Mr. Douglas' policy was fast making it "all one thing"; Mr. Lincoln lived to make it, and to see it, "all the other!"

Imagination and a poetic sensibility were not wanting in a soul that could conceive the last inaugural, or could indite the closing sentence of the first:—"The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battle-field and patriot's grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be by the better angels of our nature."—He was an ardent admirer of Burns, and a discriminating student of Shakspeare.

Enthusiasm was not lacking in a mind that, in the midst of a wasting civil war, could prophesy, "There are already those among us who, if the Union be preserved, will live to see it contain two hundred and fifty millions. The struggle *of* to-day is not altogether *for* to-day; it is for a vast future also. But neither enthusiasm nor imagination ever mastered that calm, clear judgment, trained to a cautious self-reliance by the early discipline of the forest school.

Comprehensiveness was equally characteristic of Mr.

Lincoln's views, upon questions where breadth was as important as clearness of vision. Those who have had occasion to consult with him upon public affairs have often remarked, that even in the course of protracted and able deliberations, there would arise no aspect of the question which had not already occurred to the mind of the President, and been allowed its weight in forming his opinion. His judgment was round-a-bout, encompassing the subject upon every side; it was circumspect, attending to all the circumstances of the case, and patiently investigating its minutiae. He would not approve the finding of a court-martial without reading over carefully the details of the evidence and hearing the pleas of the condemned and his friends; and this conscientious legal and judicial habit, applied to questions of state policy, gave to his views a breadth and solidity beyond the grasp of the mere speculative politician. Hence came that reputation for sagacity and insight, which grew with our observation of the man, and with the unfolding of events ratifying his judgment. How often, where his seeming hesitancy had tried our patience, have we come to see that he had surveyed the whole question, had anticipated what lay beyond, and was biding his time. His studied silence touching his own intentions, in his replies to speeches of welcome along the route from Springfield to Washington in 1861, was dictated by this comprehensive wisdom. At every point he baffled curiosity and rebuked impatience, by avowing his determination not to speak at all upon public questions until he could speak advisedly. "I deem it just to you, to myself, and to all, that I should see everything, that I should hear everything, that I should have

every light that can be brought within my reach, in order that when I do speak I shall have enjoyed every opportunity to take correct and true grounds ; and for this reason I don't propose to speak at this time of the policy of the government."* This was not the evasiveness of the politician, but the wise reserve of the statesman.

He maintained the same reticence upon the difficult problem of reorganization, which was the burden of his latest public utterance, after the fall of Richmond. His adroit substitution of a story or a witticism for a formal speech, at times when his words were watched and weighed, was but another illustration of this practical sagacity. And when the secret history of the dark periods of the war shall be disclosed, Mr. Lincoln will stand justified before the world, alike for his reticence while waiting for light, and for a policy guided by an almost prophetic insight, when by patient waiting he had gained clearness and comprehensiveness of view.

The mental processes of Mr. Lincoln were characterized, moreover, by a logical fitness, keenness, and strength. Not for naught did he master the science of demonstration. His speeches are a *catena* of propositions and proofs that bind the mind to his conclusions as soon as his premises are conceded. In his great debate with Mr. Douglas,—a debate accompanied with all the excitements of a political canvass, and in which he was called upon to reply to his opponent in the hearing of eager thousands,—it is remarkable that he never had occasion to retract or even to qualify any of his positions ; that he never contradicted himself, nor abandoned an argument that he had once

* Speech to the Legislature of New York.

assumed. His caution and circumspection led him to choose his words, and to state only that which he could maintain. His clear and comprehensive survey of his subject made him the master of his own position ; and his calm, strong logic and his keen power of dissection made him a formidable antagonist. He who had such force of resolution that, in full manhood, after he had been a member of the State Legislature, he could go to school to Euclid to learn how to demonstrate, was likely to reason to some purpose when he had laid down his propositions.

But it was mainly his adherence to ethical principles in political discussions that gave such point and force to his reasoning ; for no politician of this generation has applied Christian ethics to questions of public policy with more of honesty, of consistency, or of downright earnestness. Standing in the old Independence Hall at Philadelphia, he said, "All the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated in and were given to the world from this hall. I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence."* But the sentiments of the Declaration which Mr. Lincoln emphasized are not simply political ideas—they are ethical principles. That "all men are *created* equal ; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights ; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,"—these are principles of natural ethics, sustained by the august sanctions of that God who is no "respector of persons." And it was as truths of moral obligation that

* Speech of 21st February, 1861.

Abraham Lincoln adopted them as the rule of his political faith. He entered into public life, thirty years ago, with the distinct avowal of the doctrine whose final ratification by the people he has sealed with his blood—that “the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy.”* His whole life was true to that conviction. His great campaign for the senatorship in 1858, was conducted throughout upon moral grounds. “I confess myself as belonging to that class in the country, who contemplate slavery as a moral, social, and political evil, having due regard for its actual existence amongst us and the difficulties of getting rid of it in any satisfactory way, and to all the constitutional obligations which have been thrown about it; but, nevertheless, desire a policy that looks to the prevention of it as a wrong, and looks hopefully to the time when, as a wrong, it may come to an end.”†

* * * “If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong.”‡

“One only thing,” said he in his speech at Cooper Institute, “will satisfy our opponents. Cease to call slavery *wrong*, and join them in calling it *right*. If our sense of duty forbids this, then let us stand by our duty, fearlessly and effectively. Let us be diverted by none of those sophistical contrivances, wherewith we are so industriously plied and belabored—contrivances such as groping for some middle ground between the right and the wrong, vain as the search for a man who should be neither a living nor a dead man—such as a policy of ‘don’t care,’ on a question about which all true men do care—such as

* Protest in Illinois House of Representatives, March 3, 1837.

† Speech at Galesburgh, Oct. 7, 1858.

‡ Letter to A. G. Hodges, Esq., of Kentucky.

Union appeals, beseeching true Union men to yield to Disunionists, reversing the Divine rule, and calling, not the sinners, but the righteous, to repentance—such as invocations of Washington, imploring men to unsay what Washington said, and undo what Washington did. Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the Government, nor of dungeons to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith, let us to the end, dare to do our duty, as we understand it.”

Mr. Lincoln’s logic was pointed with wit, and his ethical reasoning was often set home by a pithy story. The reputation of a story-teller and a jester was turned by his opponents to his disparagement; but his stories were philosophy in parables, and his jests were morals. If sometimes they smacked of humble life, this was due not to his tastes but to his early associations. His wit was always used with point and purpose; for the boy who committed all Esop’s fables to memory had learned too well the use of story and parable to forego that keen weapon in political argument. The whole people took his witty caution “not to swop horses in the middle of the stream.”

The base-born plea that social amalgamation would follow the emancipation of the negro, he met by a rare stroke of wit. “I do not understand that because I do not want a negro woman for a slave, I must necessarily want her for a wife. My understanding is that I can just let her alone. I am now in my fiftieth year, and I certainly never have had a black woman for either a slave or

a wife. So it seems to me quite possible for us to get along without making either slaves or wives of negroes. I recollect but one distinguished advocate of the perfect equality of the races, and that is Judge Douglas's old friend, Col. Richard M. Johnson."*

Yet Mr. Lincoln's wit was never malicious nor rudely personal. Once when Mr. Douglas had attempted to parry an argument by impeaching the veracity of a Senator whom Mr. Lincoln had quoted, he answered that the question was not one of veracity, but simply one of argument. "By a course of reasoning, Euclid proves that all the angles in a triangle are equal to two right angles. Now if you undertake to disprove that proposition, would you prove it to be false by calling Euclid a liar?"†

II.—Passing from the intellectual traits of Mr. Lincoln to his moral qualities, we find in these the same providential preparation for his work, through long years of hardy training. He was of a meek and a patient spirit—both prime elements in a strong character. It might almost be said of him as it was said of Moses, that "he was meek above all the men which were upon the face of the earth." The early discipline of poverty, toil, and sorrow, accompanied with maternal lessons of submission to God, had taught him to labor and to wait in the patience of hope. It was a household saying of his mother, when times were hard and days were dark, "It isn't best to borrow too much trouble. We must have faith in God." And so Abraham learned that "it is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth; and it is good that a man should

* Speech at Columbus, February, 1859.

† Speech at Charleston, September 18, 1858.

both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." And when the yoke of a nation's burdens and sorrows was laid upon his shoulders, his gentle, patient spirit accepted it without faltering and without repining. He did not borrow too much trouble, but had faith in God. Neither the violence of enemies nor the impatience and distrust of friends could irritate him; neither the threats of traitors nor the zeal of partisans could disturb his equanimity, or urge him faster than Providence, speaking through the logic of events, would seem to lead him. "Thy gentleness," said the Psalmist, "hath made me great." And a certain divine gentleness had possessed and fortified the soul of Abraham Lincoln.

Cheerfulness was with him a moral quality, as well as the native cast of his temperament. It sprang from the consciousness of sincerity, from good-will toward men, and from habitual trust in God. His playful humor sometimes belied him; since no man was farther removed from levity and frivolity of mind. A thoughtful earnestness pervaded his being—an earnestness that sometimes verged upon sadness, yet never sank into moroseness. It was a cheerful earnestness; and while cheerfulness was the tone of his temperament, he cultivated this quality for the relief of his own mind, and for the stimulation of others against despondency. I shall ever cherish among the brightest memories of life, an hour in his working-room last September, which was one broad sheet of sunshine. He had spent the morning poring over the returns of a court-martial upon capital cases, and studying to decide them according to truth; and upon the entrance of a friend, he threw himself into an attitude of relaxa-

tion, and sparkled with good humor. I will not repeat, lest they should be misconstrued, his trenchant witticisms upon political topics now gone by; yet one of these can wound no living patriot. I spoke of the rapid rise of Union feeling since the promulgation of the Chicago platform and the victory at Atlanta; and the question was started, which had contributed the most to the reviving of Union sentiment—the victory or the platform. “I guess,” said the President, “it was the victory; at any rate I’d rather have that repeated.”

Being informed of the death of John Morgan, he said, “Well; I wouldn’t crow over any body’s death; but I can take this as *resignedly* as any dispensation of Providence. Morgan was a coward, a nigger-driver; a low creature, such as you Northern men know nothing about.”

The political horizon was still overcast, but he spoke with unaffected confidence and cheerfulness of the result; saying with emphasis, “I rely upon the religious sentiment of the country, which I am told is very largely for me.”

Even in times of deepest solicitude, he maintained this cheerful serenity before others. It may be said of him, as of his great prototype, William of Orange, “his jocoseness was partly natural, partly intentional. In the darkest hours of his country’s trial, he affected a serenity which he did not always feel, so that his apparent gaiety at momentous epochs was even censured by dullards, who could not comprehend its philosophy. He went through life bearing the load of a people’s sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face.” It is pleasant to know that what was perhaps the last official act of the President before the fatal night, was performed in this spirit of joyousness. The

Governor of Maryland called upon him with a friend late on Friday, and found him very cheerful over the state of the country. At the close of the interview, one of the visitors asked a little favor for a friend; the President wrote the necessary order, and said, "any thing now to make the people happy."

His kindness and sensibility were proverbial almost to a fault. Yet no other single trait so well exhibits the majesty of his soul; for it was not a sentimental tenderness, the mere weakness of a sympathetic nature, but a kindness that proceeded from an intelligent sympathy and good will for humanity, and a Christian hatred of all injustice and wrong. He once said in a political speech, "The Saviour, I suppose, did not expect that any human creature could be perfect as the Father in Heaven; but He said, As your Father in Heaven is perfect, be ye also perfect. He set that up as a standard, and he who did most toward reaching that standard, attained the highest degree of moral perfection." With a noble contempt for political prejudices, and with a touching moral simplicity, Mr. Lincoln avowed this principle in his treatment of the negro. "In pointing out that more has been given you [by the Creator] you cannot be justified in taking away the little which has been given him. If God gave him but little, that little let him enjoy. In the right to eat the bread, without the leave of any body else, which his own hand earns, he is my equal, and the equal of Judge Douglas, and the equal of every living man." In his highest prosperity he never forgot his kindred with men of low estate. Amid all the cares of office, his ear was always open to a tale of sorrow or of wrong, and his hand

was always ready to relieve suffering, and to remedy injustice. I seem to see him now, leaning against the railing that divides the War Office from the White House, while the carriage is waiting at the door, and listening to the grievance of a plain man, then sitting down upon the coping and writing on a card an order to have the case investigated and remedied. An undignified position do you say? it was the native dignity of kindness.

Sometimes a personal sorrow opens a little rift through which you can look down into the depths of a great soul. I once looked thus for an instant into the soul of Richard Cobden. Having had some slight association with Mr. Cobden, in England, upon the question of common school education, when he came here in 1859, I attended him to some of our public schools. On leaving the Thirteenth Street School, I inquired if he would go over to the Free Academy. "No," said he, with a quick emphasis, "you must not take me to any more boys' schools; I can't bear it." The drop that trembled in his eye interpreted his meaning. Just before leaving home, he had laid his only son, a bright lad of 14, in the church-yard where he himself now lies. Like Burke, "he had begun to live in an inverted order; they who ought to have succeeded him had gone before him." I had honored Mr. Cobden before, I have loved him since.

In the spring of 1862, the President spent several days at Fortress Monroe, awaiting military operations upon the peninsula. As a portion of the cabinet were with him, that was temporarily the seat of government, and he bore with him constantly the burden of public affairs. His favorite diversion was reading Shakspeare, whom he rendered

with fine discrimination of emphasis and feeling. One day, (it chanced to be the day before the taking of Norfolk,) as he sat reading alone, he called to his Aide in the adjoining room, "You have been writing long enough, Colonel, come in here; I want to read you a passage in Hamlet." He read the discussion on ambition between Hamlet and his courtiers,* and the soliloquy in which conscience debates of a future state.† This was followed by passages from Macbeth. Then opening to King John, he read from the third act the passage in which Constance bewails her imprisoned, lost boy.

[The King commands]—Bind up your tresses.

Constance.— Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,
O that these hands could so redeem my son
As they have given these hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner:

————— Never, never

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

King Philip.—You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Constance.— Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
O lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure.

He closed the book, and recalling the words—

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven,
If that be true, I shall see my boy again.—

* Act II., Scene ii. † Act III., Scene i. Act III., Scene iv.

Mr. Lincoln said, "Colonel, did you ever dream of a lost friend; and feel that you were holding sweet communion with that friend, and yet have a sad consciousness that it was not a reality? Just so I dream of my boy Willie." Overcome with emotion, he dropped his head on the table, and sobbed aloud. Truly does Col. Cannon observe, that "this exhibition of parental affection and grief, before a comparative stranger, showed not only his tender nature, but his great simplicity and naturalness—the transparency of his character. It was most suggestive.*

It was meet that Willie should be borne with him in his last long journey, to rest hereafter in the same tomb; for, believe me, he would have prized the love of his little Willie above all the homage of the nation's tears.

Akin to this kindliness and sensibility was his magnanimity of soul. "I would despise myself," said he, in his debate with Douglas, "if I supposed myself ready to deal less liberally with an adversary than I was willing to be treated myself." And again, he said, "If I have stated anything erroneous, if I have brought forward anything not a fact, it needed only that Judge Douglas should point it out; it will not even ruffle me to take it back. I do not deal in that way." How magnanimously he disclaimed personal praise, and accorded honor to others. You will at once recall his letter to General Grant, after the capture of Vicksburg. "I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment of the almost inestimable service you

* I am indebted for this incident to Col. Le Grand B. Cannon, then of Gen. Wool's staff.

have done the country. I write to say a word further.
* * * When you took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks, and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make the personal acknowledgment that you were right, and I was wrong."

How gently he assuaged the tumult of party strifes, by his tone of magnanimity toward his defeated opponent, in acknowledging a popular ovation rendered him upon his re-election to the Presidency.

Such was the whole spirit of his public life, culminating at last in an utterance which shall be immortal—"WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE, WITH CHARITY FOR ALL."

The inflexible integrity of Mr. Lincoln has imprinted itself upon the heart and the history of the American people in that familiar but honorable epithet—"Honest Abe." His was not simply a commercial honesty, in dollars and cents, but honesty in opinion, honesty in speech, honesty of purpose, honesty in action. "Always speak the truth, my son," said his mother to him, when, in her Sabbath readings, she expounded the ninth commandment. "I do tell the truth," was his uniform reply.

When Douglas attempted to impeach a statement of a brother senator who was Mr. Lincoln's personal friend, Lincoln replied, "I am ready to indorse him, because, neither in that thing, nor in any other, in all the years that I have known Lyman Trumbull, have I known him to fail of his word, or tell a falsehood, large or small;" and that, to Abraham Lincoln, was a certificate of character.

His integrity carried him through arduous political cam-

paigns without the shadow of deviation from principle. He adopted great principles, and by these he was willing to live or to die. His debate with Douglas, as I have before said, was throughout a struggle for principle—the principle that slavery was wrong, and, therefore, that the nation should not sanction it nor suffer its extension. “I do not claim,” he said, “to be unselfish; I do not pretend that I would not like to go to the United States Senate. I make no such hypocritical pretence; but I do say to you that, in this mighty issue, it is nothing to you, nothing to the mass of the people of the nation, whether or not Judge Douglas or myself shall ever be heard of after this night. It may be a trifle to either of us; but, in connection with this mighty question, upon which hang the destinies of the nation perhaps, it is absolutely nothing.”

When about to assume the grave responsibilities of the Presidency, he said to his fellow citizens, “I promise you that I bring to the work a sincere heart. Whether I will bring a head equal to that heart will be for future times to determine.”* That his head was equal to his task all now agree; but it is far more to his honor that, through all the temptations of office he held fast his integrity. One who was much with him testifies that, “in everything he did he was governed by his conscience, and when ambition intruded, it was thrust aside by his conviction of right.” What he said he did, without shadow of turning. He was as firm for the right as he was forbearing toward the wrong-doer. How solemn his appeal to the seceders, at the close of his first inaugural—“You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Government;

* Speech at Philadelphia, Feb. 20, 1861.

while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it." That oath he kept with all honesty and fidelity.

This honesty of principle inspired him with true moral heroism. Abraham Lincoln always met his duty as calmly as he met his death. He knew at any time in the last four years that to do his duty would be to court death; but in his first message he laid down the moral considerations that overruled all personal fears. "As a private citizen the Executive could not have consented that these institutions shall perish; much less could he, in betrayal of so vast and so sacred a trust as these free people had confided to him. He felt that he had no moral right to shrink, nor even to count the chances of his own life in what might follow. In full view of his great responsibility, he has so far done what he has deemed his duty. Having thus chosen our cause without guile, and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God, and go forward without fear and with manly hearts."

Bishop Simpson has quoted from a speech of Mr. Lincoln in 1839, a declaration of the most heroic patriotism. Of the slave power, he said, "Broken by it? I too may be asked to bow to it. I never will. The probability that we may fail in the struggle, ought not to deter us from the support of a cause which we deem to be just. It shall not deter me. If I ever feel the soul within me elevate and expand to dimensions not wholly unworthy of its Almighty architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country deserted by all the world beside, and I standing up boldly and alone, and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors. Here, without contemplating conse-

quences, before high Heaven and in the face of the world, I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love."

With what a lofty courage, too, did he stand by the rights and liberties of those to whom he was pledged by his proclamation of January 1st, 1863. What nobler words could be inscribed upon his monument than these from his last message? "I repeat the declaration made a year ago, that while I remain in my present position I shall not attempt to retract or modify the Emancipation Proclamation. Nor shall I return to slavery any person who is free by the terms of that Proclamation, or by any of the Acts of Congress. If the people should, by whatever mode or means, make it an executive duty to re-enslave such persons, another, and not I, must be their instrument to perform it."

It was that decree of emancipation that inspired the hatred that compassed his murder. Yet from the day of his nomination he had been marked for a violent death; and knowing this, he had devoted his life to the cause of liberty. At Independence Hall in Philadelphia, he said, in 1861, "Can this country be saved upon the basis of the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say *I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it*. I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, die by."

A calm trust in God was the loftiest, worthiest characteristic in the life of Abraham Lincoln. He had learned this long ago. "I would rather Abe would be able to read the Bible than to own a farm, if he can't have but one," said his godly mother. That Bible was Abraham Lincoln's guide. Mr. Jay informs me that, being on the steamer which conveyed the governmental party from Fortress Monroe to Norfolk, after the destruction of the Merrimac, while all on board were excited by the novelty of the excursion and by the incidents it recalled, he missed the President from the company, and on looking about found him in a quiet nook reading a well-worn Testament. Such an incidental revelation of his religious habits is worth more than pages of formal testimony.

The constant recognition of God in his public documents shows how completely his mind was under the dominion of religious faith. This is never a common-place formalism nor a misplaced cant. To satisfy ourselves of Mr. Lincoln's Christian character, we have no need to resort to apochryphal stories that illustrate the assurance of his visitors quite as much as the simplicity of his faith; we have but to follow internal evidences, as the workings of his soul reveal themselves through his own published utterances. On leaving Springfield for the capital, he said, "A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I

hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain." He knew himself to be surrounded by a religious community who were acquainted with his life, and his words were spoken in all sincerity.

At Gettysburg, with a grand simplicity worthy of Demosthenes, he dedicated himself with religious earnestness to the great task yet before him, in humble dependence upon God. Owing the power of vicarious sacrifice, he said, "We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on."

We distinctly trace the growth of this feeling of religious consecration in his public declarations. "We can but press on guided by the best light God gives us, trusting that in his own good time and wise way, all will be well. Let us not be over-sanguine of a speedy final triumph. Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God, in his own good time, will give us the rightful result." * "The Nation's condition is not what either party, or any man, desired or expected. God alone can claim it. Whither it is tending seems plain. If God now wills the removal of a great wrong, and wills also that we of the North, as well as you of the South, shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impar-

* Letter to Kentucky.

tial history will find therein new cause to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God." * This devout feeling culminated at length in that sublime confession of faith, of humility, of dependence, of consecration, known as his last inaugural.

It is said upon good authority, that had he lived he would have made a public profession of his faith in Christ. But Abraham Lincoln needed no other profession than that which he made on the 4th of March last, in the hearing of all nations.

A Christian lady who was profoundly impressed with the religious tone of the inaugural, requested through a friend in Congress, that the President would give her his autograph by the very pen that wrote that now immortal document, adding that her sons should be taught to repeat its closing paragraph with their catechism. The President, with evident emotion, replied, "She shall have my signature, and with it she shall have that paragraph. It comforts me to know that my sentiments are supported by the Christian ladies of our country."

His pastor at Washington, after being near him steadily, and with him often, for more than four years, bears this testimony. "I speak what I know, and testify what I have often heard him say, when I affirm, the guidance and the mercy of God were the props on which he humbly and habitually leaned;" and that "his abiding confidence in God, and in the final triumph of truth and righteousness through Him and for His sake, was his noblest virtue, his grandest principle, the secret alike of his strength, his patience, and his success."

* Letter to A. G. Hodges, April, 1864.

Thus trained of God for his great work, and called of God in the fullness of time, how grandly did Abraham Lincoln meet his responsibilities, and round up his life. How he grew under pressure. How often did his patient heroism in the earlier years of the war serve us in the stead of victories. He carried our mighty sorrows, while he never knew rest, nor the enjoyment of office. How wisely did his cautious, sagacious, comprehensive judgment deliver us from the perils of haste. How clearly did he discern the guiding hand and the unfolding will of God. How did he tower above the storm in his unselfish patriotism, resolved to save the unity of the nation. And when the day of duty and of opportunity came, how firmly did he deal the last great blow for liberty, striking the shackles from three million slaves; while "upon this, sincerely believed to be an act of *justice* warranted by the Constitution, (upon military necessity), he invoked the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God." Rightly did he regard this Proclamation as the central act of his administration, and the central fact of the 19th century. Let it be engraved upon our walls, upon our hearts; let the scene adorn the rotunda of the capitol, henceforth a sacred shrine of Liberty. It needed only that the seal of martyrdom upon such a life should cause his virtues to be transfigured before us in imperishable grandeur, and his name to be emblazoned with heaven's own light upon that topmost arch of fame that shall stand when governments and nations fall.

Moderate, resolute,

Whole in himself, a common good.

Mourn for the man of amplest influence

Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
 Our greatest yet with least pretence,
 Rich in saving common-sense,
 And as the greatest only are,
 In his simplicity sublime.

Who never sold the truth, to serve the hour,
 Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;
 Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow
 Thro' either babbling world of high and low;
 Whose life was work, whose language rife
 With rugged maxims hewn from life;
 Who never spoke against a foe.

And to this, borrowed of England's laureate, we add the
 spontaneous offering of our own uncrowned bard, the
 laureate of the people.

Oh, slow to smite, and swift to spare,
 Gentle and merciful and just!
 Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
 The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
 Amid the awe that hushes all,
 And speak the anguish of the land
 That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free;
 We bear thee to an honored grave,
 Whose proudest monument shall be
 The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
 Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
 Among the noble host of those
 Who perished in the cause of Right.

But this grand life imposes upon us lessons of duty, as

well as claims of honor. And we best honor the life itself by worthily fulfilling its lessons.

1. The life of Mr. Lincoln should incite us to unswerving fidelity to our institutions of civil government, as identified both with the existence of the nation and with the welfare of mankind. Standing by his grave, we must renew for ourselves the vow which he made in our name by the graves of our dead at Gettysburgh—resolving that “the dead shall not have died in vain—that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

In his first message he taught us that on the side of the Union, the struggle was for “maintaining in the world that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men, to lift artificial weights from all shoulders, to clear the paths of laudable pursuit for all, to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life;—this is the leading object of the government for which we contend.”

And, again, in his second message, he showed that “the insurrection was largely, if not exclusively, a war upon the first principle of popular government—the rights of the people.” We have saved that principle, not for ourselves alone, but for mankind.

To be true to Abraham Lincoln, is to be true to the American Union as the inviolate and the inviolable heritage of freedom;—true to that great idea of a nationality undivided and of a sovereignty in the Nation above the State. In his own piquant words, we must put down effectually “the assumed right of a State to rule all

which is *less* than itself, and *ruin* all which is larger than itself.”*

2. We must take measures for the utter extinction of slavery, by severing every tie of the slave-oligarchy to the polity and to the soil of the country. We must end this rebellion so effectually that not a solitary root or fibre of it shall remain to plague us in the future. We owe it to ourselves, in view of all that we have done and suffered in the cause; we owe it to our dead, who gave themselves for our salvation; we owe it to our posterity, who shall reap what we now sow; we owe it to mankind, to whom we should now furnish an example of a free, just, and peaceful government; and we owe it to the memory of the leader and martyr who hath consecrated our cause by his great sacrifice, that we guard effectually against the recurrence of a war of opposing sections or civilizations. And for this it is indispensable that we stamp this rebellion as a crime, that we measure out to its sponsors and abettors appropriate penalties, and that we root out the whole system of society by which it was inspired, and for which it has been maintained:—for this conspiracy was a CRIME, without excuse, on the part of its leaders, whether of ignorance, of provocation, or of motive; without color or mitigation from beginning to end. It should be held up as a crime, to the execration of our children and of coming ages; and to this end we must condemn the conspirators by a national judgment, that will ever after deter unprincipled and unscrupulous demagogues from a like attempt. It is not enough that they who have brought this terrible ruin upon the country be left simply

* Speech to Legislature of Indiana, 1861.

to share its natural consequences to themselves. There must be a verdict against the crime, and a judgment upon the criminals, that shall stand as a warning, dark, frowning, terrible, to all agitators and conspirators within the bosom of the republic. No timid or time-serving policy, no weak and sickly sentimentalism, no pity for the criminals themselves, no good-natured forbearance toward a section or class once courted with political favoritism, should be suffered to restrain the judgment due to this stupendous crime.

Now, since slavery inspired the rebellion, and since this was in turn inspired by pride of social caste and by lust of political domination, the axe should be laid at the roots of the system that gave to the conspiracy its pretext and its vitality. The penalty of a voluntary and determined participation in the rebellion should be the peremptory alienation of the estates of the conspirators, and the perpetual disfranchisement of the conspirators themselves. This I urge as the most radical and effective form of justice, and as indispensable to the peace of the country and to the safety of liberty.

Two popular cries, "Slavery is dead," and "Hang the traitors," are diverting the public mind from that broader and sterner justice which is needed for the destruction of the conspiracy itself, and as a warning against another such attempt in after times. Slavery is not dead. In two States it remains untouched by the Proclamation of Emancipation. In nearly the whole region of the rebellion, the local laws, which gave it life, are unrepealed; and should the rebel States be restored to their status in the Union without the previous dispossession and disfran

chisement of the rebels themselves, those laws would confront the proclamation in the courts. The Constitutional Amendment, prohibiting slavery, is not yet sanctioned by the requisite number of States, nor even by all the Northern States. Southern planters professing loyalty to the Union, have been known to boast that they would recover their slaves; and they would find politicians at the North ready to aid them, and to divide the country upon that issue. Slavery is not dead. Now, hanging a few traitors will not kill slavery; and our danger is, that slavery itself will slip through the noose, and that when it shall begin to revive from the shock, many who are now shouting, "Hang the traitors," will take up the old familiar cry, "Hang the abolitionists." It is because of this now imminent peril, a peril that makes peace more threatening than war, that I would urge upon all who love Peace, Liberty, and Union, a measure dictated not by leniency toward criminals, but by the broadest considerations of justice and of public policy. As a help to the discussion of this measure, I submit the following propositions:

1. Capital punishment is the appropriate penalty for the crime of murder; and civil government is clothed with the sword for the punishment of crimes against the life of society.

2. The conspirators against the Government of the United States should have justice meted out to them as criminals against society and the state.

3. Since the Constitution carefully defines the crime of treason, but leaves it to Congress to declare its penalty, we are not shut up to any single form of penalty against these traitors; but should a capital indictment under the

law of 1790 fail, or should a jury fail of a capital conviction, the several damnatory acts of Congress during the rebellion are still valid as penal ordinances.

4. There can be no doubt that the leading traitors deserve to forfeit their lives for their crime.

5. There can hardly be a doubt, that the execution of the leaders within ninety days after the conspiracy broke out, would have crushed the conspiracy by inspiring terror; but slavery would have remained intact, the mob by this time would have been at its old work of hanging negroes and abolitionists, and the seeds of rebellion would have ripened into another crop of traitors, nourished from the blood of men reputed martyrs for the South and its institutions.

6. The rebellion, which at the outset was simply a traitorous conspiracy, had grown to the gigantic proportions of a civil war, long evenly balanced in the scales of battle. The great powers of Europe recognized the rebels as belligerents, and we were compelled to an indirect recognition of them, so far as the exchange of prisoners; and moreover, our late President, with the Secretary of State, held informal consultations with their commissioners upon terms of peace. Now, there is a growing tendency in the civilized world to place political crimes in a different category from common crimes against person and life; and in dealing with the rebel leaders, we must have due respect to the enlightened sentiment of Christendom, and be able to justify ourselves in the verdict of impartial history. The question is not simply what the traitors deserve, but what form of penalty is now best for the safety of the country and for our good name in the com-

ing centuries; and therefore, not for their sakes but for our own, we can afford to let them live, seeing that we can inflict upon them a penalty more trenchant and more radical, dooming them to obscurity and ignominy without exciting sympathy for them at home or abroad. Moreover, since those who have been in arms against the government,—which is the overt act of treason—are virtually set free of the gallows by the military action of the government itself, would it satisfy the claims of justice to hang the officials of the bubble confederacy? and—what is of more consequence—would this break down effectually the spirit of the rebellion, and root out its motive and cause?

No doubt these conspirators richly deserve such a fate; and should it befall them, I would accept it with becoming resignation. But the question is one of an enlightened and comprehensive policy for the nation. We must be careful to keep our hands clean of even the imputation of a passionate revenge; and we must be careful also to keep our soil clear of the seeds of rancor and of treason for the future. It is worthy of consideration, then, whether the mode of dealing with the traitors that I here propose, will not be more effectual than would be the capital execution of a few; for I take it that the public mind would soon be glutted with such executions, and then there might come a reaction of pity and of sympathy that would allow the real authors of the conspiracy as a class—the slaveocracy—to go unwhipt of justice. But shall the way be open for Lee, or any of the paroled conspirators, to resume their citizenship within the Union they have labored to destroy?

I do not ask, could we *trust* them again in the places of

power they once desecrated by perjury and treason. I do not ask, could there be good-fellowship with them again in the Senate?—confidence in them in the Cabinet? I ask, is there nothing due to Justice? Nothing due to the dignity of the Nation? Nothing due to History? Nothing due to posterity? We must brand this monster crime with a penalty that will be felt, with an infamy that will never be forgotten at home or abroad.

Commonly, but not invariably, capital punishment is the most dreaded as well as the most ignominious form of penalty. But there are cases in which penalty comes in forms more dreadful and more ignominious than the scaffold. Our first feeling was one of regret that the murderer of the President was not brought to the gallows. But he would have then had the histrionic effect of a state trial, and perhaps a degree of pity, such as even the greatest criminal draws to himself, after the first hideousness of his crime has passed. Now, what a fate was his! I shudder at the terrors of divine retribution. In bodily anguish and tortured by fear, skulking from the view of men, with none daring to screen him, nor to give him succor, dying daily a thousand deaths, tracked at length to his hiding place, smoked out like some noisome beast from his lair, and shot down without mercy, yet knowing his miserable fate; the nerves of motion paralyzed, the nerves of feeling intensified, so that he begged for death as a relief from misery; and at the very time that the honored body of his victim was being borne through the land amid the mournful tributes of the whole people, his unpitied carcase, unshrouded and uncoffined, was carried out into the darkness, the stars forbearing to look upon it, the earth

and the sea refusing it burial, while for every tear that dropped upon the bier of the martyred President an execration fell upon the assassin, as he sunk in the fathomless unknown. There may be a justice more terrible than the scaffold, or there may be a living infamy worse than death.

If now we strip all who have knowingly, freely, and persistently upheld this rebellion, of their property and their citizenship, they will become beggared and infamous outcasts; fleeing the country, not as hunted exiles court- ing sympathy abroad and creating sympathy at home, but like Cain, with the brand upon their forehead, and with a punishment greater than they can bear. They will not dare to return to the South, for their wealth being gone, and their social and political power broken, they would find none so poor to do them reverence; nor would they risk their lives among the common people, whom they have deceived and ruined. The landed aristocracy which had fostered slavery, being thus evicted of the soil, and the political power that had upheld it, being evicted of the state, slavery would die beyond the possibility of resuscitation. The Union people of the South, and the mass of the common people, won back by kindness, uniting with our veterans and Northern emigrants, would plant farms and villages upon the old slave plantations, and, with our help in schools and churches, a new social order would arise upon the basis of freedom and loyalty; —to be guaranteed by the institutions of education and religion, and by placing the ballot in the hands of every man who is known to be loyal, and who can read it.

All this must be a work of time; but the work is

nothing less than to build up society and the state from the foundation, and this in the midst of chaos. There is now nothing of the old order of things that we can safely build upon, or that will serve as material for building. For, since the States rebelled in their organic character, they forfeited existence, and lapsed into anarchy; every rebel then forfeited all his privileges as a citizen of the United States; so that, as I said at the opening of the war, there could be no question of *in* the Union or *out* of it, but the only alternative was *in* the Union, with full allegiance to its supremacy, or *under* it, subject to its authority, but debarred from all its privileges; and now from that chaotic territory, new States must arise under the tutelage of Congressional law. Our immediate danger is from the recognition of old State forms in the South, and the rapid restoration of crude State governments. When you consider that except in the naturalization of foreigners, not Congress but the State fixes the condition of citizenship, you will see how great the danger is in re-admitting to their status in the Union States scarce half purged of treason.

Loyal men in the South, having good means of information, estimate that seventy-five per cent. of the land in the Southern States is held by men who have been directly or indirectly in complicity with treason against the United States. If this tremendous political and social power be restored to these men by the mere fiction of an oath of allegiance, what shall hinder their imposing disabilities upon the colored race and the poor whites that will virtually restore the old regime of the slave-aristocracy? With land and legislation in their hands, they will again become

the dictators of Southern sentiment, and by concentrating upon a common policy will make terms with political parties at the North for their own aggrandizement.

The time has fully come when, as Mr. Lincoln significantly said in his first Inaugural, we must "provide by law for the enforcement of that clause in the Constitution which guarantees that the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." The time has fully come when we must make good his official declaration of July 30, 1863, that "it is the duty of every Government to give protection to its citizens, of whatever class, color, or condition." The time is fully come when we must give vitality and practical effect to the fourth section of the fourth article of the Constitution, that "the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government."

Mr. Lincoln has laid down with his usual clearness the principle that governs the case: "An attempt to guarantee and protect a revived State government, constructed in whole or in preponderating part, from the very element against whose hostility and violence it is to be protected, is simply absurd. There must be a test by which to separate the opposing elements, so as to build only from the sound." But just at the critical point of fixing the test, Mr. Lincoln's confiding kindness got the better of his good judgment. He did not make sufficient allowance for human depravity, nor for political chicanery; and his amnesty oath opens a wide door for perjured rebels to plot new mischief within the State.

But let us once clear the ground of the rebellious lead-

ers, by unrelenting confiscation and disfranchisement, then let Congress fix the status of citizens, and these in due time frame a free State constitution, and all is clear and safe. Do you shrink from the time and cost of such measures? I grant it were easier and cheaper to hang a few rebels; but we should aim to destroy the rebellion, so that it shall have no issue and no successor. If true to Mr. Lincoln, we shall see that the work of emancipation is made sure, and we shall but follow his example by going beyond his own position, as the logic of events shall lead us forward. That the nation may live, slavery must utterly die.

3. Our last lesson from the life of Abraham Lincoln is that of unwavering confidence in God, for the guidance, the defence and the deliverance of the nation. Mr. Cobden was wont to say of men in public life, "You have no hold of any one who has no religious faith." Our hold upon Mr. Lincoln was in his character as a man of positive and earnest religious convictions; and his hold upon us and upon posterity is mainly through that character. He never distrusted God, and he was willing to follow implicitly the teachings of the Bible and of Divine Providence. His death has thrown us back once more upon God as our helper and our trust. In his own words, "I turn and look to the great American people, and to that God who has never forsaken them."

The historian of France has written, that when Louis XIV. died, "it was not a man, it was a world that ended." But with Abraham Lincoln a new era was born, that is glorified and made perpetual through his death. He has told how once he was startled and terrified at

being awakened at midnight to see the stars falling and to hear the cry that the end of the world had come. But he looked up to the Great Bear and the Pointers, and seeing them unshaken, he returned to his rest. And now that he has gone so calmly to his last rest, we look up through the cloud and see the steady pointers of the sky. A star of the first magnitude has fallen from the meridian ; but the pole is unchanged, and the world holds on its course. Angel hands are only shifting the curtains of the sky for the dawn. The day is brightening ; let us turn from this night of sorrow and of blood to welcome it with our morning hymn of hope and praise.

O North, with all thy vales of green,
O South, with all thy palms,
From peopled towns and fields between,
Uplift the voice of psalms.
Raise ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

Lo ! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well beloved Son ;
He brings a train of brighter years—
His kingdom is begun ;
He comes a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

O Father, haste the promised hour
When at his feet shall lie,
All rule, authority, and power,
Beneath the ample sky.
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul.

When all shall heed the words He said
Amid their daily cares,

And by the loving life he led,
 Shall strive to pattern theirs;
And He who conquered death shall win
The mighty conquest over sin.*

* Hymn by W. C. Bryant, read by Rev. S. Osgood, D. D., at the commemorative service in Union Square, April 25, 1865.

SERMON XI.

REV. JAMES EELLS, D. D.

"I will lift up my eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth."—PSALM cxxi. 1, 2.

It is impossible for me to preach the sermon I designed for this morning. My heart beats too closely in sympathy with your own to allow the consideration of any ordinary theme, while I feel wholly unfitted to speak to you on that which will give place to no other. Never within my recollection—perhaps, never since the formation of our government—have the masses of the people been more profoundly moved with consternation and grief than within the past twenty-four hours. I went through our great thoroughfares of business soon after the first awful tidings reached us yesterday morning, that I might learn something more definite, even though it should be the confirmation of my fears; and the faces of all classes of men presented the most sad, yet most eloquent, commentary on the great calamity that has befallen the nation. The laborers, gathered on the corners of the streets, were speaking in low and mournful tones of the President's death. The companies around the bulletin boards read

the dispatch which sealed all hope with the manifest conviction of the public loss. The men of business greeted me only with exclamations which made known their deep concern in so solemn an emergency. Political distinctions were not regarded—there was a universal feeling of distress and astonishment that the two chief officers of the government should be the victims of an assassin. Such a day as yesterday has rarely been known in the history of nations. Such a Sabbath as this has come to us in no part of the terrible history of the past four years; and we should be thankful that its sacred calm, its blessed privileges, its hallowed inspirations of peace, and comfort, and trust, and hope come so soon to relieve and cheer a Christian people.

There are many things which conspire to occasion the feelings which oppress us. That the President should be killed is itself a fact awakening anxious thought in the minds of those who value the stability and strength of republican institutions. That he should be killed at such a crisis as we have reached in the great struggle through which we have been passing adds much to the excitement that in any event would prevail. Whatever opinions may be held respecting the policy pursued by him, it was uniform, and his own; it was identified with the whole military and political state of affairs; it was comprehended by him, of necessity, as no other can comprehend it; and a radical change at this juncture is impossible. The administration is to continue; yet he who seemed alone able to prosecute its measures has dropped from his place. Moreover, we were in the midst of almost unrestrained jubilation on account of returning peace. The force of our enemies was broken; the power of the government was acknowledged; the hearts of the people were thrilled with the news that day communicated, that the prepara-

tions for war need no longer continue, and those who had long been absent as the country's defenders would soon come back to their families and homes. The pulse never had been higher and stronger in the arteries of popular interest, and hope and joy mingled in all demonstrations, without regard to the differences that had existed. The most wonderful week of our national history was drawing to a close. We looked forward to this day as one of general and overflowing thanksgiving to God. Alas! how, as in a moment, has all been changed, and a mourning people gather in their sanctuaries, with tokens of their bereavement, and feel humbled under the mighty hand whose stroke they did not anticipate.

Then, the character of the President, which has been so fully revealed to us, adds greatly to the grief we do not seek to repress. It is not too much to say that he has occupied his place in the most turbulent era—all things considered—through which any nation ever passed successfully. Issues were involved affecting millions of people and untold interests, monetary and political, on each side. Passions were roused to frenzy. There was no possibility that men should agree as to the proper course to be pursued. There was no hope that any policy that should be adopted would be admitted by all to be wise. Yet the President must adopt some course and pursue it as wisely as possible, meeting the opposition that could not be avoided from men excited to the highest pitch. It is a marvel that, after passing through such an ordeal for four years, his opponents unite with his associates in the belief that he was an honest as well as able man; that, to a degree which the feelings of the people this day exhibit, he was beloved as well as respected. Multitudes who never saw him weep for him as though he was one of their own families; and there is a consciousness, not a few of us con-

fess with melancholy pleasure, that he had a warm place in our hearts as a man in full sympathy with what we cherish as noble and good. No man can have a grander monument. No man will have a record more pure and worthy of those qualities, which all will ultimately honor, whatever may be the judgment of history upon the policy he felt constrained to pursue. He was remarkable for nothing more than for his simple, rigid integrity—his settled purpose to do what he believed to be wise and right. This made it impossible for professed politicians to manipulate him. This gave him that noble epithet with which he came from his Western home to Washington, after a career where his character was often severely tested. This has coupled that epithet with his name, during his public life, wherever it has been spoken. This is uttered as one of the people's most endearing words of honor, now that his body is borne back to his early home; and upon his monument—sacred because the occasion of his murder—will weeping pilgrims read the inscription in after years that he was "honest." No man ever showed himself more true to what he announced as the principles of right. Great in the simplicity of his character, his motives, his perceptions, his acts; gentle as a woman in his regard for others, yet resolute as fate in his determination to crush evil; ostentatious in no part of his duties, made vain by no flattery, turned aside from his course by no abuse; from the first having decided upon the outlines of his policy, yet listening ever for advice respecting its details, and reverently watching for any signal from Heaven that he should change; to the end, as the nation's acknowledged leader, the same man, except as his powers had been greatly developed by the weight he carried, as when he came to do the nation's bidding amid the forebodings of those who knew he had not been tested—

there could be no more worthy type, in all essential features, of an American citizen. That he was killed, because just such a man, has enshrined him in our hearts.

It is not my purpose, however, to speak at length upon the character or acts of Mr. Lincoln. I allude to them only to show that our loss can hardly be estimated, at a time when such qualities as were eminent in him are to be far more needed than towering ability, and such independence of will as would refuse to be at once the exponent and the leader of the people's wishes.

There are some aspects of this affliction to which we should give attention, that afford some relief and many lessons of singular importance. They relate to the past and to the future, and have possibly been in your hearts and on your lips as you have met each other. One is this, that our common feeling of loss and outrage will tend, more than any arguments and appeals could have done, to bring all classes of our people together and cement them by the impulses it will rouse in all alike. Never have we needed unanimity of the masses so much as now, that the tremendous issues to be settled at the close of the war may be so determined that the country may be permanently prosperous. The most logical treatises on political economy would not be sufficient to outweigh the gains of intrigue and party rule. The most able statesmanship would not control the excitable and unreasoning, who compose the large majority of our citizens, who are nevertheless, in heart, patriotic, and devoted to the interests dear to us all. We could see already how the people were beginning to drift apart upon questions that must arise, and a spirit might be fomented that would bode evil. May it not be that the blood of the President and his chief adviser shall be a bond of union which their counsel and acts could not

have been? May it not be that the horrors of extreme views, when allowed to ride over all civil protections, and find expression in so terrible a tragedy, will urge us upon common ground, where, at least, we shall cultivate the feelings which are essential to happiness and success in a republic? If this shall be the result, the illustrious victims may not be too costly a price for the blessing to the land.

Another lesson we should heed respects the necessity of having men in office who have the regard and love of the people, that they may become such a bond of union, whether living or dead.

And still another, that real honor is bestowed on goodness, integrity, devotion to right, in our great men, rather than on extraordinary talent and brilliant acts, however great may be the powers with which they are associated.

But, upon these and others which might be suggested, I will not dwell, as they are more appropriate to some other time. My object is, rather to bring more distinctly than ever before your minds, as the great lesson and most abundant source of consolation to which we should give heed, that truth, made so familiar, yet in such an hour of sorrow and extremity, all the more dear, because familiar, that our hope and our help are in God!

We learn from experience and necessity to rely on the men who become prominent and successful in leading our affairs, until almost imperceptibly we rest on them the responsibility and our hope. Probably none of us were aware how much we depended on the President, for safe guidance through the complications we cannot escape, and which must be attended with so much difficulty. Could a voice from the skies more startle us with its emphasis, as it should declare, "It is better to trust in

the Lord, than to put confidence in princes," than do the tidings from Washington which have thrilled through the nation? We know not who can take the vacant places, whose incumbents have been so suddenly removed, with any safety to the government; but God knows, and he can prepare the men who shall assume them, so that in the end we shall acknowledge these dark days to be full of blessing for the land! Oh! what a sight for men and angels, were this mighty nation, when it has demonstrated its unparalleled resources and power, when it commands the honor of all realms, to consign its Chief Magistrate to his grave, with the devout expression of dependence upon the great God, who can never die. "I will lift my eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth!" Is not this mysterious removal of the President and principal Secretary, just at this stage of our affairs, entirely in harmony with the conduct by Providence, of the whole struggle in which we have been engaged? If I were looking for proof that there is a God, outside of revelation, in the history of men, I would not go beyond the events of the last four years, to be most abundantly convinced; and the peculiarity which has most distinguished Mr. Lincoln, and has given him success, has been his purpose to follow the lead of events, and shape his course as they might indicate. No great device of statesmanship or military strategy was permitted to succeed, while God's design to discipline and educate the people, was in process of execution. There was a power behind the agents in the drama, guiding to points they did not intend to reach, and solving difficulties, at each advance, they knew not how to solve. Men were raised up in due time, as though specially endowed and appointed by God for their several stations, both civil

and military. And the wonderful events of the past week, notwithstanding the brilliant instrumentality of those who have been permitted to battle for them, are so signally marked by the interposition of God, and so much in excess of our expectations, that from the whole land rose the expression of thanks to him for the result. Who shall say that the mystery of this great bereavement we now experience will not have a solution equally, perhaps even more marked, as the continued proof that God is working his pleasure in the strange procession of our national affairs? Let it be, that this assassination shall defeat the end it was intended to promote; let it be, that it shall cause all classes among us to feel, as some have not seemed to feel heretofore, the atrocious nature of this attempt to destroy the government; that it shall make a unit, in spirit and purpose, of those who might not otherwise be so united; let it be, that there shall be a new, and more pervading, and more thorough sense of our dependence upon God, under which we shall be humbled and more completely prepared for his will, and we shall have still further occasion to acknowledge his hand!

He can take possession of him, whom this strange Providence elevates with such solemnity to the highest office, as he seems to have taken possession of him whom he resolved to make our great military chief, when he had, in a measure, lost the confidence of the people, by his submission to unworthy habits; and can inspire him for his work, and bear him on to its completion. And there is no prayer we should utter with more earnestness, this day, than that he will do this. Should the great man whose life was also sought, be unable to survive his wounds, God can place our relations with foreign powers in the hands of some man, whom he can make strong,

and wise, and true; though we have been so wont to feel that our Secretary of State is essential to the proper disposition of these intricate questions. Oh! brethren, the whole race of men is as nothing; the great, the wise, the good, the mighty, perish; none can by any means redeem his brother, or give to God a ransom for him, that he shall not die! "The fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?" Death heads the vast throng in which we are all gathered, and we are marching to the grave! "But the Lord liveth, and blessed be our rock, and let the God of our salvation be exalted!"

The interests he has espoused, with which he is identified, will never perish. His kingdom, which cannot be shaken, will remain and triumph. That life is not passed in vain which has been consecrated to his service. Nor is that trust idle, which from the borders of the tomb, where is laid a mortal co-worker, "lifts up its eyes to the hills," from whence help never fails to come. I cannot believe that any other than God is leading our nation through this wonderfully mingled experience of joy and grief—of glory and humiliation. I cannot doubt that this day there are assembled hosts whose mingled feelings of praise and prayer are evidence that his discipline is not lost upon us. We needed enough prosperity to render us fit for the position we can see but little above us—and enough continued chastening to render us willing that God shall be exalted as our Saviour and Help. There is promise of good in the subdued manner in which the nation will now move on to enter upon the blessings from which God had begun to roll away the clouds. There is, possibly, more auspicious music, for the world, and for future ages, in the requiem that rises to-day from our sorrowing country than there would have been in the *Te*

Deums and songs of exultation which should express our uninterrupted joy. There may be more hope for those who look for the supremacy of right and the overthrow of wrong, as the result of the war we have waged, now that a firmer purpose to deal justly with those who have instigated it, takes the place of the feeling that was ready to speak kindly, even of the unrepenting traitors, who favor this horrible crime, as the first return for the magnanimity and kindness our noble-hearted President was glad to manifest. Certain it is we are not yet prepared to go back to the dark days of assassination as a mode of removing what may be opposed to us. Barbarism is still at a great distance from the people of this land. The foul spirit of which this act is the outburst has mistaken the pulse of the American heart. There have been more conversions to the extreme of hostility to treason within the last twenty-four hours, than any other means could have produced in a year. Its abettors have killed their best friend, and in doing so have raised a myriad arms that are moved by no such lenient soul, and this fact may be one evidence that God, who is the most relentless foe of infamy and crime, intends to overrule even so dreadful a loss to the attainment of his ends. At all events, it is wise—it is our only recourse—to trust in him—to rest upon the conviction that after such a glorious manifestation of his returning favor, he does not design to mock our hopes. The cloud is fearful and dark under which we have passed, but the heavens are not all overcast, nor is there any less proof that the awful storm, which has been beating upon us, while the steady hand of him who is now dead, held the rudder, has for the most part died away.

A Christian nation, even though bowed and overwhelmed by its sorrow, should never despair or lose con-

tidence in God ; much less should a nation that has such a history as ours. "Lift up your eyes to the hills from whence cometh your help." The eternal throne is not shaken, and he who sitteth thereon is as serene as he has ever been, while he urges on his grand designs. "Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is consolation and strength."

No considerations like these, however, should lead us to put aside from us the most impressive truth which has in this event so solemn an illustration, that our life on earth is hedged about by no circumstances that can guarantee its continuance.

No qualities of nature which render us delightful to those around us—no pressure of necessity arising from our connection with momentous interests—no scenes of opening hope and prosperity, just coming within our vision after a dark and stormy night of years—can keep back the ruthless messenger of death when his errand is given him. If any one could have been spared would it not have been the man to whom more hearts were tenderly attached than any other in the nation? Oh! how we recall the many incidents that show how worthy he was of this love. One was related only yesterday, by a gentleman who was with him in a hospital at City Point: The President, though by no means well, resolved to visit and speak to every sick and wounded man in the hospital, of whom there were more than 6,000. While going from cot to cot, the agent of the Christian Commission came and begged of him that he would go, if but for a moment, to the tent of the Commission and see something of their work, but he replied: "No, sir; I have great interest in the Christian Commission, but I have resolved that I owe most to these suffering heroes, and have only time to say a word to each before I must leave"—then

passed on, and the poor men would try to raise themselves in their couches as the President of the nation bent towards them and laid his hand upon their foreheads, or gently parted their hair, with some pleasant word of sympathy and cheer, till all were visited.

And do you not remember that exquisite letter to the poor widow in New England, whose sons had all been killed in the war? and that wonderful speech on the day after his election, when in the flush of a most remarkable victory, he said he took no pleasure in the defeat of any man, since it is principles, not men, whose success should be hailed with joy?

If the most kindly regard for others would ward off death, would not such a man have been spared? Yet he has fallen and gone from earth.

If the demands of teeming events could interpose, would not our nation's head, just now, be kept in his place? No, my friends, there is no exception—there is no escape. The warning sounds from our capital over the land, and it should be heeded by every one of us; we must all die—we may die in a moment, and when we think ourselves in the least danger.

And how blessed, in connection with this truth, so sadly illustrated, is that other truth, of which we are reminded on this Easter Sunday, that upon the night which is thus gathered about us, Christ has brought the morning of hope and immortality to those who believe on him. We see the angels who have rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre. We look upon the vacant space where the body of Jesus had lain, and are assured that beyond, where he has gone, there is a higher and nobler life. This assurance becomes our comfort and support. It lights up our own descent to the tomb. It makes the tombs of all believers only resting places where they sleep in Je-

us, and their spirits seem to greet us as we weep because they are gone, with those words of hope: "Those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." In view of such a revelation in the midst of our national grief, the question has intense interest, which was asked me many times yesterday: "Is there evidence that our honored President was a Christian?" That he was killed in a theatre is no proof that he was not, for in Washington, as in European courts, the officials are expected to attend these places of public resort, occasionally, merely to satisfy the desire of the people to see them, and Mr. Lincoln often expressed a preference to remain at home. On that fatal night it was only his unwillingness that the people should be disappointed which induced him to go; yet all of us regret that his death occurred in such a place, whatever may have been the motive that took him there. Of his religious views, however, indeed, of his religious convictions and experience, there is pleasing evidence. A prominent New York clergyman, who found it necessary to call upon him very early in the morning, learned that he was engaged in his private devotions, in which nothing was permitted to disturb him. A well known Christian lady was asked by him, about a year ago, what were the simplest proofs of change of heart, and as she spoke particularly of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and renunciation of self, and comfort in prayer, he delighted her with the reply: "Then I may believe that I am really a Christian."

And you, no doubt, call to mind his answer to the man who closed a business interview with the direct question, "Mr. President, before we part, will you permit me to ask you, do you love Jesus?" Mr. Lincoln rested his head on his hand a moment, then said, "When I left my home for Washington, I was not a Christian, though I

desired the prayers of God's people; when my little son died—the heaviest affliction of my life—I was not a Christian, though I deeply felt the need of grace and comfort. But when I walked among the graves of those thousands, who at Gettysburg had been swept into eternity, I resolved to give my heart to God; and since then I do love Jesus!" Oh! there is balm for the troubled hearts which bleed to-day, in such testimony as this, even though we know not the details of his experience. The nation mourns, yet rejoices. Over our whole domain is heard the dirge; yet following close upon its strains, rises the Easter anthem, as we bid farewell for earth to one who will take his place among the most distinguished in the annals of the world!

My countrymen, let us rise to-day to a more distinct conviction that this nation is under the direction of God. Thousands of martyrs have been sacrificed at its altar; and at last, when we thought no more would be demanded, we have been obliged to yield the most illustrious of them all. In this fresh baptism of blood, let us consecrate it to Jehovah, and hold ourselves in readiness for any demands such consecration may make of us. Let us feel that for this brief life we can make no worthier or more valuable contribution to our race, than our resolute, sincere devotion to the interests of right, liberty, and religion. Nay! there can be no more worthy or valuable treasure laid up for the life eternal! The life eternal! how near to its confines do we every moment stand! God grant that all of us may be prepared, through his grace, when the summons shall come to us, to leave forever our stations and our work on earth, for the service and the bliss of heaven!

SERMON XII.

REV. ELBERT S. PORTER, D. D.

“What aileth the people that they weep?”—1. SAMUEL xi. 5.

A GREAT indignity had been offered Israel by Nahash, the cruel Ammonite. When the people heard of it they wept, and Saul, beholding the public sorrow, exclaimed: “What aileth the people that they weep?” When told the cause thereof the Spirit of God came upon Saul, and his anger was kindled greatly.

High crimes always awaken corresponding indignation. For there is that in human nature which arises into flame when touched by the presence of a flagrant wrong. The instinct of justice which has been implanted in the human soul by the Author of all justice, is quick in its spontaneous protest against every form of palpable outrage. A woe is denounced against them that call good evil, or evil good, for when men lose ability or willingness to distinguish between right and wrong, to approve the one and condemn the other, then society is fatally wounded and vice becomes the equal of virtue; and it is the Spirit of a just God which kindles a holy indignation in the human mind against crimes, whether committed against nations, communities, classes, or individuals. It may be

taken for a maxim that a righteous abhorrence of malignant and criminal passion is an essential element of popular virtue. Where this is wanting, a nation has parted from all integrity of feeling. It has fallen into the depths of moral putridity, and rots in the infectious atmosphere generated by abominable atheism. So long as men retain God in their thoughts and reverence him as the Supreme Lawgiver, they must cry out against common offences and extraordinary crimes. They forfeit their noblest instincts when they come short of this duty.

It is not strange, therefore, that the assassination of the President of the United States should awaken feelings of horror, and evoke the indignation of every right-minded man. That it has done this, admits of no question. Never, since its beginning, until yesterday, has this nation felt, so profoundly as it does now, the anguish of a sacred indignation, because of a monstrous, and, in our country, hitherto unknown crime. This indignation is none the less because it is, for a moment, stifled by tears and sobs of genuine sorrow. Need we ask, "Why do the people weep?"

Whatever be the reason, one thing is certain, that there has been no attempt to feign or affect sorrow. It has been as spontaneous as light, and as universal too. There was no waiting on yesterday for proclamations, or resolutions, or any of the customary methods of forming and shaping opinions. Men were speechless with grief, and pallid in the presence of a great calamity. Business there could be none, for the people had no heart to engage in traffic. They looked into each other's faces and conversed only through their falling tears. Funeral woe hung over our cities. An appalling blow had paralyzed the popular heart, and it communed in bitterness with its own woe, waiting to be comforted. Undoubtedly the manner of

the President's death gave particular character and shape to the all-pervasive grief, and yet we may ask whether, if he had been allowed to end his useful life upon a quiet bed in this period of our national conflict, there would not have been an unusual lamentation over his death.

He is done with earth. His record is made ; his deeds have passed into history, and he will be judged like other men who have occupied conspicuous public positions. It is too soon yet to undertake to estimate his services or to measure his influence. This generation must first pass away before a just and impartial criticism shall assign him his true place among the illustrious benefactors of mankind.

When on the 4th of March, 1861, Abraham Lincoln became President of these United States, he ceased to be the chieftain of a political party. Perils, great, vast, and immediate, were around him. He could no longer give up to party what he owed to the whole country. From that moment it became his supreme care to do what seemed right and necessary for the preservation of the Union and the maintenance of its just governmental authority. In the excitement and confusion of the times it was not in the power of any fallible man to adopt measures exactly suited to please the prejudices, the passions, and the interests of all. During our most tranquil periods the high office of President has been compassed with immense difficulties. If its dignity is great its responsibilities are far greater. In a republic like this, where opinions rave and rage like tempests over the deep, our chief magistrates, even in the more quiet times of the republic, have never found themselves free from grave embarrassments, or threatening dangers. But the difficulties of administration experienced by his predecessors were as nothing compared with those which beset Mr. Lincoln.

Secession, long plotted, thoroughly organized and defiant, had already brought the national government to the verge of ruin. Men were everywhere asking whereunto will all this infernal mischief come? The popular mind was without definite convictions concerning what ought to be done. The leaders of public opinion, following their themes, their abstractions, and their low ambitions, held few doctrines in common. The President was then, perforce, obliged to take counsel only from his oath of office, and to go forward, trusting in God and the rectitude of the cause he had been elected to defend.

Looking back over the four years of his official history, it is possible to detect some mistakes ; but these mistakes will be very differently defined and described by opposite schools of opinion. The criticisms to which his administration of affairs has been subjected by avowed political dissenters, have not, perhaps, in the main, been any more ungenerous or embarrassing than those emanating from adverse faction, in the party claiming to be his particular supporters. I allude to this only to remind you of the immense difficulties which from the first have ever beset his public life. Yet he seemed to be oblivious of parties and of party factions alike. He inquired for the men who were willing to stand by their country, and them he called into civil and into military service. He had one thing to do—to save the country—to preserve the Union—and who will or can doubt that he gave himself wholly and entirely to that work? If he had been able to foresee all things, he might have avoided some alleged errors. Had he been possessed of divine intelligence, he would have timed and adjusted measures with a skill forbidding criticism. Yet after all allowance is made for any real or imaginary imperfection of official judgment, it must still be confessed that the President who, under God, con-

ducted this nation through a great war with a powerful foe, and within sight of returning peace, will ever be honored and held worthy of honor by those who consider the magnitude of his task and the magnitude of the results it has secured.

I think all candid men, of whatever shade of opinion, will concur with me in this estimate of the official career of our lamented President. That he did, or tried to do, whatever seemed to him right and expedient for the salvation of our government, will be readily admitted even by those who were free to censure particular acts. Mr. Lincoln was not a fanatic, nor a theorist. He had no hobbies. His mind was broad, comprehensive, and practical. His motto seemed to be that of Edmund Burke, "A true statesman must deal with practical affairs in a practical way." This furnishes a key to his policy. In the summer of 1862, I passed an hour with the President in his summer retreat at the Old Soldiers' Home. There were but three others present, and the conversation was free and unrestrained. He spoke of slavery as a thing which had grown up with the nation and grown into it—said that one section was no more responsible than another for its original existence here, and that the whole nation having suffered from it, ought to share in efforts for its gradual removal. His mind at the time was impressed with the necessity of adopting a scheme of gradual and compensated emancipation. That scheme, however, found no favor among the insurgents, and was violently condemned by certain organs of opinion at the North. When, however, foreign intervention became imminent, the President issued as a war measure the proclamation of freedom to the slaves. It was a measure concerning which men have differed—but that it was believed by the President to be necessary for the preservation of the

Union, I have no manner of doubt, and since the Southern people have themselves come to the conclusion that slavery as an institution is dead, and have by their own acts helped it to its end, there is no longer reason at this day to revive disputes, which have ceased to possess any practical utility. But whatever men may choose to think or say respecting the official acts or intellectual characteristics of our late President, one thing must be held as true by all—and that is, that the popular confidence in his moral integrity has well-nigh approached sublimity. That confidence has been as a wall of defence round about us. I shall not enter into particulars illustrative of this. You must all remember that the war has produced through all its vicissitudes a tremendous strain upon popular feeling of adverse kinds. There have been ambitious men not a few, planning and plotting for their own advancement, and they have built up little parties around them, whose interest could be subserved by destroying confidence in Mr. Lincoln. But while they had always some success, after all, the people would fall back upon that plain, unpretending, every-day sort of a man, who maintained his faith in God unimpaired, and trusted that the future would reverse all the misjudgments of the present. The lesson of such a political example of unimpeachable integrity is worth a great deal to this nation.

Several of our Presidents and statesmen have risen from obscure life. They were not born to the silver spoon and silken bed of luxury. Jackson, the son of a poor Irish widow; Henry Clay, a poor white of the South; Van Buren, a lad of humble means, have filled important pages in the history of the world. Mr. Lincoln was born in Kentucky, and passed all his early, and some of his maturer years in a hard conflict with poverty. This, by some, has been used to stigmatize and defame him. But

right-thinking men will find in it occasion to bestow upon him double honor. It is not difficult for the favored few to gain a full share of worldly success. Born to wealth, to social position—surrounded by friends, ever ready to bestow or secure patronage—they have the current with them. They do but float down its surface to the harbor they desire. But the many are poor, have few friends to help them, and they must not only struggle against wind and tide, but at the same time endure the scornful jeers and malevolent opposition of the more favored mortals. No poor boy is allowed to make his way unless he has heart, and courage, and purpose enough to disregard the contempt of supercilious wealth, the secret malignity of interested rivals, together with all the other common or uncommon obstacles in the road to success. Our free institutions embody the principles of a Christian democracy. The Bible favors no class distinctions. It teaches that all are required to use what talents they possess, and that each shall be compensated according to his fidelity in their use. And that is what our political system also says. In the world it is not so. The poor remain poor—the ignorant remain ignorant, and the rich heap up riches. This at least is the rule where aristocracy bears sway. It is, thank God, not so here. Our churches, our schools, our newspapers, our whole life, inculcate the doctrine of Christ, respecting the right of each man to rise in intelligence, virtue, dignity, and influence. Against this life, secession lifted its murderous hand in the beginning, and to add to the “sum of all villainies,” has assassinated the President. I do not wish to employ the language of passion. But I hate, with a perfect hatred, this infernal spirit of rebellion which has plunged our land into mourning, filled hundreds of thousands of graves with the bodies of martyrs slain for their loyalty to principles taught us by

the Son of God. Can there be a doubt respecting this issue? The American people are to be executors of the unrecorded will and testament of their generous, humane and patriotic President. Let them be true to their trust. Do any undervalue the inestimable privileges of our American institutions, let them look abroad and see how "privilege" oppresses the many. The few are masters of the people. Here the many have advantages which assure them opportunity of being all they have capacity to become. Abraham Lincoln was the representative of popular rights, manhood, and liberty. The people weep because they loved him in character as a President, and as a man. The assassin who struck him, assailed every loyal citizen through him—and dealt a murderous blow upon the nation, in murdering its head. We have our duties. We must stand by the successor of Mr. Lincoln. Andrew Johnson is worthy of our support. He is now our Chief Magistrate—and as he wears the mantle of his immediate predecessor, so let us give him the support of our prayers and our loyal devotion to the cause he serves. Henceforth the name, fame, and virtues of each are in the keeping of so much of the world as delight to honor rare ability, unimpeachable integrity, and fervent devotion to the rights of all mankind. Washington was indeed the father of his country, and some future Bancroft shall record on the page of history that Abraham Lincoln was the political savior of what Washington and his compatriots had founded. We weep, but we shall dry our tears in the sunlight of Hope. The President is no more—but the Republic lives. Let it be perpetual.

SERMON XIII.

REV. A. P. ROGERS, D. D.

“Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?”—AMOS iii. 6.

“Be still, and know that I am God.”—PSALM xlv. 10.

A SUDDEN and awful calamity has fallen upon the nation. It has come like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. It has no precedent in all our history, and we reel and stagger under the unexpected and mighty catastrophe. In the midst of our grateful joy for victory, in the midst of our congratulations at the prospect of peace, the sad and startling intelligence which has flashed along the wires from the capital of our nation, has prostrated us in the depths of affliction, and pierced the great heart of loyal America with unutterable anguish. For the first time in the history of our fair country, the murderous hand of the assassin has been successfully lifted against the Chief Magistrate of the nation, and our strong staff is broken in a moment. Passing successfully through the tremendous ordeal of his first official term, bearing burdens and meeting responsibilities such as none of his predecessors had ever known, with a manly courage, a genial patience and entire single-heartedness, a wonderful

wisdom, and an honest devotion to the country which commanded the respect of his enemies, and surpassed the expectations of his friends, he has been struck down by a cruel, dastardly blow, in the very hour of success, and amid a grand chorus of national thanksgiving and praise. Oh! how suddenly has this grand national anthem given place to a dirge of wailing and woe! In how brief a moment has our glorious flag, which floated so proudly from ten thousand heights in token of triumph, been veiled in mourning, not, thank God, in defeat and disgrace, but in the deepest national anguish. Who among us all anticipated such a catastrophe? Among all the possible contingencies of our eventful times, who apprehended this? And who of us can resist for a time the pressure of this terrible calamity? I confess to you, my brethren, that I come to you with a heavy heart to-day. Never since that fearful blow which brought desolation to my own household in the first month of my ministry here have I come to this pulpit with such a lingering step, with such a burdened spirit. I have never feared for my country's final triumph and safety. I will not fear for her now. But a dispensation so unexpected, so mysterious, so overwhelming in itself, its circumstances, and its possible results, may well make us tremble and bow ourselves before the mighty hand of God. I confess to you that I have shrunk from meeting you in this house of God to-day. I had anticipated and prepared for a very different occasion. I had hoped to welcome Easter Sunday under circumstances grateful alike to the Christian and the patriot, and with anthems of joy, and lessons of Holy Scripture, appropriate to this blessed Christian festival, to have greeted you in the sanctuary. But the providence of God has inaugurated a different method, and altered the key-note of the service of this hour. I know that

there is but one thought uppermost in the minds of all who have assembled here. It is not the thought of Easter, not the thought of resurrection, life, gladness, and hope, which would express itself in a hallelujah of grateful praise. It is the thought of the awful event which has clothed a nation in mourning, and exchanged the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. From the capital of our land, where our Chief Magistrate lies in death, the victim of a foul and fiendish deed, comes a sad, stern message, which we cannot ignore. It has gone over the lightning's track to every city and village from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It has hushed the accents of joy and triumph; it has oppressed the national heart with sorrow; and there is probably not a pulpit in the loyal States to-day which has not taken its key-note from this calamity. For myself, my thoughts, so far as I could rally them, have turned to that great truth, of the sovereignty of God in calamity, which is so forcibly illustrated in this direful hour. Atheism has no consolation to offer us now. Philosophy is cold and comfortless. Faith must find something firm and durable to rest on amid these dissolving shadows of earth and time. "Shall there be evil in a city and the Lord hath not done it?" Above the wailings of a stricken nation, above the tide of disappointed hope, outraged sensibility, or vindictive passion, the awful voice of Jehovah is heard, saying: "Be still, and know that I am God."

There is no lesson so hard to learn as that of divine sovereignty and human dependence. Yet there is none which is inculcated so constantly in the teachings of the Bible, none illustrated so sternly in the dispensations of Providence. No man can study the dealings of God with men, either in the operations of his providence, or in the plan of salvation, without seeing that they tend to

this end, "That the lofty looks of man shall be humbled, and the haughtiness of man shall be bowed down, and the Lord himself exalted in that day." Creatures of a day, as we are, whose habitation is in the dust, and who are crushed before the moth, whose strength is weakness, and whose wisdom is folly, we often presumptuously rebel against the absolute sovereignty of an infinitely perfect God, and desire to find out some more palatable and less humbling reason for occurring events than his single, sovereign, indisputable will. Whenever we can discover what are called second causes, which seem to be adequate to the effects which are occurring around us, we go no farther in our investigations; we confine ourselves to these, and forget that great Being who sits behind them all, who "doeth according to his will in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?"

But this foolish and wicked forgetfulness of God's sovereignty is sometimes rebuked with amazing distinctness and awful severity. Events sometimes occur in our world in isolated instances or in a dreadful succession, which confound our sagacity, baffle our shrewdness, cast contempt on our philosophy, contradict our experience, abash our presumption, humble our pride, disappoint our hope, and drive us irresistibly to the very footstool of our Maker, wringing out from our bewildered and breaking hearts the exclamation, "It is the Lord; let him do as seemeth him good!"

Such are the stern lessons of this day. Our national history during the last four years—a history of treason, cruelty, war, and misery, written in tears and blood, and culminating in this last awful tragedy, ought to bring us all to our Maker's feet, impressing on every heart the

great fact of his sovereignty as the only solution of the mystery which envelopes it, and the only ground of hope that it will work together for our good.

We cannot be indifferent to such events as those which have, in such an awful succession, passed before us. Such would neither be the dictate of reason nor religion. It would be rebuked by the admonitions of God's Word, and by the example of our Divine Teacher. In the discharge of his earthly ministry, he adapted his instructions, in the best sense, to the peculiarities of the times. "He addressed himself to men's present duties, and their present sins and snares, and the passing events of the day, or the scenery of the spot where he taught furnished him with ready and appropriate illustrations. The news of a cruel butchery, or a melancholy calamity; the tidings of the Galileans slaughtered over their sacrifices, or of the unhappy victims in Siloam crushed by a falling tower; the news that for the time was the burden of all tongues, and made all ears to tingle, was seized by him as affording the occasion of riveting some keen truth upon the memory and conscience of the multitude." And so it is both the dictate of duty and piety to look carefully at the record of passing events, to learn from their varied history how God governs his world, and orders human destiny. "For all that occurs in his wide empire, from the fall of a leaf to the extinction of a race—from the death of a sparrow to the blotting out of a star—is only the fiat of Him who is from everlasting to everlasting God, whose counsel shall stand, and who will do all his pleasure."

The teachings of an appalling calamity, such as has just occurred, are very impressive and solemn on the great point of the absolute sovereignty of God. The appearance of second causes is sometimes apt to obscure

this sublime truth. Had our lamented President died by the process of ordinary disease, we should have seen a sufficient explanation of the catastrophe in the immediate instrument, and would have been content, perhaps, to leave the matter there. But his sudden, unexpected, awful death by the cowardly hand of a vile assassin, drives the bewildered and affrighted mind directly back to this great eternal truth, and forces an appalled and stricken people to reflect that God is sovereign on his throne, and that even the machinations and crimes of wicked men are but the agents of his will. He is able to make even the wrath of man to praise him, while the remainder thereof he can restrain.

Yet the catastrophe itself, so fearful and overwhelming, is for the moment a staggering blow to the faith and submission of the tried and tempted soul. The climax, as it is, of all that is dreadful for four long and bloody years, it is not easy for us to acquiesce in its wisdom, its justice, or its goodness. The mind, stunned and crushed by a sense of loss and desolation, finds itself asking, as it views only the stupendous crime and its fearful results, "Is there a sovereign God in the heavens? Is he wise and just? Are these the methods of his administration?" It seems, at first, a cold and harsh way of solving the difficulties that encircle an event like this to refer it to the sovereign will of God, and say it is because he chooses that it shall be. May not the infidel find his triumph in scenes like these, as he points to the dreadful history, and sneeringly says, "Behold your God?"

No, no, my friends; if we take from this catastrophe the idea that it is ordered by a sovereign God, we take from it the only star which relieves its fearful darkness. We abandon the whole scene to the undisputed sway of gloom and despair. What if it be a heavy, yea, an over-

whelming stroke? Is it not more tolerable from a wise Father's hand than from that of a malignant foe? If you take away God and God in his sovereignty from this scene, able to have prevented it, and yet allowing it to occur, what can you put in its place that can better satisfy or support the mind? Will the doctrine of an inevitable fate; will the dogma of a lawless chance afford more light and comfort? No! Let us enthrone above these scenes of apparent confusion or arbitrary infliction, a sovereign God, a God of wisdom, a God of love, a God of power, who sees the end from the beginning, and orders all things according to the counsel of his will; and here, at least, we have an anchorage for faith—a place where she can cling, and look up amid the jarring elements, and say, “Even so Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.”

So far, then, from the truth is the assertion that the sovereignty of God furnishes a cold and barren source of comfort in a calamity like this, that, on the other hand, we find in this fact great consolation. Who would not prefer, if called on to submit uncomplainingly and absolutely to the most trying circumstances and dealings, that these should be ordered by an intelligent, just, and good Being—one whose unerring wisdom enabled him to know the best things, whose infinite love inclined him to choose them, and whose unlimited power enabled him to accomplish them? Who would not choose that a Father's hand should pour the bitter cup which he was to drink to the dregs? If God be taken from our prosperity we may bear it, but who or what can supply his place in the days of adversity? Oh! to be taught that a sovereign God rides on the billow, and directs the storm which sweeps our precious things away, though we be left beggared and forlorn, is a lesson worth to the tried and tempted soul all

that it can cost ; and there are some dispensations of God's providence that seem especially calculated to teach just this lesson. May not this be one of them ? Is it not adapted to impress on the thoughtful mind the fact that "God giveth no account of his matters?" We are astounded at the suddenness of the calamity. We are heart-broken by its severity. We wonder, we suffer, we bleed, but still faith rallies where reason is staggered, and says, "Clouds and darkness are round about him ; yet righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne." His path is in the great waters, and we cannot follow its windings, but we know that his feet are there. Those deep waters go over us ; they bury our fondest hopes ; they swallow up our most precious things ; our idols all go down into the abyss ; all his waves and billows go over us. But the rushing tide cannot sweep away from us the conviction that the storm is guided by infinite wisdom and perfect goodness, and that the crested billows are rolling on God's great and wise designs to a glorious consummation. And that is a cruel hand that would tear away from a believing soul this refuge of faith, this anchor of hope. Plant above that awful scene at the capital, an inexorable Fate guiding that deadly ball ; let a senseless and frantic chance triumph in that awful hour, and have you given help or comfort to this stricken nation mourning over this her sorest bereavement ? O no. Give the weeping nation a God, though his way be in the sea, and his path in the great waters ; give us a God, though clouds and darkness are round about him ; give us a God, though his ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts. If you would not wrench away from this bereaved people their greatest stay and solace in this dark hour, let them listen to the voice of the great Jehovah as he speaks to us from behind the cloud, saying, "Be still, and know that I am God!"

Let us then be reminded, first of all, by this awful event, that "the Lord reigneth." We are in great danger of looking first at the secondary cause of calamity. We reason that if this or that had not occurred; if one expedient or another had been adopted; if something had been different from what it was, the catastrophe might have been averted. But these things did not occur; these expedients were not so used. It did not please God to order it thus, and this is the only account which we can give of the matter. To my own mind, this fearful event, in all its horrors, is full of teaching on that great point which lies at the foundation of all religion, but which men are so prone constantly to forget, that there is a sovereign God in the heavens, to whom we must all bow, and all must give account. It has been well said that "some of the judgments of Divine Providence need no interpreter. Sorrow and guilt, in the natural workings of man's conscience, and in the general estimate of mankind, are closely conjoined. And there are times when a nabob perishes before the altar he has desecrated, or an Uzzah is blasted before the ark, or when the storm of fire comes down upon the cities of the plain, or the ark of Noah rides on the waters past the drowning sinners who had derided his warnings; times when God's judgments follow man's transgressions so closely that he who runs may read the purport of his visitation, and see in the peculiar guilt of the sufferers the reason of their peculiar fate." But it is not so in this case. Our honored and lamented President has not perished in this awful way, because he was a sinner above all them that dwelt in the land. This is no judgment upon him for great personal guilt. Doubtless, he, like all of us, was a sinner, and needed, as we all need, the pardoning grace of God, through Jesus Christ, for his personal sins. But no can-

did mind will ever look upon this event as a judgment on him. He has come to the grave full of honors, at the zenith of his fame, and the cruel circumstances of his death will only make his name more illustrious, and his memory more dear. To our sympathies and reasoning, it seems like a hard thing that so great and good a man should have fallen by a murderer's hand; that his honest and generous heart, which had no feeling, even for those who had so bitterly reviled him, and made such deadly war upon the country which he ruled, but of conciliation and kindness, should have been stilled in its life-beating by an assassin's hand in such a malignant and cowardly way. It seems hard that the wearing toils and anxieties of four such dreadful years as composed his first official term, should not have been followed by a term of successful reconstruction of this divided land. But all this must be left with the wisdom of that God who has ordered all his history, and gives no account of any of his matters.

The great lesson, therefore, which I desire to take to my own soul from this stunning calamity, is that which is appropriately presented in the text: "Be still, and know that I am God!" I think it a very needful and profitable lesson. I find myself daily prone to be forgetful of the fact that God reigns in the earth, and will do all his pleasure. This is unfavorable to that humility, faith, and submission which are not only so appropriate to the relations of creatures like us, but which are so constantly demanded by the peculiar exigencies of our earthly state. We cannot be too deeply impressed with this truth. It is not only needful to stimulate us to duty and excite us to humility, but it is sometimes the only truth on which we can lean, when unexpected and crushing calamities, like this come upon us.

But while Christian faith recognizes in this deplorable

event the hand of a sovereign God, and bows in submission to the fiat of his will, still this must not be construed into anything like indifference to the crime itself. "It must needs be that offences come, but woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh." This deed is a brutal, dastardly, atrocious murder. Think of the circumstances. A scene of festivity, to which the kindness of the President's heart, unwilling to disappoint an expectant assembly, rather than any special love for such a place, had carried him; surrounded by his family and friends; unarmed, and unconscious; thus, he meets the vile assassin's blow! The occupant of the most distinguished place on earth—in the midst of the triumphs and joy of a nation for whose best interests he had toiled and prayed and spent anxious days and sleepless nights for four long years of strife and blood—just four years from the tragedy of Fort Sumter, and when its dishonored flag was floating again in triumph over its dismantled walls; on a day dear to the Christian world as commemorating the death of the Saviour of the world—these were the circumstances which stamped its fearful character on this deed of horror and of shame. It was no sudden ebullition of insane fury; the murderer had cherished his purpose for weeks and months, and coolly waited his time and opportunity—not alone, but with a fellow-fiend who could attack a helpless invalid in his bed with the murderous knife. Such is the character of this deed, which has no parallel in the annals of crime. I say, before God, that such a deed is worthy of hell itself, and nothing should be allowed to screen its guilty perpetrators, and their equally guilty abettors and friends, whoever and wherever they may be, from the fate they so richly deserve. This is no time to talk about leniency and conciliation; there has been already too much of this, when the

spirit which can apply the incendiary's torch to peaceful cities, and use the murderer's weapons on unarmed and helpless men, is rampant in our midst. Is not this the real spirit of those who have been in arms against us? Does it not find its counterpart in the black record of Andersonville, and Salisbury, and the Libby Prison? Is not this the essential spirit of treason? Is not this the legitimate teaching of the barbarous and barbarizing institution of slavery? Yes! This is the way in which the Confederate government makes war. This is the method of the slave power.

Then I say, before God, make no terms with rebellion short of its utter extinction, and of that accursed system which has been the cause and groundwork of rebellion. Pursue it as long as a vestige of it remains. Let every loyal citizen register a vow before high heaven that nothing short of the utter crushing out of treason and its cause, at any expense of treasure and of blood, shall satisfy him. Had I twenty sons, and all as dear as the gallant boy who sleeps in his bloody grave on the field of Gaines' Mill, I would give them all, and lead them myself to the fight, if it were needed to ensure the utter extermination of a rebellion so causeless in its origin, so atrocious in its spirit, so malignant in its methods, so obnoxious to the curse of God and the abhorrence of all good men.

And finally, my brethren, let not this dreadful catastrophe lead you to despond in regard to your country. President Lincoln is dead, but the republic lives—aye, God lives, and is sovereign on his throne. He makes the wrath of man to praise him, and can restrain the remainder thereof. Our President has gone suddenly to his grave; but he goes to sleep in an honored grave, heading the noble army of patriot martyrs who have given their lives to their country. He has done a great and good

work for the nation; he rests from his labors, and his works will follow him. The nation are his mourners, and will enshrine his memory in their hearts. It is not too much to say that all his work was done, for "man is immortal till his work is done!" There is good reason to hope that this fearful summons did not find him unprepared to meet his God. It seems as if he could ill be spared; but learn a lesson from the history of your fatherland, ye children of Holland ancestors. It was a darker day for the Netherlands when William of Orange fell by the assassin's hand than for our country now, and yet how nobly that little republic weathered that terrible storm which broke her strong staff and her beautiful rod. So we need not despair of our republic. Our fathers' God is ours! He is teaching us to trust in his everlasting arm. In the very flush of our triumph we are taught how vain is the help of man—a hard lesson for this people to learn, but which God has determined to teach us; for he will have all the glory of our deliverance, and his glory he will not give to another. Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God. Pray, oh pray for his blessing on him who, untried, enters upon the arduous and delicate duties of the presidential chair. The prayers of God's people made President Lincoln what he was to the nation. It is not beyond the power of prayer to make President Johnson even more of a blessing to us in the days that are to come.

Let the nation bow itself before God, who hath smitten, and he will raise us up. Through the darkness of the present I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. I see the picture of a glorious land, her sins purged away, every blot removed from her stainless escutcheon—the home of civilization, liberty, and Christianity—a beacon light among the nations of the earth,

the friend of the oppressed, the sun of the benighted, the messenger of a resurrection to all the slumbering hopes of humanity, the great benediction of God to the world. Oh ! if this picture may be a reality, and if this awful catastrophe which has clothed us in mourning shall but help on the grand consummation, then, indeed, our lamented President will have blessed his country and the world far more in death than in his life, and this last climax of agony and blood will not have been reached in vain.

SERMON XIV.

REV. S. D. BURCHARD, D. D.

“And by it, he being dead yet speaketh.”—HEBREWS xi. 4.

THE chapter from which our text is taken contains a record of the achievements of faith in the days of the patriarchs—a record designed to stimulate us in these far-off ages of the Christian Church.

“By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts; and by it he being dead yet speaketh.”

Abel, the accepted worshipper and martyred brother, still lives in his faith and speaks in his example, declaring that sin can be pardoned only through the propitiation of Christ, of which his offering was the appropriate and significant type. Though this is the personal and primary reference of this brief sentence, it may be regarded as containing a general principle—a lesson to the living, as well as a touching memorial of the dead.

The world is full of voices—the voices of those that have lived, but are gone.

Their utterances did not cease when their voice was no longer heard.

They have a continuous oratory, awakening emotions and memories in the nursery, around the family hearthstone, and in the places of public concourse. Does not the voice of the little child still linger in your dwelling, though its form is no longer visible? Do not its familiar toys, its unused dress, its well-remembered smile, its last kiss speak in a tone of pathos such as no living voice could articulate?

Our fathers and mothers may be gone. Long years may have passed since the tie of affection was sundered, and we wept disconsolate orphans over their graves, but the father speaks still in his manly words and deeds, and the mother in the closet of her devotions.

The great—the good—the loving live; they are invisible, yet life is filled with their presence. They are with us in the sacredness and seclusion of home—in the paths of society, and in the crowded assemblies of men. They speak to us from the lonely wayside—from the council halls of the nation, and from the sanctuaries that echo to the voice of prayer.

Go where we will and the dead are with us. Their well-remembered tones mingle with the voices of nature—with the sound of the autumn leaf—with the jubilee shout of the spring time.

Every man who departs leaves a voice and an influence behind him.

The graves of the peasant and of the prince are alike vocal. The sepulchral vault in which the remains of our beloved President were laid the other day, as well as the cold, wet, opening earth in which the humble laborer was buried, utters a silent yet all-subduing oratory. From every one of the dead a voice is heard in the living circles of men, which the knell of their departure does not drown, which the earth and the green sod do not muffle,

which neither deafness nor distance, nor anything that man may devise, can possibly extinguish. The cemetery often speaks more thrilling accents than the senate house, and the chamber of the dead is often more eloquent than the council hall of the living. You perceive the sentiment then, which we gather from the text, that the influence of a man in his deeds and words while living survive him, so that he being dead yet speaketh, and his words and influence may abide forever through the ages.

Let this thought engage our meditations and give us fresh incentives to virtue and usefulness. It is a thought which may well mingle in the solemnities of this hour.

The nation weeps over the tragic end of its chief magistrate, but his kindly words and well-remembered deeds are left us as an imperishable legacy. They are enshrined in our hearts, and will live in our lives, and will help to form the nation's life and character.

Does not the principle thus stated find illustration in our daily life and experience? Do not the sayings and doings of your departed friends often arrest you in the stir of business or pleasure, imparting a new impulse either for good or evil? Do not their words often echo in the chambers of memory, stirring the heart to its deepest depths? Do not their features and forms start into bright contrast with the darkness of actual absence, and make the present radiant with the light of early recollections? Do not the sounds of the one and the sight of the other daguerreotype themselves upon our moral life?

Can we isolate and divest ourselves utterly from the impressions made upon us by those who have ceased to move in the throng of living men?

We are shaped and moulded in our characters, not less by the memories and forces of the past, than by the surroundings of the present. We are checked and stimula-

ted by the example and teaching of those who have rested from their labors, and which now come to us like a prophet's voice from out the dark and dreamlike past.

A young man, for instance, who has been trained under the best maternal influence, becomes restless and discontented, and leaves the home of his childhood and the restraints of former years, and yields himself a victim to passion and to crime. In the lapse of time, and in the far-off land of his prodigality, the ghosts of departed scenes of innocence flit before him, and the voice of the heart-broken mother rings amid his heart's emptiness, and though dead, she yet speaketh with an emphasis and effect she could not command when living.

We may vary the illustration and take that of a departed minister of Christ. He stood as the ambassador of God, and his eye kindled with the fires of inspiration, and his face glowed with rapture as he gave utterance to the great messages of truth and salvation. He shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God :

“Yet he was humble, kind, forgiving, mild,
And with all patience and affection taught,
Rebuked, persuaded, solaced, counselled, warned,
In fervent style and manner. Needy poor
And dying men, like music, heard his feet
Approach their beds, and guilty wretches took
New hope, and in his prayers wept and smiled
And blessed him as they died forgiven ; and all
Saw in his face contentment, in his life
The path to glory and perpetual joy.”

But he died ! the voice that brought consolation to the mourner's heart has become silent. The tongue which poured forth the irresistible stream of sacred eloquence has become mute and still. The eye that kindled with almost insufferable lustre has become rayless, and the lips on which hundreds hung with breathless attention

have been closed forever. But has all that excellence died? Is all his usefulness at an end? No, my brethren, "he being dead yet speaketh." His example lingers behind him. The good and imperishable of his nature walks among his flock, visiting their homes, comforting the sorrowing, warning the wicked, and reasoning in the crowded assembly "of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." And the multitude may not perceive till they see the parting wing that an angel has been with them.

Often there comes from the pastor laid in his grave a more tender and melting eloquence than there came from the same pastor when standing in the holy place and anointed for his work, and from the herald of Jesus wrapped in his winding sheet, a more successful sermon than from the herald of Jesus robed in the vestments of his official character. And aside from this, precious and perpetual harvests may be reaped by his successors from the seed sown by hands that have done their work. But, my brethren, this is the fair side of the picture, and were the influence left behind by the dead always of this character, then would men be throughout their entire history, like angels of mercy scattering a golden radiance from their wings, or as glorious meteors rising in rapid succession over a world of darkness, anticipating and heralding the light of the millennial day.

But alas! if many of the dead yet speak for God and truth, and freedom, and oppressed humanity, others utter a different voice, and leave behind them a curse instead of a blessing. Reverse the portraits we have just sketched.

Suppose the mother to whom we have alluded, instead of training up her children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," had encouraged them both by precept

and example to walk in the ways of fashion, worldliness, and sin, to neglect God and the great salvation, what is the influence she leaves behind her? The same voice comes from her grave as from her home. And often and again will her evil maxims be quoted, and her life of thoughtless gayety appealed to as a sanction for more excessive frivolity and sin. She is dead, but the bane of her example lives; her form is beneath the sod, but her voice is still heard, and her spectre still lingers in the circle of her children and friends as a mighty incentive to evil.

We may pass from this to a higher sphere, and take the minister whose character is just the reverse of that to which we have referred:

“He swore in sight of God
And man to preach his master Jesus Christ,
Yet preached himself; he swore that love of souls
Alone had drawn him to the Church, yet strowed
The path that led to hell with tempting flowers,
And in the ear of sinners, as they took
The way of death, he whispered peace.
The man, who came with thirsty soul to hear
Of Jesus, went away unsatisfied;
For he another gospel preached than Paul,
And one that had no Saviour in it, and yet
His life was worse.”

Now, what will be the posthumous influence of such a minister? Can it be other than evil only, evil continually?

The field on which he labored will have received a blight and a mildew. The gospel has been belied, and there will spring up a harvest of infidelity

Thus far have we spoken of the influence for good or evil, which men leave behind them in the immediate circle in which they moved while living. But there are other ways in which men may speak to the coming gen-

erations, as with a voice echoing through the ages. We refer not to the lettered tombstones, which often tell of deeds of valor and of a loving trust in God; nor of monuments erected to commemorate illustrious worth; nor of splendid legacies to the cause of beneficence, which enshrine the donor in the memory and affection of the Church. But the earth is filled with the labors—the works of the dead.

Almost all the literature—the discoveries of science—the glories of art—the ever-enduring temples—the dwelling places of many generations—the comforts and utilities of life—the very framework of society—the institutions of nations—the principles of government—the fabrics of empire—all are the works of our predecessors, and by these, though dead, they yet speak. Their memorials are all around us—our footsteps are in their paths—their presence is in our dwellings—their voices are in our ears; they speak to us in the sad reverie of contemplation—in the sharp pang of feeling—in the cold shadow of memory—in the bright light of hope; and can it be that we shall not be influenced by the language they utter?

But the dead speak through the press—the books they may have written—and thus perpetuate their influence through all time. Baxter, Bunyan, Doddridge, Howe, and Edwards are at this moment speaking to thousands, with all the freshness and force of personal eloquence, and more souls have doubtless been converted through their instrumentality since they entered upon their rest, than when their voices were heard in the assemblies of men. The gospel trumpet which they here put to their lips has not ceased its reverberating echo. It rolls like the voice of a clarion along down through the ages, and it shall continue until another trumpet shall be heard sounding the funeral knell of time.

But wicked men, too, speak through the press, and live in their writings to poison the fountains of influence, to corrupt hearts that might otherwise have been pure, and to desolate homes that otherwise might have been happy.

It will be the keenest sting of the worm which never dies, and the most agonizing pang of the fire which shall never be quenched, that they have written volumes which are circulated by every library and sold by every vender, in which the foundations of morality are sapped, and thousands of souls effectually and forever ruined.

The press, my brethren, is a mighty illustration of the truth of our text. It shows that the dead live and speak and exert an influence in moulding the character of the generations which succeed them. And if the wise and glorified in heaven wish that their pens had been more industriously employed, the fallen and lost in hell wish that their hands had been palsied ere they touched the scroll which was to scatter plague and pestilence through ranks of living men. Thus is the sentiment of our text illustrated and confirmed, that a man lives and speaks, in his words and deeds and influence, after he is dead.

There is, indeed, a voice in the providence which has bereaved us, that touches the great heart of the nation, filling it with sorrow as no other conceivable event could have done. We can conceive of nothing short of a universal earthquake, or the sound of the archangel's trump, which would have produced the gloom, the awe, the consternation which now surround us. Who that contemplated our country a few days previous to this dreadful calamity, and heard the shouts of victorious men, and saw everywhere the symbols of joy and of triumph, and listened to the expressions of hope, could have named any event, not miraculous, which, in a moment, as it were in

the twinkling of an eye, would have changed the whole aspect of things, would banish mirth from all the gay, composure from all the serene; make the merchant lay down his fabrics, the scribe his pen, and the mechanic his tools; unrobe the bride of her ornaments and the bridegroom of his attire, change the proclamations of chief magistrates from days of rejoicing to days of lamentation, and command a universal pause to business and pleasure, as though we all were anticipating the ushering in of the day of doom! Such a shock was inconceivable from the most natural causes! But God has done it, and we stand confronted before a providence so mysterious, a providence that bereaves us, without a moment's warning or anticipation, of one of the purest, wisest, and safest of men that ever presided over the interests and destinies of a great people. In a lecture delivered in this place a year ago, I characterized him as "the type man of the age." Now that death has ensphered and immortalized him, and disarmed envious and malignant criticism, I may venture to quote what I then said, without fear of giving offence to any one.

"Having thus presented Jefferson Davis as the type and exponent of Southern civilization, we come now briefly to consider our type man, or the exponent of Northern civilization.

"The two forms of civilization are distinctly before you, the bases on which they respectively rest, the principles which they embody, and the spirit with which they are animated. And of all the men now before the public eye, whether in the cabinet or in the field, Abraham Lincoln, the censured and the praised, is our ideal, the impersonation of republican principles, the thinker, and the type man of the age! I am aware that this avowal is in advance of the popular sentiment, but posterity will

do him justice and give him his appropriate niche in the temple of fame. He is not perfect ; he needs refinement and taste. Just as our civilization is not perfect ; it is in its boyhood state ; it needs development, especially in its æsthetic forms. It is not graceful ; nor wrought out into perfect symmetry and beauty. Neither is Lincoln handsome ; but he is frank, generous, and true. He has muscle and sinew. He has wrought in the log cabin ; on the flatboats of the Mississippi ; he has wrestled with poverty and the tall forest trees of the West. He is, in the strictest sense, a man of the working classes. He was born to the inheritance of hard work as truly as the poorest laborer's son that digs in the field ; and yet, by the strength of his intellect and by his untiring devotion to truth and right, he has come up, through an ascending series, from the walks of the lowly, from the toils of a day-laborer, to stand at the head of one of the most powerful nations on the earth ! Is he not great ? Is he not entitled to our confidence and esteem ?

“ Our ship of state is now in a storm of fearful magnitude—the elements are in high commotion, and every part of her noble structure is strained to the utmost tension, but the mind of the thinker is calm, and his strong hand is on the helm. The eyes of all nations are turned to this plain back-woodsman, with his good sense, his noble generosity, his determined self-reliance, and his incorruptible integrity, as he sits amid the war of conflicting elements, striving to guide the national ship through a tempest, at whose violence and perils the world's wisest and oldest statesmen stand aghast ! Leave him at the helm and he will bring the vessel, with all her sails set and her pennants flying, to the desired haven, though the old scow which she has towed and which has retarded her progress from the beginning will have been sunk to the bot-

tom, never again to rise to the surface on our American waters !

“Lincoln is a strong man, but his strength is of a peculiar kind ; it is not aggressive so much as passive, and among passive things it is like the strength, not so much of a stone buttress as of a wire cable. It is strength swaying to every influence, yielding on this side and on that to popular and present needs, yet tenaciously and inflexibly bound to carry its great end. Surrounded at first by all sorts of conflicting claims and elements, by traitors, by timid loyalists, by radicals, and conservatives, he has listened to all, weighed the words of all, watched, waited for light ; but still self-reliant and full of hope, he has kept steadily to the one great purpose ; and let him alone and the issue is certain—the rebellion will be crushed—the Union restored—our national honor vindicated, and America shall be all that poets have dreamed or sung : ‘The home of the brave and the land of the free!’”

Are not these true words ? Some of you then thought that they were said for party effect, but they were spoken out of the convictions of an honest heart. Has he not done what was predicted of him ? And when the storm-fiend was on the waters and the tempest rose high, and we all trembled with apprehension, did he not abide calm in the ship, his hand steady on the helm, and when the storm lulled and the sky began to clear and the sun to burst forth from the darkened clouds, and we saw the old ship gallantly nearing a peaceful harbor, the stars and the stripes floating from her topmost mast, and the multitude on the shore all jubilant with hope—all elated with joy—lo ! the pilot falls by a cowardly assassin, cold and unconscious on the deck, his hand still at the helm. The commander is dead, but the ship is safe ! The flag floats at half mast, but the stars and stripes are all there ! Let

our mourning then be tempered with gratitude that our beloved chief was permitted to live to accomplish his work. He could not have died with greater lustre, when his lanrels were all fresh and green, and now, the auroral halo of the martyr will preserve them unfading through all ages. And now, my hearers, what is the voice addressed to us from the life, teachings, and example of our deceased President?

First, that "honesty is the best policy;" that to do right is the wisest and safest, leaving our reputation and all consequences in the hand of God.

Abraham Lincoln's administration was characterized by no crooked or sinister policy. He was called to his responsible position at a time the most difficult and dangerous to the interests and life of the nation, when treason was rampant in the different sections of the land—when rebellion assumed an attitude the most menacing and appalling—when the great republic seemed to be shaken to its very foundations and the wisest statesmen trembled for the result. But the President was calm and firm. He sought to know his duty and then to do it. He adopted his policy, and determined to maintain the integrity of the government and to vindicate her laws. To this end he saw that the rebellion must be subdued, and when those in arms would not yield to wise and paternal counsel he resolved to settle the great questions at issue by the stern arbitrament of the sword. He called for large forces and the munitions of war. The people nobly and promptly responded, for our national honor had been insulted and our national life was in jeopardy. Thousands of our best and bravest from all the loyal North rushed to the rescue of our imperiled country. They fought—they fell on many a battle-field. The rebels were desperate, and when our noble President discovered that slavery was to

them a source of strength, he resolved to strike the monster to the earth. The timid feared; the semi-loyal press howled, and the more rebellious heaped abuse upon the President. Nothing was too vile for them to say. His policy was all wrong. He was threatened and villified. But Abraham Lincoln was firm in the calm consciousness of right and duty.

But where are his accusers now? The *Daily News* and the *World*, that never had a kind word to offer—that indulged in unmeasured vituperation and abuse while he was living, are among the first to do him honor now that he is dead. Have they been converted? Has death changed their views? No, my brethren; in their deep heart they knew that Abraham Lincoln was honest and true to his country's weal. But they were under the ban of party, and could not speak peaceably of him. His acts survive him; his deeds live, and by these, though dead, he yet speaketh. Posterity will do justice to his memory, and he will be known in history as the great Emancipator—the savior of his country. The almost universal feeling even now is, that in his death liberty has lost her greatest champion, humanity her truest friend, and America her purest patriot.

What then is the voice that comes to us from out the back-ground of his noble life?

Be honest—true to your convictions of right—firm in duty, leaving all issues with God. This marked his character and will give immortality to his name.

Another voice, which he being dead, yet speaketh to us, is the folly and sin of putting our trust in an arm of flesh. He did not.

If any man ever cherished a firm reliance on Divine Providence, it was Abraham Lincoln. Listen to his address to his fellow-citizens, when first leaving his home

for the scene of his labors. He says: "A duty devolves upon me which is perhaps greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he, at all times, relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid, which sustained him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain."

Through all the progress of this terrible war, his trust has been not so much in the strength of his armies, or the skill of his chief captains, as in the favoring providence of God. His last inaugural is an outflow of a heart trusting in God, in which he confesses he has been the child of his providence, and simply an instrument in his hand.

But our danger all along has been in trusting to an arm of flesh. In the early history of the war one man received almost universal homage until hope deferred, the national heart fainted. And now, in our more recently brilliant successes, we are in danger of overlooking the true source of success in the prominence given to the instrumentalities employed. But from the life, as well as from the grave of the President, comes this startling admonition:

"Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed at best—but oft a spear,—
On its sharp point, peace bleeds and hope expires."

A similar warning comes from the Divine Oracle:

"Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth, in that very day his thoughts perish."—Psalm clxvi. 3, 4.

The thoughts of our late President respecting the welfare, peace, and prosperity of the country, though they lingered with him to the last, have perished. He had done his work of subduing the rebellion. Other hands must do the work of punishing the rebels and reconstructing the government, and in this, as in the other, we need the Divine guidance and blessing.

Not Seward nor all the wisdom of the national council, but God, must help us to the end. And as his hand has been so obviously in the great struggle guiding our armies, may we not hope that he will be with us presiding over our councils in the restoration of peace and union? And in this work of pacification and reconstruction, in my utterance this day I think I have the mind of God. If I were the President I would show no mercy to traitors and rebels and assassins at the expense of justice. I would see to it that the majesty of law was vindicated and the government sustained, if it required a whole hecatomb of human victims. Shall we hate and punish theft and arson, and murder, and shall we fraternize with treason and rebellion? "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph."

Again, had I the ears of the heads of this government, I would say, in its reconstruction, whatever else you do or fail to do, let not one vestige or germ of that accursed system, which has been the cause of all our trouble, remain. Let it be uprooted, root and branch, and thrown into the great dead sea of past time! Let there be no yielding, no concession, no compromise here, unless you would have history repeat itself in a second fratricidal, and still more desperate and bloody war!

The only remaining utterance or voice which comes to

us from the life and the grave of our lamented President, is in reference to the evanescent nature of all earthly good. He had reached the acme of human fame; he was the commander in chief of half a million of armed men; he was the ruler of a mighty nation; he was in the meridian of his days; he was esteemed for his personal character and worth; and yet in a moment how is the mighty fallen, and all the glory of his fame is to him as though it had never been.

But few of all the wrestlers reach the goal of their ambition, or realize their hopes. And such as do, have only stood for a short time on the giddy height, and then vanished like the passing meteor, or died a sudden and, perhaps, a violent death. Cæsar met with the assassin's dagger in the Roman senate. Charles the First, King of England, and Mary, Queen of Scots, were beheaded. Henry the Fourth, King of France, died by the knife of the assassin. Napoleon the First was banished. Alexander, after his brilliant career, died in a drunken revel, at an early age. And now our beloved President is added, as an illustration of the vanishing nature of all human greatness. He, too, has died by the hand of violence.

"Death sitteth in the Capitol! His sable wing
Flung its black shadow o'er a country's hope,
And lo! a nation bendeth down in tears."

Never was grief so heartfelt and universal. It is said that death loves a shining mark, and often against such are his swiftest arrows hurled. All that we love, value, venerate, and press to our hearts, must bow to the inevitable decree, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou must return." But when the end comes by violence, how doubly inconsolable is the grief! But still

this tragedy has its voice, and will answer its providential end.

“A thrill of horror through the nation sweeps,
And tears of anguish from the eyelids fall;
All party ties and lines forgotten are,
And thus in grief, if not in patriotic joy,
The nation is as one.
'Twere well to weep such tears,
They purge the heart, and to the soul give strength
To do great deeds, when deeds are needed most;
Who loves his country, therefore, shame not now
O'er her great woe, with me to weep.
For now each sigh is but a bitter oath,
Each tear a seal, which makes the oath a bond,
That every loyal heart doth feel and swear
Upon the altar of his country's cause,
Which, by the sacrilegious hand of one
Who would deface the noblest work of God
Without a sigh, hath been outraged,
As never did a fiend the laws of God
Or man outrage before!”

But the assassin, though he may elude the vigilance of the government for a time, cannot escape. The mark of Cain is on his brow, the murderer's guilt is on his soul, and the Nemesis of vengeance will find him out, and bring him to an awful retribution. But though justice may thus be satisfied, though the act may have been suffered in the Divine providence to tune up the public mind to a keener sense of retributive justice, still all this does not recall the people's favorite—the type-man of his time—our generous, noble, and patriotic President.

“Gone, gone, gone, to his blest and honored grave,
Gone, gone, alas! our noble, and true, and brave;
When fond hopes clustered around his life,
When every heart with love was rife,
Our brave, true chieftain fell.

Lincoln, Lincoln, beloved, fare thee well !
Our country's flag around him fold,
What shroud more meet for heart so brave,
A nation's prayer shall bless his mould,
A nation's tears bedew his grave.
And shall we bear one word of scorn ?
One rebel taunt, one hostile sneer ?
No ! freemen, no ! his foes we spurn,
And pledge our fealty round his bier.
Freemen ! behold your murdered chief,
His memory to your care we trust ;
Let mercy mingle with your grief,
But strike the traitors to the dust.
Sleep on, brave chief, the flag you bore
O'er North and South, shall surely wave,
And Union, peace, and love once more
Shall meet and mourn around your grave."

S E R M O N X V .

REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

“All ye that are about him bemoan him ; and all ye that know his name say, how is the strong staff broken and the beautiful rod.”—JEREMIAH xlviii. 17.

“The Lord’s voice crieth unto the city, and the man of wisdom shall see thy name ; hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it.”—MICAH vi. 9.

THE solemn providence which has called our nation to mourning in the very midst of its joy and exultation over the hopes of returning peace, finds a most appropriate expression in these words of inspired wisdom. For the third time since our existence as an independent government, we have been called upon to mourn over the death of our Chief Magistrate. Yet never before has the nation passed through such an experience as this. At the close of four long and weary years of bloody war against the foulest and most causeless rebellion that had ever stained the annals of the world, our nation was exultant over the tidings of victories which it was evident to all were soon to end the struggle. Our President, but lately taking the oath of office for a second term of service, had returned home from a visit to the city which had been the seat and centre of rebellion, and from which the grand and only important army in the interest of traitors had been

driven, only to be followed by the stern hosts of freedom until it had broken up forever, while the leaders of the conspiracy were fugitives from the arm of avenging justice, seeking safety in an ignominious flight. The rancor of party feeling was fast dying out in the nation; men were fast honorably submitting to the voice of the people expressed through the ballot box; and they were gradually yielding to the conviction that Abraham Lincoln was an honest and a good man, and, under the guidance of heaven, was pursuing a wise and judicious policy, which would result in the restoration of peace upon the great and immutable principles of truth, liberty, and righteousness. On him the eyes of the whole people were turning as the man by whose wisdom, prudence, and conciliatory course treason was to be crushed out and the rebellious States brought back upon the great platform of the Constitution, with only the one condition of a destruction of the great system of slavery, which had been the weapon used by their leaders against the life of the nation. It was evident to all that this institution had received its death-blow at the hands of its friends. Already Missouri, Maryland, and Tennessee had accepted these terms and broken the last shackle that had held their fellow-men in bondage; and even in South Carolina—the very hot-bed of treason—such a man as Governor Aiken led the way in emancipation by striking off the chains of his one thousand slaves, and giving them farms to cultivate with free labor. A few more blows only were to be struck and the whole system would fall, and the South, restored to the Union and to the affections of their brethren, would resume its place, out of which it had only been jostled for a time by ambitious and unprincipled leaders, who had held over the seceded States a reign of terror. For the solution of all the intricate and delicate

questions which would arise in the final restoration of the Union; for the proper punishment of the men who had instigated the rebellion; for a wise and just discrimination between the leaders and the misguided victims; for a course of kind conciliation towards the men who had been forced into the war against their better judgment and wishes, and for a discovery and due reward of those who had all the while been loyal to the Union—the nation were looking to Abraham Lincoln with increasing confidence and hope. No man had ever gained more rapidly in the respect and affections of his political enemies; never was man more warmly loved by his friends since the days of Washington. He seemed to have been raised up by a kind Providence to meet the most solemn and momentous crisis in the history of this nation, and to deal with the most gigantic rebellion that had ever been witnessed in the world's history. Again and again was the anxious whisper heard, as it was known that he had gone to the front of the army, and then to Richmond: Is it safe for the President to put his life in jeopardy, on which so many interests are suspended? And the whole nation breathed more freely when his safe return to Washington was announced. It has been said a man's life is immortal till his work is done. And so has it proved. Our honored and beloved President, who had safely reached the capital when traitorous fiends were determined to prevent his first inauguration; who had for four years been unharmed, even while bitter and open enemies were plotting against him under the very shadow of the vast dome beneath which our national Congress gathers; who had safely passed through Richmond, around which were still lingering traitorous bands who had for four years nursed against him their most bitter hatred—returned to his home only to die. In the midst of a scene of pleasure,

whither he had gone that he might not disappoint the crowds that had assembled to see him and the gallant and glorious general under whose giant blows rebellion had staggered and fallen—surrounded by his family and friends—he was struck down by the hand of an assassin, who, for many weeks, had been watching his opportunity, and whose act turned that scene of festivity to a house of death and woe, sending a thrill of horror and agony over the whole nation. Who can describe the gloom that settled over our land like a pall of death when the dreadful deed was announced, and the tidings spread from city to city, from ocean to ocean, with the speed of the lightning: *The President has been assassinated! The President is dying! The President is dead!*

How appropriate might the murderer have repeated, as he was preparing for his fearful deed of blood, the words—which must have been familiar to his mind—placed in the lips of Macbeth when contemplating the assassination of his king:

“He hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off.
And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven’s cherubim horsed
Upon the sightless courier of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.”

Yet no such reflections entered his mind or heart to bid him pause in his horrid work. Abandoned of heaven, nerving his arm by the intoxicating draught, fully bent upon his fiendish purpose, resolved to accomplish what had evidently been in his heart, and in the hearts of his accomplices and abettors—he deliberately entered the scene of mirth and festivity, where sat his victim, and

with unerring aim struck at the life of the man who was pursuing but one noble impulse—the salvation of the Union—and whose kind and loving heart was waiting to extend mercy to even his enemies and the enemies of his country. How is the strong staff broken and the beautiful rod! Yet as we stand mute and sorrow-stricken in the midst of our national calamity, let us hearken to God's voice saying to us, "Hear ye the rod, and him that hath appointed it." How often has death stricken down men to whom the people were looking, and on whose wisdom and firmness they depended in the midst of great national crises.

1. Is not, therefore, the first lesson which we are taught, the folly of putting our trust in man? There is a constant proneness to look to means for our security and prosperity, rather than to the Divine energy and power that alone make those means successful, or that can or will accomplish its purpose by other instrumentalities and in other ways. In times of commercial embarrassment the nation turns to some favorite statesman, by whose political sagacity impending evils may be averted. When the dark cloud of war hangs gloomy and portentous over the land, how few turn to Him who hath said, "The battle is not with the strong," who alone gives success to our arms, while the land rings with the praises of him who is appointed to lead our armies, and whose skill and bravery is their only earnest of success. What crowds attend the career of a nation's idol; how few think of giving the first and highest praise to God! And may we not now hear in this new and terrible calamity the solemn and instructive warning: "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils?" What though he treasured up all the stores of human wisdom; what though he possess the respect and confidence of every section, and be able to pro-

pose terms of peace that shall forever heal the wounds through which the nation's life-blood is flowing, and make honorable and abiding reconciliation between a distracted people; what though at his call vast armies start up in the defence of the republic, and mighty navies sweep the sea to guard our nation's honor and protect its commerce;—in a moment, when all his well-matured plans are ripe for execution, when the strife of party is hushed, and the whole nation acknowledges his wisdom and goodness, death steps in to close up his career, and he passes away forever from among the living. Oh, what folly, then, for a nation to trust in an arm of flesh! Gather around that coffin, ye who look to man and not to God for help and safety; look upon those pale features; touch that cold forehead and those motionless hands, and hear ye the rod and who hath appointed it. Oh! that we might learn, in the solemn lesson of God's providence that God alone is our trust. Oh! that now, ere we begin to inquire into the qualifications of him who now has assumed the government of the nation, we might pause and remember that God alone is great, and that he alone is worthy of our trust and confidence.

2. Again: In this solemn dispensation of Divine Providence we are taught to recognize God's power and sovereignty. One of the great sins of our nation has been a virtual denial of the Divine authority. Infidelity makes open and unblushing assaults upon all that is sacred in his word and character. The institutions of religion have become subjects of conventional debates and angry discussion. The press teems with the most direct assaults upon the laws and authority of God, as made known in his word, and the minds of multitudes are tainted with the dreadful poison. Look at many who are high in office and political influence, and how little evidence they give

of any respect for the word of God as laying any claim to public and national obedience. Look at our broken and dishonored Sabbaths. How many turn their feet away from the sanctuary ; how crowded are all our great avenues with old and young, intent only on pleasure, even amid the very sound of the Sabbath bells. And what evidence do we here find of a growing disregard for Divine law and authority. Such evidence is found, too, in the increasing sin of profanity, in the prevalence of intemperance, and the open and gross violation of all healthful laws for its suppression. Such is the horrible increase of infidel and licentious literature, showing a most depraved state of public morals that could either demand or sanction such infamous and demoralizing sources of vice and profligacy. Such is the open and growing disregard for sound and wholesome laws, and a want of submission to constituted authority, culminating at last in treason and rebellion, and aided and encouraged by men who have thus sought to gratify their party prejudices or personal ambition. These and a thousand similar evils have been terrible indications that our nation has been drifting away from its allegiance to God and casting aside his authority and law. Thanks be to his name, the evil has been checked in a measure, and among our leaders and rulers there has been evidence of a desire to acknowledge his sovereignty and look to him for help. Yet by what a terrible process have we been brought to a sense of duty and of obligation to him ! And oh ! that now, standing in the very presence of death, we might feel that God is our sovereign, and that, as a nation, we owe him supreme allegiance !

3. And in immediate connection with this thought, is not God, in this solemn and terrible providence, recalling to our minds and consciences the sanctions and guards and

penalties by which he has ever designed his law should be honored and human life preserved. Amid the earliest statutes ever given to man was that which guarded human life from violence, by requiring the life of the murderer. To Noah it was said:—"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." And that law was again and again repeated in such language as this:—"He that smiteth a man so that he die shall surely he put to death." "Moreover, ye shall take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer which is guilty of death; for blood defileth the land, and the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein but by the blood of him that shed it." No one can read the word of God and not see how carefully he has thrown around human life the sanctions and penalties of his law. Nor can we fail to see how fearful would be the consequences were society to be exposed to brutality and crime, unchecked by these dreadful consequences of transgression. Yet who has not observed the growing disposition on the part of many modern radical reformers to do away with capital punishment, and to treat murderers as ordinary criminals are treated? Who has not noticed that, while our papers contain almost daily notices of acts of violence and assassination, but few of the criminals are ever brought to justice and punished with death? And this spirit of leniency towards convicted murderers was showing itself even in relation to the men who have plotted and executed the foul act of treason that has resulted in untold suffering and misery, and the death of thousands and hundreds of thousands of our noblest and bravest men. I confess that I have read with shame and indignation the speeches and editorials of men who, having done all in their power to awaken angry and excited passions in past years between the two sections of our country now at war, who have sneered at and denounced

conservative men for their efforts to retain peaceable relations between the North and the South by upholding the provisions of the Constitution, now ask that the arch traitors and plotters of rebellion, who have for forty years been laying their plans for secession, and have used slavery and abolition simply as the best means for accomplishing their foul and infernal purposes, should be kindly treated; and that—in the language of one of these orators—we should say to them as we would to a wasp whom we first had thought to crush, “There is room enough in the world for thee and me.” We punish with death the man who takes a single life. Shall we do less to him on whose soul is the blood of thousands who have perished on the battle-field, and of thousands more cruelly and brutally starved to death in their dark and horrible prisons, while those of their number who have fallen into our hands have been fed and clothed, and cared for in the very spirit and letter of the command, “If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.” No, no. God’s law lays upon us its demands that these murderers should die, not to gratify a thirst for revenge, but that all coming ages may read a lesson of justice and righteousness in the punishment of treason and rebellion, and learn to keep the law, which declares, “Thou shalt do no murder.” And may it not be that God has permitted this great crime, which has struck at the head and the heart of the nation,* to awaken us to a sense of justice and to a full exaction of the penalty of God’s law upon those who have planned and accomplished the horrible scenes of the past four years? God punished treason and rebellion when it broke out in heaven by the immediate and condign punishment of the angels that kept not his law. We cannot be wiser and kinder than God. We cannot find fault with his administration, or question the justice of that law that

dooms the murderer to punishment. I yield to no man in my love of mercy and clemency to the erring. I yield to no man in the respect and affection I have had for many noble-hearted and honorable men whom I have known in other days at the South, and who have been forced into an apparent if not real acquiescence of the doctrine of secession. I will be among the first to extend to such my hand when they shall again stand with me under the same broad folds of our national banner, and pledge themselves to be henceforth true to the Union. I will be among the first to give, to the utmost of my ability, aid and support to the thousands of misguided men who have staked and lost their all in this dreadful rebellion. But every sense of justice, every prompting of love for truth and law and peace and human safety and national life and honor, demand for the men who have instigated and fomented this foul, unnatural, and monstrous rebellion, that God's law be fully vindicated. "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." "He that taketh life by the sword shall perish by the sword." Their chief associates must be sent forth and banished with the mark of Cain upon their foreheads." Anything less than this will only be a premium offered to treason and lawlessness and murder—will only throw into our future political contests elements of strife and discord, and national dishonor and ruin.

4. Again: This dispensation of God's providence reminds the Church of the duties she owes to the nation and her rulers. I exhort, saith the apostle, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men, for kings and all in authority. God has placed his Church in this nation not to seek unholy alliance with the State, but to throw into it elements of virtue and piety and justice and truth. —Ten

righteous men would have saved the cities of the Plain. The Church alone, under God, can save this nation. She can throw over it the shield of her faith, and love and prayer. She can by her efforts arrest the torrent of infidelity and lawlessness and crime, and secure such a state of public morals as shall constitute that righteousness that exalteth a nation. And is not the present the time for special prayer and earnest effort in this behalf?—now that the spirit of party is hushed; now that men of the most opposite political principles are nobly laying aside all previous prejudices, and uniting to support the government and uphold the Union; now that all classes are standing hushed and subdued and thoughtful around the remains of departed worth and greatness; now when our rulers are made to feel that they are mortal, and to know that they must give an account of their stewardship? Is not this the hour when we may hope and ought earnestly to pray that around the grave of our late honored Executive every selfish and unholy feeling may be buried, and the hearts of men become the seat of a generous love of country, and the passions be brought under a sense of responsibility to God? Oh, what a patriot was Moses when he stood between an incensed and avenging God and a guilty nation and plead that he would spare his people! And may not Christians in this country be equally in earnest in their prayers for their rulers and for the nation? Here is the last grand experiment of freedom. If we fail, the hope of oppressed millions expires in the darkness. Where else shall Liberty find her home? Where else shall be fostered those influences that are now felt in every nation, and are inspiring millions with confidence of eventually rejoicing in the removal of every yoke of spiritual or political bondage. He who has been so suddenly taken from us has left us a rich legacy in his

noble and unfaltering purpose to preserve the Union. Let us gather around his grave as the children of one great family, and catching his spirit—or rather breathing it in with our common Christianity—offer up our prayers to Him who heareth prayer, for our rulers and the perpetuity and prosperity of our nation.

5. Again: We behold in the death of our President a lesson of the vanity of earthly honor and power. What does our whole nation present but an incessant struggle for wealth and office? How many neglect in this pursuit the deathless soul and all its interests! How many would willingly barter away every manly and noble principle to attain the exalted position—or even one far inferior to it—which Abraham Lincoln but lately occupied! Yet what does all avail him now? Never, perhaps, since the days of Washington was a man more reluctantly and unambitiously drawn to the possession of such distinguished honors. Seldom has a path to glory been so modestly and unobtrusively pursued. Seldom has one risen from an humble position to a higher eminence. He became what he was not by inheritance from a long line of kingly ancestors. He sat not upon a throne reared up by blood and oppression; but, making his way from an humble and obscure cottage in the Western wilderness—self-supported and self-educated—he passed on by untiring industry, and sustained by a cheerful and hopeful heart, through the profession of his choice, until the voice of a great people called him to occupy a position which monarchs might envy. And then, too, by his purity and honesty of purpose, by his noble and generous qualities of mind and heart, he drew towards him even the respect and reverence of his political opponents; and men who once denounced him have approved and sustained his administration. Yet what does all this avail him now?

What to him is the splendor of his palace, the wealth and the honors of earth? Oh, how infinitely are they all surpassed by one word from that Saviour whom we believe he loved! "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Life's fitful fever is over, and he sleeps as lowly as the poor soldier that sunk to his grave amid the tumult of battle. Go to that sepulchre, and read there the vanity of earthly possessions and honors. The illustrious dead sleeps on undisturbed, while they who sought his favor drop a tear to his memory and then turn to gaze upon the new star now in the ascendant, and who must in his time pass away to be numbered with the dead.

"Why all this toil for triumph of an hour;
What though we wade in wealth or soar in fame;
Earth's highest station ends in 'Here he lies,'
And 'Dust to dust' concludes our noblest song."

Such is the vanity of life; and oh, that this whole nation might hear the voice of God calling us away to the pursuit of what is alone fully worthy the soul—the service of God, and preparation to meet him in judgment. How solemn and awful is the monition that comes to us from the hushed repose of the grave which has now closed upon the mighty dead. His high official position, his brilliant career, his exalted character, could not avert the winged messenger as it came from the hand of an assassin, yet directed by a sovereign God. No more shall he hear the shouts of the victors, or the plaudits of a grateful and exultant people. No more shall his wisdom direct the councils of the Cabinet, and his mind project schemes for the union and perpetuity of the nation. His eye is closed that shone with unaffected gentleness and wept in pity over the dying, or brightened with thoughts of his country's greatness and glory. In the midst of all

his pleasures and his honor, he has sunk to his grave. Alas! even in the garden there is a sepulchre. We walk beneath its shades, we gaze upon its beauties, and, while plucking its flowers, we feel the damp mould of the grave. Behold the house appointed for all the living, and read the unvarying lessons of nature: "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flowers of the grass." Oh ye who are toiling for earthly wealth or fame, enter that princely mansion where beauty and honor and power have often met, and see in his narrow coffin the man at whose command thousands rushed together to stand up in defence of the republic; at whose word the shackles of millions were broken; around whom were gathered the wisdom and strength of the nation! Yet all now is hushed and still. His work is done. Tread lightly around the honored dead, and listen to the voice that speaks from the repose of death, and that bids you seek those joys which are unfading and eternal. Oh turn your eyes to the grave whither you are hastening, that home of man—

"Where dwells the multitude. We gaze around,
We read their monuments; we sigh, and while
We sigh, we sink and are what we deplored—
Lamenting or lamented, all our lot."

6. Lastly, this solemn providence reminds us all of the necessity of immediate preparation for death. Oh how terrible is the lesson which we are here reading of the uncertainty of life. How solemn is the monition which comes to each of us. What thine hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh. How rapid was the transition of our beloved President from time to eternity! Think of it, my hearers, and be warned in time to secure an interest in the great salvation. We believe that he

over whom a nation now mourns had, in life and health, accepted of Christ as his Saviour; that he had calmly looked at the great subject of his soul's salvation, and, convinced of his need of mercy through a Divine Redeemer, had, with the simplicity of a child, trusted his eternal interests into the hands of him who was mighty to save, and whose blood cleanseth from all sin. Oh, then, let his death—so sudden, so dreadful as to its circumstances—remind you of the need of immediate preparation for that eternity to which we are all hastening. Christ, and Christ alone, is the hope of the soul. In him we are safe. He who relies upon his death and merits is alone fitted to die. When death comes to him it finds him ready. He can hear unmoved, and fearless, the summons which calls him away to grapple with the last enemy. He alone can see in death a friend that beckons him to come up higher, and can look upon the scenes of earth, as they fade away from his vision, without regret, and go to his dying bed,

“Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

Oh, my hearers!—ye men of business and care! ye children and youth!—will you not to-day listen to the providence of God which calls upon you to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness? Christ alone can fit you to live. He alone can prepare you to die; and in that solemn hour, when heart and flesh fail, he will be the strength of your heart and your portion forever.

SERMON XVI.

REV. SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D. D.

I MEET you to-day, my friends and fellow-countrymen, under circumstances of the greatest public grief and sorrow. I had risen early Saturday morning to complete the first of two sermons, having for my theme "Victory and its Duties," and expecting to have preached that sermon to you at this time. I waited for the morning paper, and when it came it brought to me, as it did to you, the intelligence of the most awful event in the history of this country. The carrier greeted me with a tearful and saddened countenance, exclaiming: "Sad news this morning! The President is shot!" I could scarcely believe it true; yet I opened the paper and read the dispatches, and saw that it was so. Ere this the news has spread through all parts of the land, kindling emotions in the hearts of the nation which no words can describe. But yesterday we were joyous and hopeful, thanking God for his mercies, and congratulating each other upon the bright prospects of the future. Our recent victories gave promise of a speedy and lasting peace. We saw, as we supposed, the end of this terrible war. How suddenly and how awfully have our emotions been changed into those of the deepest sorrow! Who can refuse

to weep? Who can withhold his tears or command his feelings at such a moment? And is it so? Has the President of these United States; the personal representative of the honor, glory, and dignity of this nation; the man of the people's choice; the man who has guided the ship of state with consummate wisdom and unfaltering integrity during these stormy years; the man whom God seems to have raised up and signally qualified for the duties of this great crisis—yes, has Abraham Lincoln, good in his greatness and great in his goodness, fallen the victim of murderous assassination, just in the moment of our triumph? And has his honorable Secretary of State been assailed with the instrument of death for a like purpose? We pause in the profoundest astonishment. Our indignation in one direction, and our sorrow in the other, are past all utterance. The American people never felt this as they do to-day. They never before had such an occasion for feeling. We all feel the dreadful blow. It has fallen upon us like a thunderbolt in the midst of our joys. To the deep and pungent thrill of the national heart no human words can do any adequate justice.

1. Looking towards earth, and at man, one instinctively inquires, why has the assassinating hand sought the life of Abraham Lincoln and that of William H. Seward? Why has the President of these United States been marked for death? The answer is a plain one. It consists in the fact that he was the President, officially entrusted with the executive duty of administering the military power of this government for the suppression of a wanton and wicked rebellion against the constituted authorities of the land. This was Mr. Lincoln's sole offence. The murderous weapon was not aimed at him as a man, but as the President of these United States—as God's minister for the punishment of evil doers and the

praise of them that do well. It was therefore aimed at you and at me—at every man, woman and child living under the protection of this government; at public order, at the sanctity of law, at the integrity of the Union, and at the God who commands our subjection to the powers that be. This is the true interpretation of the blow sought to be struck; and this it is that gives significance to the act. We look upon Mr. Lincoln as a murdered President, and not as a man falling in the private walks of life, the victim of a purely personal vengeance. The blood that flowed from his lacerated brain was in the circumstances official blood. The pistol-shot that hurried him to his doom was fired into the heart of the nation. I do not wish to stir either your passions or my own to undue violence; yet I think it best in this dreadful hour to look at facts as they are and speak of things as they are. Abraham Lincoln will go down to posterity as a murdered and a martyred President—slain for discharging his duty, honored by God, and trusted by a grateful people. In his death we all feel the pangs of death. Well may the nation bow in grief. Well may all party feeling and rancor subside, while a whole people weep before God under an oppressive sense of the calamity which has befallen them.

2. Looking at the circumstances attending this sad event, we inquire: Whence came the blow? It was on the evening of the day when the flag of the Union again floated in triumph over the war-scarred walls of Fort Sumter. It was when the nation had flung her proud flag to the breeze in the fulness of grateful joy; when victories had seemingly extinguished the last hope of the rebel insurgents; when Jefferson Davis, the traitor and the tyrant, was fleeing from the hand of avenging justice. It was at a time and in a place when and where our great

military commander was expected to be present, who was doubtless marked for the same fate. The thing was done under circumstances that clearly imply plan and concert of action, and more parties than one as involved in this stupendous guilt. Why was Mr. Seward assaulted at the same time and in a different place? And who held the horses of these fiends in human shape, while each proceeded to the work of death? I know not, my friends, who these men are; but I cannot well resist the conclusion that they represent a class—and, I must add, a very large class—of those with whom we have been contending in this war, who will rejoice when they hear the news, and laud these murderous wretches as distinguished heroes. I do not say that a large number of persons were directly privy to this assassinating conspiracy; yet, you may depend upon it, the agents thereof had their accomplices. This, let me tell you, is the work of traitors, coming from the same impulses and inspired by the same hellish motives which have governed traitors in seeking the destruction of this government. It is one of the dread incidents of their treason, accomplished in the moment of their extremest desperation. It is the work of men the same in kind as those who sought to wrap the city of New York in one universal conflagration; the same in kind as those who refused all quarter to our colored soldiers at Fort Pillow; the same in kind as those who sacked the city of Lawrence, in Kansas, and murdered its helpless citizens. It is a work proceeding from the same spirit, the same style and temper of humanity, that has, by the process of slow starvation, deliberately murdered our prisoners of war by thousands and tens of thousands.

Jefferson Davis, the head of the rebel Confederacy, has not personally assassinated the President, I am aware—per-

haps he had no direct connection with this atrocious murder—yet, by his authority, by his agents, with his knowledge and approbation, thousands of our soldiers have been literally starved to death in rebel prisons. General Lee may be a Christian gentleman—some people say he is—yet he is a traitor to his country, who richly deserves to be hung for his crimes. Libby Prison and Belle Isle were directly under his eye at Richmond; he knew how our prisoners were treated in those dens of death as well as elsewhere; he was, too, the man of great influence in the Confederate government; and when and where did General Lee ever lift his voice, or do a solitary thing to mitigate these outrageous enormities? I am speaking in a plain way. My soul is stirred within me. These are serious times. Let me tell you, my friends and fellow countrymen, that this act of assassination does not stand alone by itself. It is one of a series. It has a common basis with other acts of kindred character. It represents and identifies itself with a class of acts, as it will crown them with an immortality of infamy. It is the creature of treason; and this treason is the child of slavery; and this slavery has made the traitors barbarians, who would rather rule in hell than submit in heaven. The history of this war proves it. We may as well understand first as last with what kind of men we are and have been dealing in this dreadful contest of arms. They are desperate men. slavery has made them insensible to the rights of our common humanity, ruined their moral sense, and just fitted them for the work of treason and death. Our excellent President, for whom we have so often thanked the God of heaven, who in his life so beautifully recognized the providence and the grace of the King of kings, from whose past wisdom we have received so many blessings, and in whose future we had hoped so largely, now lies in

death—stricken down by a traitor's hand. I have been compelled to ask, in view of the circumstances, whence came the blow? Not simply from the daring fiend who inflicted it, but from a source more generic and universal. Treason fired that shot, and treason killed the President, and slavery made the man and the men fit for such deeds. And treason wants nothing but power to kill this nation. It has never yielded to anything but power, and it never will. The men in whom is embodied this spirit of treason, who are its leaders and great sources, must be absolutely crushed and utterly blasted in this country. You can never have any peace with them. You can never make any peace with them. They are not the men of peace. The military arm of the government must first subjugate them; and then a just and righteous retribution must so dispose of them that they will be virtually dead to the country. Then you will have peace; and till then you will not.

3. Looking again at this sorrowful event, I am led to submit another question: Who are the *mourners*, the men and women that will be afflicted by this appalling tragedy? The family of our dead President, his wife and children and immediate kindred, are at this moment bathed in the most heart-rending sorrow. He who was the pride and glory of their lives, whose relation to them had lifted them to position and honor, in whose private and public character they could not but rejoice, has fallen in a way to give death its deepest affliction and grief its most poignant sting. Alas! for them the husband, the father, and the guide, is no more. May the God of grace comfort them with that comfort which God only can supply. The members of his cabinet, who have so often shared with the President in the councils of state; the generals and other officers of his appointment,

who have so nobly borne the banner of their country on many a hard-fought field; the common soldiers who, under this waving banner, have braved the storm of death and driven the rebel hosts in confusion before them;—these men of wisdom and these men of valor are to-day in tears. Their sensibilities are overwhelmed. They mourn the loss of one whom they had learned to trust, and who had learned to trust them. All truly loyal men and women throughout the nation are mourners to-day. Every right-thinking man feels as if he had lost a dear friend. During his administration Mr. Lincoln has displayed qualities of intellect and heart which have commended him to the strongest confidence and affection of the American people. His sterling honesty, his sagacious and far-reaching common sense, his abiding faith, his hopeful temper, his enduring patience, his fidelity to the country's cause, his aimable, forgiving, and unvengeful mood of feeling, his profound respect for the rights of man, and his deep reverence for God, mark him as the man whom the people loved. Millions who never saw him felt towards Mr. Lincoln the tender attachments of personal friendship. There was a charm about his character and his life which it is not in human nature to defy or resist. Go where you will to-day throughout the length and breadth of this land—in the cottages of the poor, or the palaces of the rich—and you will see a people bowed in sorrow. A nation weeps to-day. A nation's President has been assassinated in the capital of the country; a nation's President has fallen in the midst of his usefulness, when his experience was so much needed to complete what he had so well begun; and now a nation mourns, as perhaps no other people ever did mourn. When I think of the foul and villainous murderer, and of the generic inspiration which he represents—by which he was moved—my rage, I con-

fess, knows no bounds; and when I think of the sequel of that deadly shot, my heart sinks within me. As I feel, so you feel; and so feels every man that deserves the name of an American citizen. Honored and sacred dead! this tribute we bring to thy memory. Thy name shall be dear to us. Thou art embalmed in a nation's grief. There is another class of our fellow-men that may well mourn to-day, bringing their tribute of gratitude and love, and placing it upon the altar of a great and good man. I allude to the sufferings sons of human bondage. These sable victims of outrage and wrong have heard of Mr. Lincoln. They have heard of his emancipation proclamation. They have learned to identify their hopes of liberty with his name; and when they shall hear of his death, in the simplicity and honesty of their hearts they will feel that a friend has departed. Mr. Lincoln, though not a fanatic, was by nature and conviction, by those generous moral sentiments with which kind heaven had inspired his bosom, the friend of the oppressed. He saw and deplored the great evils of slavery, and gave his public influence on the side of freedom. When he issued his emancipation proclamation as a measure of war, he appealed to the God of nations and the moral sense of the civilized world for the justice of the act. To that proclamation he declared his purpose to adhere; and to it he has adhered with unflinching fidelity. That proclamation will make Mr. Lincoln's name dear in all ages. It will be read and quoted as a state paper of the highest rank and the largest philanthropy. Well may the outcast sons of bondage bless God for the life of such a man, and well may they mourn over his death. They have tears to shed to-day—tears, too, that do honor to the man for whom they weep. One of their most eminent and valuable friends now lies in death, assaulted by hands red with

treason, a victim of the malign and cruel spirit which has so long afflicted them. They will understand, and the world will understand, that slavery is at the bottom of the causes which have murdered our President. And, my hearers, when the sad news shall cross the water, and fly over the nations of Europe, all the lovers of liberty will stand aghast with surprise. They will join with us in our public sorrows. The excitement and grief occasioned by this fearful tragedy will be world-wide. The memory of the scene will last as long as time endures. Alas! alas! for my country, when her Presidents, her men in high office, her patriots, her good and great men, must fall before the dagger of the traitorous assassin! Let the power of God expurgate such a soil, if need be, with the dire bolts of his providential vengeance! Let the power of God kill the last relic of treason, and drive the accursed monster from this fair land! Shame, eternal shame on the men who have the least sympathy with this awful wickedness! They are are not fit to inhabit a country they so grossly dishonor.

4. Looking now, in the fourth place, at the nation in its present status, and in reference to the duties which now press upon every loyal heart, I am happy to say to you that, though the President is dead, the nation lives. The blow which, in being aimed at him, was meant for the nation, will miss its mark. We have heard in these latter days of happy feeling not a few exhortations that we should conciliate the rebels and deal very tenderly with them; that, having conquered them, and spent millions upon millions of money and thousands upon thousands of lives for this purpose, we should now treat the conflict as a mere collision of ideas, and be careful not to punish the leaders, even Jefferson Davis himself, should they fall into our power. My conciliation embraces the following pro-

gramme:—First, I would give this rebellion war to the knife, and nothing but war, till the last vestige of it is dead. This I believe the short and only safe road to final peace. I would then, secondly, extend a generous and liberal amnesty to the masses of the people, upon the condition that they re-organize their State governments upon the basis of absolute loyalty, discarding traitors and abandoning slavery, holding them in the meantime subject to a military government till they resume their proper relation to the Union upon these terms. I would then, thirdly, divide the responsible leaders and prime authors of the rebellion into three classes, according to the grade of their guilt. The first of which and the smallest—of which Jefferson Davis is a conspicuous example—I would hang by the neck till they are dead! The second class of which, and a larger class, I would expel from the country, and send them forth as fugitives over the face of the earth. The third of which, and a still larger class, I would dispossess of all political power, denying to them the right to vote, and making them ineligible to any office of profit or trust under the government of the United States. I would visit these penalties upon these men for the enormous crimes which they have committed. Justice requires it. The future safety of the nation demands it. Away with that mawkish sympathy that ignores justice and ruins government. It is alike stupid and cruel. Such, in brief, is my conception of the great and pressing duties which belong to the hour, and in the faithful discharge of which we may confidently hope to save our country. I repeat, our President is dead; we can no longer be availed of his counsels; he has done his last acts and said his last words; and now what we have to do, while mourning the sad loss, is to take good care of that country and those institutions to which he gave his rare powers. May the mantle

of his wisdom fall upon his official successor. Andrew Johnson is as yet an untried man in this sphere, yet I have strong hopes that the nation will not be disappointed in either his capacity or integrity. I accept him as the President of these United States. I intend to honor and obey him as the minister of God, and do what I can to support the government of my country as administered by him. Let us, my friends, lay aside all partizan animosities, and unite together as one people in again bringing peace and prosperity to this land. This, I am persuaded, would be the advice of our President dead could he speak to us from that world whither his spirit had gone.

5. Lifting our thoughts finally above all the scenes of earth, and contemplating God as sitting upon the throne of eternal providence, permitting and ordering all things after the counsel of his own will, I advise you, while discharging the duties of the present, to trust his providence for the future. His providence gave us our President, and preserved him to us in the days of our greatest darkness. He was the pupil and the creature of providence. He sat at the feet of providence, and sought to walk in its ways. This providence has permitted what seems to us an untimely fall. I cannot explain it—I shall not try. Yet I am comforted with the thought that God has made no mistake. Under his providence all men are immortal till their work is done; and then they go the way of all the earth by an arrangement which in heaven is no error, however painful it may be to man. Our late President had finished his allotted task, and well and truly has he done so. If we, his survivors, trust providence and do our duty, God will complete this work and preserve us by other hands than those we had anticipated. Hitherto he has made our cause his care, imposing upon us a severe discipline for our good, postponing our final triumph till

the ends of his providence should be realized; and now he has permitted this great apparent calamity for some wise reason, perhaps now perfectly simple to the enlarged intelligence of our President in heaven. On earth we may never see this reason; yet the Lord knows, and this should suffice for us. Let us bow in faith and weep in hope. God's government is not dead. God's providence is not dead. These will prevail when empires perish. No fiendish hand can strike the supremacy of God's throne. No assassin's shot or traitor's dagger can suspend his control in human affairs.

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.”

Such, my friends, are the remarks which I have thought fitting to the occasion. I have prepared them amid the haste and excitement of this soul-stirring hour. I have had no time to revise them, or recast my words. I have spoken to you just as I feel. And now I ask you, one and all, to be solemnly reminded of the fact that you are mortal, that your days are uncertain, that soon you must resign all the trusts of earth, and appear before the Judge of quick and dead. I point you to the Bible for your light, and for your salvation to Him whose atoning blood cleanseth from all sin. I hope—from what I have heard I am led to believe—that Abraham Lincoln was a Christian, a man of prayer; and hence that his sudden and appalling death has been to him sudden glory. We leave the fallen with God. We beseech the God of grace to

make this providence a blessing to our hearts. We commend our suffering country to his care and keeping. We here pledge ourselves to each other, and call upon high heaven to witness the covenant, that to the cause for which Abraham Lincoln lived, and in which he died, we will be true to our last breath; we will never desert the Stars and the Stripes; we will never lay down the sword till the supremacy of this government is vindicated; we will never pause till the daring criminals who have brought this evil upon the land are themselves brought to merited justice. God helping us, we will crush treason and suitably punish traitors, cost what it may. Just now we are in no mood to be trifled with by that senseless philanthropism, that shallow and almost soulless sentimentality, that has no foundation in the moral nature of man, and none in the moral government of God. We are not dealing with wasps—perfectly harmless if we let them alone—but with traitors, with the enemies of public order, with men who have virtually raised the black flag over our defenceless and helpless soldiers captured in war, a fit representative of whom has just murdered our President. Such are the men who are at the head of this rebellion and with whom we have to do, and our duty in the premises is as clear as light. May the God of heaven prepare us for the work and crown it with his blessing.

SERMON XVII.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

“And the victory that day was turned into mourning, unto all the people.”—2 SAMUEL xix. 2.

YOU do not expect a sermon to-day. I have no sermon to give you. The air is laden with sorrow, and our hearts are plunged together in one common grief. The mind refuses to think of anything but the great public calamity. Our dear, good President is dead! We are all mourners to-day. It is not for me to comfort you; we can only weep together in our overwhelming family bereavement.

We have looked forward to this day as the Resurrection Sunday of our Lord. We had adjusted our minds to the contemplation of the event, which broke the seals of the dark world, and opened up life and immortality to the sons of men. But the smile has fled from our faces to-day. We weep as at a burial, though we stand by the empty grave of our Saviour. There is no jubilant music from the organ to-day. There is no glad song of victory on our tongues to-day. No bright flowers of gladness decorate our church to-day, but, instead, we sob forth our funereal dirges. We cover our faces and drop our bitterest tears. We hang these walls with the deep drapery of woe. We droop our

beautiful flag over the pulpit, and gaze on its craped folds till our eyes cannot see it for the tears that blind them. Why does the sun shine to-day? It seems to mock us with its brightness. We could have wished that the heavens had been hung in black, and the clouds had wept their sympathy. We have no heart for sunshine. We are prostrate in our profoundest grief.

We did not know how much we loved him. We have talked of his geniality, his tender-heartedness, his patient endurance, his broad common sense; but we thought of these qualities with the quiet appreciation which attends familiarity. We only learn his great worth when he is taken from us. We feel now how good a man he was, how great, how noble.

Four years ago the people called him to preside over a country drifting toward a whirlpool. It was a time when the largest experience, the clearest statesmanship, and the most intelligent tact were scarcely adequate to meet the appalling demands of the crisis. He went to Washington, taking with him neither polish, nor statecraft, nor the learning of the schools; but he carried there a lofty patriotism, a sterling honesty, and a full American manhood. The work before him was not one of courtly genuflexion in the reception room. The time for fresh thoughts and manly vigor had come. He was God's gift for the crisis. We did not all think so then. The surge of popular excitement sometimes swept far beyond the cool stand-point of the President. When rebellion seemed to be strengthening itself in every point, and even asserting superior prowess on the battle-field, there were not wanting those who clamored for this policy and that, and poured the vials of their hasty anger on the head of the patient President. But no menace of friend or foe could drive him into a policy, when the essential elements of a

policy that would endure had not yet germinated. He stood amid the conflict of passion and opinion, as one who felt that the issues of the problem were with him. And with this temper he has filled the years of his administration. He had learnt that "he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." How well he has performed his task, a mourning nation is now ready to acknowledge.

There was not a nerve in his body that did not thrill with love for the Union. He lived only for the Union. If a commander was appointed or deposed, it was that the Union might the better be defended. If a change was made in the cabinet, it was in subserviency to the interests of the Union. If the just demands of the government on foreign powers were held in abeyance, the integrity of the Union was the all-controlling motive. In the early stages of the rebellion he announced that, with slavery or without slavery, the Union must be saved. To this sole end he gave his wearisome days and sleepless nights. For this consummation he issued his proclamations, or withheld his signature from the laws of Congress. While it was possible to preserve the unity of the nation without invading the institutions of the States, he forbore to interfere with domestic laws. When it was evident that the salvation of the Union demanded the extirpation of human bondage, he did not hesitate to write the immortal paper that gave freedom to four millions of enslaved humanity.

If the people were slow to give him all their confidence, they learnt at last to look to him as their worthily-trusted chief. It is seen now that he was the appointed instrument of God, more than even the choice of the people. When this conviction fastened itself on the popular mind, it was not difficult to determine that, in the midst of an

unsettled struggle, we should have no change of rulers. There were those who deemed him yet to be below the level of the crisis. But the popular will swept them away like chaff. We said that the man who had conducted us through four years of fearful war, and made himself the target for traitorous hatred, should carry us through to its completion. We elected him for a second term. Not even an opponent possessed of extraordinary personal accomplishments could divert the instinct of the popular heart. All classes accepted the decision of the ballot. We gave ourselves up to no vehement rejoicings, but we cherished a calm satisfaction in the result. We felt that the country was more safe in the hands of its now tried leader, than it could be under any new administration. We looked hopefully for the end.

Nor did we wait long. The expression of the popular will gave nerve to the government, the army, and the people. Faction was silenced, and loyalty became more clearly defined. Rebel sympathizers slunk out of sight, and military combinations closed more effectively on the focal points of the insurrection. With crushing weight fell the final blows. City after city was taken; fort after fort captured; army after army beaten; till the whole loyal land shouted for victory, and gave thanks to God that our beloved country was saved. How gaily our flags leaped up to the mast-head! How joyfully our guns thundered out the rejoicings of the people! How sympathetically our hearts fluttered with the restored banner of Sumter! The heavens were growing brighter every hour. Charleston, the cradle of the rebellion, was a desolate ruin. Richmond, that became its coffin, was a captured city. The insurgent government were fleeing before our arms. The rebel chief had become a fugitive from the justice that pursued him. The bastard rag that had

flaunted its insolent folds in the sight of Washington, hid itself from the face of the national banner. The rebel hosts that had defended the strongholds of treason for four years, were conquered and shattered. From the subdued capital of the Slave Confederacy, the President sent dispatches to the federal city. O, how glad we have been over the victory! What blessing God has been pouring upon us, till we could scarcely find room to contain it!

And now, behold these emblems of woe! Look at these strong men weeping! The nation that two days ago surged with joy, now heaves with unutterable grief. The flags creep sadly down to half-mast. There is crape on our banner to-day, and crape on our hearts. We are overwhelmed in our great affliction. We are unable to think calmly, or speak without quivering lips. We are in a paralysis of sorrow. It has come to us in a moment. It has smitten us when we were most jubilant. "The victory this day is turned into mourning, unto all the people." Would that it were only a *rebel son* that had been slain. But the head of the nation has been snatched from us. The friend of the people has fallen. We have lost our father. The kind, the good, the loved ABRAHAM LINCOLN lies dead at the capital. Alas! how can we bear a grief like this!

Shall I speak to you of the honored dead? His glorious deeds are known to us all. He needs no eulogy from the pulpit. His sublime life is cherished in the hearts of his countrymen. His death of martyrdom will cover his name with *immortelles*. Shall I tell you that he was *patriotic*? You know that every heart-beat was devotion to the country. He lived for his country. He died for his country. Who else could have done her so much good in the terrible ordeal of civil war? Whose death could have brought her to such bitter tears, as his?

Shall I tell you of his *humanity*? The columns of the press beam with the records of his tenderness and sympathy. How pathetic was that exhibition of his loving heart at City Point. Six thousand sick and wounded soldiers lay in the hospitals. The President was on his way from Richmond to Washington. The pressure of public business could not deprive him of an interview with these brave defenders of the republic. He moved down the long lines of prostrate men—visiting each cot—taking the sick soldier by the hand—laying his fingers on the pale brow—speaking a kind word to this one and that—till he had shed sunshine in every invalid's heart. In the midst of this philanthropic work, an agent of the Christian Commission approached him with a request that he would give them the pleasure of entertaining him in their tent. "No," replied the warm-hearted President, "I have only so many hours to stay at City Point, and all that time must be devoted to the soldiers." Dearer to him were the answering smiles of those wounded soldiers, than all the honors which official dignitaries could bestow upon him. How feelingly will those brave men now cherish the memory of that visit, with its tender hand-pressure, and words of affectionate sympathy!

Shall I tell you of his *religious character*? This, from its very nature, has engaged our attention less than his patriotism and his humanity. And yet, how deeply are we concerned in it this morning. We long, as Christians, to follow him beyond the river into whose waters he so suddenly entered. For him there was no death-bed preparation. The blessing of a sick chamber, granted to many a soul for reflection and faith, was not vouchsafed to him. Can we look with a cheerful gaze through the death mist that closed so suddenly around him?

I venture to express my conviction that Abraham Lin-

coln was one of the Lord's people. It is impossible to penetrate the inner life of a man in his position, as we can that of a private and familiar citizen. But there are at our command a few important elements, strengthening a conviction that he had "passed from death unto life." Our lamented President is known to have been a *man of prayer*. It may not be that when, in 1861, he uttered his last request in Springfield, "pray for me," he grasped the full blessing for which he asked. But never did Christians pray for a ruler more sincerely and more importunately, than for our over-burdened President during the last four years. And if the White House has not heretofore been regarded as holding intercourse with the court of heaven, it is certain that for months past its walls have looked on the bent form of the Chief Magistrate invoking the grace of Almighty God.

A clergyman in New York, having business with the President, sought an interview early in the morning. Being detained in the waiting-room longer than seemed to be indispensable at that time of day, he inquired the reason of the President's non-appearance. He was answered, that this hour was employed by the President in the reading of the Scriptures and prayer, and no interruption would be permitted until these sacred exercises had closed.

When little Willie Lincoln passed from earth, the mind of the bereaved father was deeply affected by thoughts of death. But the vortex of public duties held him from pursuing the serious thoughts to which his mind had been directed. But when he stood on the battle-field of Gettysburg, and beheld the graves of the brave men who had gone down to death for the principles of which he was the exponent, such a sense of the presence of God and of his own unworthiness took possession of his soul, as to overwhelm him. From that day he dated his entrance into a new life.

I am told that, a few months ago, a lady, visiting the Presidential mansion, was invited to a seat in the family carriage. In the course of the ride, the conversation turned on the subject of religion. The President was deeply interested, and begged the visitor to describe, as clearly as possible, what was that peculiar state of mind in which one might know himself to be a Christian. She repeated to him the simple story of the cross; and explained, that when a poor sinner, conscious that he could not save himself, *looked to Jesus*, and saw in his death a *full atonement* for the sinner's sins, and *believed* that Christ's death was accepted *as a substitute* for the sinner's death, he felt himself to have been delivered from Divine wrath, and to be "at peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." The President replied, in a tone of satisfaction, "*That is just the way I feel.*"

Who can read his second Inaugural, and fail to see the evidences of a Christian spirit? What State paper, in all our official literature, ever revealed such sense of Divine justice, and such sublime faith in God? It reads as if the writer had been wandering over the earthly boundary, and drank of the spirit of that better land of which so soon he was to be a resident.

And now I come to meet a question which will disturb every Christian mind. The President was shot in the theatre. We would have had it otherwise. Pulpits will speak of it. The press will comment on it. The people in the streets will talk about it. Let us look at it with a calm judgment.

It cannot be said that the President went to the theatre because he loved to be there. He was not, in the common acceptance of the term, a theatre-goer. It is known that he went with great reluctance. He was in no state of mind to enjoy a scene like that. But the newspapers had

announced that the President and General Grant would be there on that evening. The people thronged the house to do honor to the great men who had saved the country. General Grant, who had no time to waste in amusements, left Washington in the evening train, to superintend the removal of his family to Philadelphia. The President knew that the people would be disappointed, if they saw neither of the faces that they delighted to honor. Weary as he was, he decided to go. He went, not to see a comedy, but *to gratify the people*. If he had a weakness, it was that he might contribute to the joy of the people. For the people he had spent four toilsome years in lofty self-abnegation. For the people he gave up his life on the night of that fatal Friday.

There is another consideration. In all the countries of Christendom, the rulers are expected to visit the theatre as an *act of state*. We may deplore the custom, but it is, nevertheless, universal. It is an observance that stretches back through long generations. There is a supposed necessity for it. It is only there that the Executive can receive the formal acclams of all classes of citizens. There they feel free to give him the tribute of popular plaudits. They cannot so recognize him at church, nor in public receptions, nor in casual appearances abroad. The President's box, like the reception room, is an arrangement of state policy. It is an established point of contact between the chief magistrate and the people. From a religious stand-point, we cannot approve of it. But we must not confound the act of the President, prompted by high considerations of state, with the visit of a private citizen, moved thereunto by the low desire of a mere selfish gratification.

With what profound awe we contemplate this mystery of permissive providence! We close our mouths before

the mandate of the Almighty—"Be still, and know that I am God." We cannot understand it. We can only receive it. God employs his instruments according to his own sovereign purpose. His principle of selection confounds all our philosophy. He creates—he destroys. If Moses was the best man to form a great people for a higher nationality, Joshua was a better one to lead them into the promised land. God chose Abraham Lincoln because no other could do his work so well. What if his work were done, and other hands were needed to perfect what he so successfully begun? We have seen too plainly the goodness and wisdom of God in our national affairs, to doubt that he will sanctify to us this awful calamity. We have learnt to acknowledge God in triumph and in defeat, as never before in our history. And God is bringing us closer to himself in this severest of all his dealings. He gave us the best of Presidents. He has taken away our prop, that we might all the more trustfully lean on him. That he will cause "the wrath of man to praise him," who can question? "He hath not dealt so with any nation" as with ours. In this unparalleled affliction he will not desert us. Let us look for the good hand of our God in this calamitous visitation. The tender heart that has been laid low by violence, may have shrunk from the stern duties of the coming time. He was so free from bitter vindictiveness, so prone to lenient dealing even with his enemies, that even the just infliction of punishment on the worst of traitors, might have been too hard a task for a nature so generous and charitable. The good he has done will embalm his name to the latest generation. Thank God that he ever blessed us with Abraham Lincoln!

And who is this new instrument of God, into whose hands thus suddenly and fearfully has been cast the lead-

ership of the nation? No man would have chosen him for President, but God has thrust him on a prostrate, bewildered people. The scene of the inauguration day filled us with shame, and now affects us with apprehension. But, has God mistaken his instrument, or been foiled in his purpose? Already we hear voices that dispel the dark foreboding. General Burnside, Senator Foster, Representative Odell, speak words in the popular ear that lift up the new President from the shadow that enveloped him. We will rally around the new man whom God has given to us. If we prayed for President Lincoln, let us pray all the more for President Johnson. We know there is a providence in all this, and we cannot doubt that God will interpret it to us in his own good time.

Two qualities loom before us in the character of our new chief. First, he is *patriotic*. In the dark hour when the faithful were few, he loved his country too much to love his section. In the very dawning of the insurrection, he stood firm in his place, and denounced the arch traitors who were plotting their country's ruin. He has been tried in the hottest fires of persecution, and betrays no alloy in the gold of his patriotism. We may trust him as possessing the full measure of devotion which the warmest patriot could demand.

Secondly, he is *radical*. We live in times when child's play is criminal. Andrew Johnson has "understanding of the times." He has measured the atrociousness of rebellion. He has sounded the wickedness of slavery. He will make no compromises with traitors. He will not plane down treason into a mere difference of opinion. He is a bold man to meet a bold evil. President Johnson has no glove on his hand. President Johnson has no velvet in his mouth. Treason, to him, is the worst of crimes, and the traitor will struggle against justice in vain.

See the effect on the people of this dastard blow ! We are melted down into *unity*. Who speaks a word against Lincoln now ? Who stands aloof from the government now ? Who dares sympathize with traitors now ? We have rubbed out our party lines, and fly together as if nothing had divided us. In a common fraternity of suffering, we weep as with one sorrow, and burn as with one indignation. The government may do anything now against treason, and the people will approve the righteous deed.

We have lost all sentiment of *clemency*. Satan overleaped himself when he lifted the deadly weapon. If we indulged mercy to rebels before, now we have none. There is one deep, loud cry for *justice* ! The *animus* of the rebellion has betrayed itself. The bullet that entered our loved President's brain, lodged in the heart of the people. It rankles there. It needed the assassin's foul deed to nerve us to the punishment of traitors. I speak not the name of this heaven-abandoned wretch. I call him THE ASSASSIN. He has lifted us to a new view of this colossal conspiracy. We see the unmitigated turpitude of the huge crime. It is the same spirit that buried our soldiers at Bull Run with faces downward, and made trinkets of their bones—that starved our unhappy prisoners in the pens of Andersonville—that butchered our men in cold blood at Fort Pillow—that devoted the peaceful inhabitants of Lawrence to indiscriminate massacre—that froze our veterans to death on Belle Island—that crowded our officers in the damp dungeons of Richmond, till you could gather the mold from their beards by the handful ! And we call on President Johnson to close his hard, hammer hand, and bring it down with its heaviest blows, till he shall crush in the brazen front of this infernal rebellion, and hurl its foul carcass from the land it has polluted !

This land is not large enough to hold the leaders of the rebellion. The flag they have sought to dishonor should not be allowed to cover them. They have forfeited, a thousand times over, the mercy of the government they assailed. And this last and vilest culmination of their crimes puts them beyond the possibility of pardon. Let us make this soil red-hot to the foot of every traitor. Let the warm breath of our holy indignation sweep from our cities every rebel sympathizer. Let us vow, in God's house to-day, that treason shall be destroyed, trunk and branch, root and rootlet, till not one hand be left to give the sword such a vintage of blood again. Then will our land be a land of peace and freedom. Then will our nation be the joy of the whole earth!

SERMON XVIII.

REV. ALBERT S. HUNT.

“The wisdom of God was in him to do judgment.”—1 KINGS iii. 28.

WE MEET IN TEARS. The darkness and the grief which have made us faint have fallen upon myriads besides “for in every house there is one dead.” Never since the world began has heaven looked down, at any one time, upon so many mourning assemblies as crowd the Christian temples of this land to-day. Why is it so? Is not this the festive day when believers in “Jesus and the resurrection” should adorn their altars with garlands, and sing joyful anthems? And have we not heard too, since we last met, such tidings of victory over an armed foe as almost never before cheered the hearts of a loyal and God-fearing people? All true! but our Easter anthems give place to dirges, and our “victories are turned into mourning unto all the people” to-day, because Abraham Lincoln has been assassinated. What do I say? Strange, sad words! Are we in the midst of a troubled vision? God of our fathers, have mercy upon us!

WE MOURN THE DEATH OF ONE OF THE MOST COMMANDING PERSONAGES OF HISTORY. His life has been a magnificent

success. I will not attempt, by words, to prove this statement. "If you seek his monument, look about you." The Union is saved!

WHERE NOW SHALL WE FIND AN EXPLANATION OF THIS TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS? "The wisdom of God was in him to do judgment." That this text furnishes the only *full* response to our inquiry, will become more apparent if we seek the explanation elsewhere.

Is it to be found in the *essential worth of his character*? It is too early to attempt a finished portraiture, or even a full outline, but a glance at a few features which most attract us will serve the purpose of our argument.

He had a *clear, strong intellect*. This was manifest in the ease with which he grappled with great public questions. If his logical processes were not always conducted in obedience to the rules of the schools, his conclusions would yet silence the most orderly thinkers.

The same clearness was always evident in his easy intercourse with others, when his mind was unbent and at play.

He was also justly distinguished for the *tenderness of his heart*. This was indicated, not only in his care to occasion no needless suffering in the discharge of his executive duties, but also in numberless words and ways which were unofficial. You remember the touching letter he wrote to the mother in Boston, who had lost her sons in the cause of the country. His address at Gettysburg remarkable as it is for the grandeur of its thought, is ever more so for the tenderness he breathed into it. And only a few days ago, when at City Point, on his way from Richmond to Washington, he refused multiplied invitations which promised ease and entertainment, because "he had only time," as he said, "to go through the hospital and

“speak to the sick and wounded boys.” Thus he passed from one cot to another, clasping the hands of such as had them, and pressing the foreheads of the handless, smiling through his tears upon all, and thanking them for their self-sacrificing patriotism.

He was a man, too, of more than ordinary *conscientiousness*. Here we find the explanation of the hesitancy which appears, at times, in his action. A legion of politicians might beset him and urge him to effort, but having heard them all, he would take counsel of his conscience, and perhaps still remain inactive. He would do nothing unless he could see clearly what it was right to do. Here, also, we find the explanation of his undeviating firmness, when once he had become convinced of the rectitude of his measures.

Thus have we touched the salient points of his character. The study has indeed been superficial, but sufficiently thorough to convince all candid inquirers that we must look elsewhere for a full explanation of his success. We have discovered elements of character which exalt him to a place among the truly great, and without which he could never have succeeded, but which must be largely supplemented before we are furnished with a credible solution of his wonderful mastery.

BUT AGAIN. We may be told that although the secret of Abraham Lincoln's success has not yet been discovered, we are not driven to the explanation suggested by the text as the only alternative, since there is another method of detecting the hiding-place of the power of imperial men. We discover that all such personages are perfectly familiar with the elements they have to mould and control, and that they also have a commanding position above their fellow-men, in consequence of greatness which was born

in them—a kind of genius which is beyond the reach of analysis. They know all about the common people, and yet are made greater and nobler than they, by towering gifts.

Shall we find here the explanation we are seeking? It is true that he knew all about the materials he was called to mould and control. Without the social elevation which results from aristocratic associations, born in a humble home and reared with the common people, he thoroughly understood all their wants, failings, foibles, and excellencies. He had, too, a certain native greatness of soul, which gave him a commanding position above the crowd. He was of them, yet not of them. He had a strange power over all who approached him, which did not find its spring in the arts of statesmanship, nor in familiarity with the great models of history. His soul was broad, deep, and lofty. He had a genius for command. All this is true of him, and if it had not been true he would have failed, yet it does not fully solve the marvel of his success. Had he been called to preside over thirty millions of people during a period of peace, such powers would surely have been no more than equal to his duty, but he entered upon his work at the opening of a vast civil war, whose close was coincident with the close of his career. The unknown quantities of the problem he was called to solve were well-nigh infinite in number, and the common processes of elimination were too slow to serve the demands of the work. A power was required which could arrive at results with electric haste, but which would neither flash nor thunder on its way. Or, to use another illustration, his work has often been as delicate as that of the daguerreotypist, whose pictures would quickly fade if he did not gild them, but who applies his gold in the form of a solution. His vast abilities have been em-

ployed, but not according to common methods. Held, as it were, in solution by heavenly wisdom, they have been poured out in blessings on the land.

Elihu declared to Job that "great men are not always wise;" but the great man whose loss we mourn to-day was one of whom we may truly say "The wisdom of God was in him to do judgment."

WHY NOW SHOULD WE HESITATE TO ACCEPT THE STATEMENT OF THE TEXT AS THE TRUE EXPLANATION OF HIS SUCCESS? Was there not a religiousness in his wisdom which cannot be accounted natural? His conscientiousness, of which we have spoken, was perhaps chiefly a natural endowment; but he was more than conscientious. He wished to obey right, not only because it was right, but because he saw the relation of all that is right to the righteousness of God. He obeyed conscience, not simply because he recognized its eminent authority, but because he felt it to be the voice of God in the soul of man. "He did not care to have the Lord on his side, but did most sincerely desire to be always found on the Lord's side." All this, I repeat, was not of nature. "The wisdom of God was in him." Nor need we wonder at this, if we believe that the God of Israel is our God, and that there is power in prayer. It is evident that he was not unwilling to be directed by the Almighty, for when he left his home in Springfield to enter upon his presidential duty, he asked the prayers of his neighbors for his success. Now consider what multitudes have been interceding for him ever since that day! Was there ever a man for whose success so many earnest prayers were offered? If God has not heard these prayers our faith is vain; if he has heard them, it is easy to understand how the "wisdom of God" came to

be in him. The prayers of millions have aided materially to make him what he was.

It is well worthy of our thought, too, that he was not only the gift of God in answer to prayer, but he was two gifts in one. Four years ago, the ears of the Almighty were continually filled with petitions from two classes of suppliants, concerning two great subjects which we now perceive were only one, but which then seemed, to the majority even of the intelligent and good among us, to be distinct. On the one hand, *we* were beseeching God to interpose for us, and preserve the Union of the States; while on the other, there were earnest cries and tears from an oppressed race dwelling within our borders, who had long been pleading for liberty, and were moved as by inspiration to a new trust that the time of their deliverance was drawing near. God heard us all. He heard us, for our cause was the cause of order and of law,—his own cause. He heard the prayers of the enslaved, for it is his wont to have mercy upon such. There was a people of the African race in the olden time, oppressed under Persian rule, who, having heard of Jehovah through the ministry of fugitive Jews, cried unto him, and “he sent them a savior, and a great one,” in the person of Alexander. And now, in answer to the cries of an oppressed people of the same race, he sends another mighty deliverer in the person of Abraham Lincoln; one who was a more efficient savior for them, because he was also a gift of God to us, in answer to our prayers; and who, as the sequel demonstrates, has achieved far greater things for us than he could have done if he had not been the great emancipator. We can never sufficiently adore the Divine goodness, which has not only liberated the enslaved and preserved the Union of the States, but has also made one man the instrument in the accomplishment of

both these stupendous results. He might have given *us* a leader made after the sternest Jacksonian model, and endowed him with ability to save the Union by the force of an iron will, without paying special regard to the question of slavery. Such a man would have been the very gift multitudes thought desirable. Then he might have raised up a deliverer for the enslaved from among themselves, who would have inspired his race for the work of a bloody insurrection. This was the fearful method by which many of us believed their liberty would be secured.

Had God thus dealt with us, how entirely different would have been the present condition of all concerned. True, the Union would have been preserved, and the oppressed would have been delivered from bondage; but how much more perplexing for us would have been the problem of reconstruction, and how much less hopeful would have been the future of the emancipated race. Then, too, we should have been without the ennobling consciousness which now is ours, that our blood has been spilled and our treasure lavished, not only in defence of the Constitution, but also in the solution of a *vast moral question*. This fact, which passes into history, is one of that class of grand facts whose grandeur increases with the growth of the ages. It is like a mountain whose summit is covered with perpetual snow,—glorious always, but most glorious, not when we are standing at its base, but when we behold it towering in the distance.

Abraham Lincoln was God's gift to us all! Nor need we wonder that he served us all so well, when we consider that countless prayers were offered for his success to the Divine Redeciner, who was a full Saviour for the Jews only because he became our Saviour also. The one gift of God to us all—he has made us one. We are all free! Nor should this excite our wonder when we consider that

the wisdom of that Divine Emancipator and Harmonizer was in him, of whom the apostle says, "He is our peace who hath made both one, and broken down the middle wall of partition between us."

BUT HE IS DEAD! It is a signal fact in our history, that Adams and Jefferson, two men who had occupied the presidential chair, were removed by death on the same day, and this day, too, was the fiftieth anniversary of the nation's independence; but the period appointed of God for the removal of our late President was not less remarkable. Two days ago, as we doubt not, the identical old banner of the republic which was first dishonored by armed treason, was raised over the ruins of Fort Sumter—a token to all the world that the nation's life was saved! Its savior's work was done! He was assassinated on the evening of that very day. Probably he was not conscious for an instant after the infliction of the fatal wound, but his spirit lingered with us until after the rays of one rising sun had gilded anew the dear old flag. Then it was a fitting time for him to die, for his fame shall be like the glory of the sun in its rising.

WE CANNOT DISCOVER THE FULL MEANING OF THIS SAD PROVIDENCE, YET IT CLEARLY CONVEYS TO US AN INVALUABLE LESSON CONCERNING THE STABILITY OF POPULAR GOVERNMENT. A new and most severe test having been applied, the structure is proved to be as solid as the granite hills. Once our enemies told us we were not strong enough to contend successfully with a foreign foe. This we disproved fifty years ago. Then, we were told that it would be impossible for us to conquer a domestic enemy. After a protracted period of the fiercest conflict the world ever saw, we have just now entered the capital of the traitors, and

broken their military power. Thus again the ill-omened prophets of both hemispheres have been brought to confusion. There was yet one other declaration of the carping defamers of popular government to be proved false. They have asserted time and again, that a military power sufficiently large to overcome treason, would never submit to the claims of the constitution, but would become a law unto itself, and establish a despotism upon the ruins of civil authority. We did not believe this, but we did not certainly know that it was false until this awful assassination of our Chief Magistrate opened the way for a demonstration which will silence the base calumny now and forever. The greatest captain of the age, and the idol of the nation, fresh from the field of his grandest triumph, stands in the presence of all the people. Has a single tongue lisped a desire to exalt him to a throne and crown him as the first of a new line of monarchs? Not one! The *Constitution* designates another as our chief ruler. It is enough—the people hail him! You remember the first expression of the nation's purpose to defend the flag, after it had been insulted at Charleston. Nor will you forget that solemn day of last November, when, after years of the severest discipline, the people declared anew, with the silent eloquence of the ballot, their undying love for the country. Both these expressions of the popular heart, were truly sublime, but neither impresses me so profoundly as this steady bearing of the nation during the past thirty hours. I am proud of my countrymen!

Perhaps, too, this calamity was needful to prepare the people for the stern work we have yet to do. It would seem that we ought to have learned the real temper of the rebellion before now. It has instigated the most fiendish riot known in human history—has practiced cru-

elties upon our kindred, taken in battle, in comparison with which the deeds of the old Spanish inquisition seem merciful—has conspired, in its hellish hate, to bury us in the ashes of our own dwellings—and still we were talking of a display of clemency and of magnanimity towards a conquered foe. It was needful that the nation should be brought to a better mind ; for Congress, which has the constitutional right to declare the punishment of treason, is but the servant of the people. The heathful laws already upon our statute books, which make death the traitor's reward, seemed harsh to many. Do they seem so now ?

Treason has taken the life of our loved and honored President. It has entered the sick room of our Secretary of State, and inflicted wounds which there is too much reason to fear will prove fatal ; and we must believe that, horrid as all this is, it is only part of a vast and skillfully planned conspiracy to overthrow the entire executive power of the government. Let us go now together and gaze upon the form of our honored dead. Around him are the folds of the flag in whose defence myriads have fallen. Not one of all the host of heroes loved the dear "stars and stripes" with a truer love than that which inspired the breast of our Chief Commander. Treason had not done its worst until it laid him low. The fiendish deed is done ! Shall we turn now and open the arms of brotherly tenderness to monsters of iniquity who would count it all joy to trample his lifeless remains beneath their feet ? They mock us who ask it ! Shall traitors be welcomed to our fellowship ? Shall we longer hug a sentimental theory of clemency ? No ! a thousand times no ! We will not be vindictive, nor revengeful, but, God helping us, we will be just.

Our duty is stern and painful, but we must not shrink

from its performance. Our voices may be feeble, but we will raise them for justice, and do all that in us lies to sustain our newly-inaugurated President in the faithful execution of the laws. At least we will demand that the leaders of this rebellion shall suffer the extreme penalty of the law in death. This is duty. We owe it to ourselves, to coming generations, and to God.

LET US GO NOW TO OUR HOMES, AND TO OUR CLOSETS. Now, if ever, we need to pray. These are "times that try men's souls." Are we true men? Do we love our country? Do we love humanity? Do we love Jesus? This last question was proposed, not long ago, to our departed President. He replied with tears, "When I left my home in Springfield to come to Washington, though I felt my responsibility and asked my neighbors to pray for me, I was not a Christian. When my dear boy, Willie, was taken from me, I still was not a Christian, but when I stood on the field of Gettysburg and looked upon the graves of its heroes, I gave myself to God, and now I can say that I do love Jesus."

Great Emancipator! The whole earth is filled with thy fame, and millions will mourn at thy tomb, yet thou art our brother in the fellowship of Jesus?

In Jesus sleep!

SERMON XIX.

REV. WILLIAM ADAMS, D. D.

Few are the words which are needed to-day. God has spoken, and we are dumb. These funereal emblems—this sombre, melancholy black—these pale faces of anxious, sorrowful men; this leaden weight at our hearts, announce the terrible affliction which has befallen the nation in the sudden and violent death of its honored President.

I had expected to address you this morning, in a joyous strain, on the most joyous event in the history of our world. I had prepared a discourse on the resurrection of our Lord, and the rising of individuals and nations in him to a new life. But the circumstances in which we are assembled are so appalling that all ordinary topics are for the moment entirely superseded. When God speaks out of the whirlwind it would betray profane insensibility not to pause and consider. Never, I will not say in *our* history, but in the history of the world, was there such a conjunction of events as that which, in an instant, has thrown this nation from the heights of joy into profoundest mourning. This is not the first instance in which a public man has been assassinated to a nation's

dismay. William the First, Prince of Orange, the founder of Dutch freedom, was shot, when fifty-two years old, in his own house by a young man, hired for the purpose by a Jesuit priest, with the promise of eternal salvation. The universal lamentation of Holland on that occasion is one of the great pictures of history.

Henry the Fourth, of France, who, with all his faults and vascillations, was the best of all the French kings, in his fifty-seventh year, was stabbed in the streets of Paris when on his way to consummate alliances in favor of the Protestant interest against Spain and Austria. But these incidents furnish no parallel to the abrupt and terrible calamity which we deplore. Forty-eight hours ago we were in the highest exultation. Everything justified national joy. This Easter would have been celebrated as never before, amid spring blossoms and flowers, and doxologies, and anthems, and high throbbing hearts. The air was fanned with jubilant flags as the winter had passed and the time for the singing of birds was nigh. We were looking for the speedy termination of the war and the return of peace, when the plough would skip along the mellow furrow, commerce flap her long-folded wings, and the land would laugh with industry, plenty, and prosperity. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, we are brought down into the deepest affliction. A single night has wrought the greatest of changes. It was "a night long to be remembered." We have not yet rallied from the shock sufficiently to command thought or language. Our children and our children's children will speak of it, and read of it, as one of profound horror. The Chief Magistrate of the nation has fallen by the hand of an assassin. To lend all possible aggravations to the tragic event, an accomplice, simultaneously, with more than brutal, fiendish violence, invaded the chamber of the

Secretary of State, where domestic love was tenderly watching him, disabled and shattered by an accident, and endeavored to butcher him in his bed!

It is, indeed, a time for lamentation and mourning. It is not to be wondered at that strong men among us, as they met each other yesterday, grasped hands in silence and sobbed. So to feel and act was manly. All political partialities, all differences of opinion in regard to modes and measures, are merged, ocean-deep, in the astonishment and grief which this event has produced. We cannot believe that throughout all the loyal States there was a single man or woman who heard of this tragedy without a shudder of horror. Consider the circumstances. Assassination even of a private citizen is frightful. To assault a man when unsuspecting, unarmed, defenceless, whatever motive may have prompted the crime, is cowardly and dastardly. But this was the head of the nation—the lawful, chosen President of the United States. This was a blow aimed at the very heart of the country. It was a blow which was intended to exterminate you and your children. It reminds us of the frenzied passion of Nero, who wished, on one occasion, that all Rome had but one neck, that he might sever it at one stroke.

Consider the personal character of the man thus immolated. He was not a hard, rough-shod, truculent, stern, cruel man or magistrate. He bore no resemblance to Marat, gorged with blood, assassinated by Charlotte Corday. He was the mildest and most inoffensive of men. Called by Providence to solemn and painful duty, he was always inclined to leniency. He was most tender-hearted, as gentle, by nature, as a woman. I do not recall a word of his which was intended to insult, goad, taunt, or exasperate any man; not one act which looked like unnecessary severity, bearing any resemblance to

cruelty. Many acts of kindness and generosity are reported of him; for he was benignant, honest, and thoroughly conscientious. Such were the qualities which met in our President. God is making us to feel, and many are astonished to discover it, how much of real tenderness is implied in that epithet. The Indian tribes in our territories call the President of the United States their "GREAT FATHER." It is a beautiful designation. Twice, during my professional life, have I officiated when death smote the President of the country, and distinctly do I recall, when Harrison and Taylor died, the depth of true and gentle affection which was developed out of that relation between the people and their chosen President. In times of political asperity, of free debate, of earnest discussion, this is forgotten. God intends that we should not forget it always. It is right and proper that we should feel it and express it now. The head is smitten and the whole body shudders. The father of the country is slain, and a whole nation are the mourners. There are many whom the world could easily spare. Some in conspicuous places, of whom to be rid would be a vast relief. There are others who are so related to good and great causes that their fall convulses the civilized world. Such was our President at the hour of his death. There is mourning to-day away on the shores of the Pacific. Something more than a profound sensation will be produced on the other continent. I know of more than one praying circle in the heart of Switzerland and Germany, where intercessions for a long time have been offered for the President of the United States. The event will be felt, for various reasons, throughout all Christendom. One thing is certain. They who plotted his death, and all who in any way sympathize with them may know it—*his* immortality is sure beyond all tarnish or eclipse.

His name will live forevermore. By this very event he is secure of his place in the hearts of his countrymen, enshrined and honored, whatever becomes of the name of every other President since that illustrious man, who was the first and greatest of all. When faithfulness is crowned with martyrdom, there is no waning to renown, and oblivion never can reach his pure and exalted fame.

“Follow now as ye list! The first mourner to-day
Is the nation whose father is taken away.
Wife, children and neighbor may moan at his knell;
He was lover and friend of his country as well.
For the stars on our banner grown suddenly dim,
Let us weep, in our darkness, but weep not for him :
Not for him, who departing leaves millions in tears,
Not for him who has died full of honors and years !
Not for him who ascended Fame's ladder so high ;
From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky !”

The *wantonness* of this atrocious act is another feature of the event. What does it accomplish? What could they who instigated and perpetrated the deed expect to gain by it? It cannot help the rebellion. It is certain to consummate its overthrow. It cannot arrest or embarrass the lawful government of the country. That will stand. The Constitution provides for this very exigency, and when the bursts of tumultuous and vehement emotions which this calamity has occasioned have subsided into gentler reflection, men everywhere will admire the sublime ease and smoothness with which the lawful successor of the murdered President was inaugurated into office, government not intermitted, nor even in the imagination of a single citizen imperilled for a moment. Never did our government stand so firm, so strong, as at this very hour, notwithstanding the tremendous blow by which it has been struck. Millions of people, to-day, amid their

mourning and prayers at the altars of religion, have sworn, in their hearts, before Him who sitteth on the throne, that in dependence on Him this government shall be preserved and upheld forever.

The origin of this deplorable deed is no secret. It was not a sudden burst of passion. It was a cool, deliberate, long-intended plot. It is a part and a most fitting climax of a most atrocious attempt on the life of the country. When it was announced that there was a conspiracy to assassinate Mr. Lincoln as the President elect before his inauguration, it was hooted at by many as a most ludicrous imagination. The event has proved that these fears were not groundless. It shows the intensity of that hate which has been cherished by the leaders of the rebellion, just as the crucifixion of our Lord was no sudden act of frenzy, but the culmination of a long, deep and bitter hatred. Believing that this rebellion was conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity, a distinction should be made between those who instigated it and the multitudes who have been involved in it—some innocently, against their emphatic protests, and others, in vast numbers, through misjudgment and falsities. It was a part of the policy of the original conspirators to fabricate and circulate falsehoods in regard to the intentions of the government, by which multitudes were misled and inflamed. No opportunity was given for the correction of these falsities before the torch was actually applied and the fire was raging. Editors of those newspapers, through which this mischief was propagated, have a tremendous load upon their consciences when arraigned before an enlightened public sentiment, and at the bar of God. It would be a sin against all truth and honor not to make the distinctions and exceptions to which allusion has been made. Multitudes of men and women dragged into this rebellion—

good Christian people—will shudder at this enormous crime, even as we do. But no such kindly judgment will exempt the leaders of this vast and wicked sedition. They knew that this rebellion was without good and adequate cause, and therefore, before God and man, unjustifiable. It had no origin or necessity but passionate will and pride, on the part of men foiled by the solemn march of the census in the purpose of extending and perpetuating slavery. When you have given credit for all the humanity and piety of those who, by the circumstances of their birth and education, were complicated with a system of slavery which they did not originate; after making all the qualifications and exceptions which charity and justice require, the truth will come forth now like the sound of many waters, that slavery is barbarism; that its effects on character must be bad; that those who constantly inhale its mephitic gases must be insensibly poisoned thereby; that cruelty to prisoners to the point of starvation, the attempt to burn cities, and throw from the track by night rail-cars freighted with women and children, are a legitimate part of its progeny; and if anything was wanting to complete the measure of detestation which belongs to this great crime of rebellion against a government which never was otherwise than lenient and benignant, it was just this wanton, unprovoked, and horrible assassination of the President. It would seem that all Christian nations must turn now with ineffable loathing and disgust from a rebellion which, inspired and fostered in the interest of slavery, could prompt to such an enormity of crime.

Palsied be my tongue before it utters one syllable in the spirit of revenge. We are the disciples of that Saviour, who, upon the cross, prayed for his own enemies. While I have not a word to utter in the way of exciting vindictiveness, but many in the way of interdicting and

denouncing it, much have we all to learn in regard to the tremendous necessities of justice and the solemnities of constitutional law. There has been growing up, for the last twenty years, throughout this country, the offspring of a certain kind of humanitarianism, called religion, supplanting the old sturdy theology of the Bible,—loose notions concerning the processes of justice, in the form of opposition to capital punishment. At this hour, in one of the jails of Massachusetts, is a man who, some two years ago, murdered a defenceless clerk in a bank at Malden,—as unprovoked and horrible an instance of crime as ever was perpetrated. He was arraigned, tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. But that sentence has never been executed. Certain men, known as philanthropists, of a notorious class, have declared against the cruelty and barbarism of capital punishment. The Governor of Massachusetts—all honor to his vigor and promptness in upholding the arm of the national magistracy throughout the war—not concealing his personal and theological notions in regard to the extreme penalty of the law, has persistently refused to sign the warrant for execution, and so the culprit is likely to escape the gallows. There is too much of this mawkish sentimentalism abroad; this milky, rose-water religion, which, beginning with a denial of future punishment, and arguing for universal salvation against the explicit assertion of the Scriptures, which declare that God will turn the wicked into hell, if they repent not, would dispense with all the severities of justice, and resolve all government, human and Divine, into an aromatic essence.

One such act as that which now convulses the country was perhaps needful to correct all these meretricious notions. There is a tender mercy which is cruelty. If any one has ever staggered and been confounded as to the meaning of

the imprecatory psalms, he has the interpretation now in his own bosom. He hits the truth by an intuition. With not a particle of vindictiveness, not one thought or feeling foreign to the spirit of Christ, who does not wish that the perpetrators of this crime may be brought to condign punishment? What David, a man after God's own heart, felt and wrote in regard to Doeg and Ahithophel, we feel, and ought to feel, in regard to all who aim their blows against the life of society. What would become of us, if we are to tolerate crime, and be lenient towards atrocious offenders? If passion is to usurp supremacy, and men are to murder governments and murder citizens at their will, and be unmolested and unpunished, the sooner we find an asylum for ourselves beyond the reach of such barbaric philanthropy, the better for ourselves. The eyes of the world are upon us now to see whether by liberty we mean license and lawlessness,—whether democracy is synonymous with a mob. Let us so conduct ourselves as to create the impression that no people revere laws—I mean *laws* distinctively so called, with penalties and armed magistracy to execute them—more cordially than the citizens of these United States, thus proving ourselves the friends of humanity and true liberty.

In regard to the honored person himself who has fallen, he has completed his task. Who has made more out of life than he? Till thirty years of age he was addicted to manual labor. A model of republican simplicity, he was raised, by the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, to the highest office in the land. He asked the prayers of the country when entering upon that office. He shrank from extreme measures at the beginning, but when duty demanded he announced, in his first proclamation, his purpose, in the name of the American nation, to raise the country's flag where it belonged on all the forts which had

been wrested by fraud and violence from the national control. He lived to see that purpose accomplished. On Friday last the symbol of our nationality was raised over the fortress which was first assaulted by rebellion. On the same day—his work complete—he fell, and at this hour that ensign hangs at half-mast all over the land, in token of universal mourning. Illustrious citizen, long will it be ere thy name and thy death will be mentioned without tears.

What are the intentions of Divine Providence in the permission of such an event it would be presumption in any man to affirm. Frequently have we been reminded of the case with which the Almighty makes the wrath of man to praise him, and we are confident that this sad occurrence will be overruled for the unifying of the whole country, and in many ways, which we will not predict, for promoting our ultimate advantage. Mr. Lincoln seems to have been impressed with the conviction that he was a child and servant of Providence, whose direction he appears to have implored. I have just received, from a friend, the following copy of a letter written by the President to a person who had been greatly moved to guide his mind into the channels of religious faith :

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
Washington, Sept. 4th, 1864. }

ELIZA P. GURNEY:

My esteemed Friend—I have not forgotten, probably never shall forget, the very impressive occasion when yourself and friends visited me on a Sabbath forenoon, two years ago; nor has your kind letter, written nearly a year later, ever been forgotten.

In all it has been your purpose to strengthen my reliance upon God. I am much indebted to the Christian people of the country for their Christian prayers and consolations; and to no one of them more than to yourself. The purposes of the Almighty are perfect, and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to perceive them in advance.

We hoped for a happy termination of this terrible war long before this, but God knows best, and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge his wisdom and our own errors therein. Meanwhile, we must work earnestly in the best light he gives, trusting that so working still induces to the great end he ordains. Surely he intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion, which no mortal could make and no mortal could stay.

Your people, the Friends, have had, and are having, very great trials in principles and faith; opposed to both war and oppression, they can only practically oppose oppression by war. In this hard dilemma some have chosen one horn and some the other. For those appealing to me, on conscientious grounds, I have done, and shall do, the best I could and can in my own conscience and my oath to the law. That you believe this I doubt not, and, believing it, I shall still receive for our country and myself your earnest prayers to our Father in heaven.

(Signed)

Your sincere friend,

A. LINCOLN.

Most appropriate are these words to the event of his own death. We find the consolation we need in the belief of an over-ruling Providence, who directs all things, great and small, with reference to his own ultimate purposes:—

Peace—be still!

In this night of sorrow bow,
O! my heart contend not thou,
What befalls thee is God's will:
Peace—be still!

Peace—be still!

All thy mourning words are vain—
God will make the riddle plain—
Wait his word and hear his will:
Peace—be still!

Hold thee still!

Though the Father scourge thee sore,
Cling thee to him all the more,
Let him mercy's work fulfill:
Hold thee still!

Hold thee still !
Though the Good Physician's knife
Seem to touch thy very life ;
Death alone he means to kill :
Hold thee still !

Lord, my God,
Give me grace, that I may be
Thy true child, and silently
Own thy sceptre and thy rod,
Lord, my God !

Shepherd mine,
From thy fulness give me still
Faith to do and bear thy will,
Till the morning light shall shine,
Shepherd mine.

This is the substance of our counsel to-day. Be still, and know that this is God ! When opportunity for reflection shall come, I may address you with more specific instruction. Amid the tumultuous emotions of this morning my compendious advice is, be calm, be prayerful, be firm in your faith in God. Pray for your country, and pray especially for him who is thus suddenly called to be the President of the Republic. Let us bury the dead with all honor and grief, and turn to the living with sympathy, with confidence, and with hope. Presidents die, the country lives. Agents disappear, but the kingdom of God advances.

How worthless, how transient is every thing here on earth, save as it is related to that kingdom of our Lord which never shall be moved. Death, how mysterious ! To-day, a man so great, so powerful in command of armies and navies—to-morrow, nothing but ashes ! He that would be immortal, in the true sense, must identify himself with that kingdom of Christ which gives to time all its importance, and to eternity all its glory.

S E R M O N X X .

REV. HENRY J. FOX.

“Death is come up into our windows and entered into our palaces.”—
JEREMIAH ix. 21.

“Is he slain according to the slaughter of them that were slain by him?”
—ISAIAH xxvii. 7.

“If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.”—PROV-
ERBS xxiv. 10.

“Vengeance belongeth unto me; I will recompense, saith the Lord.”—
HEBREWS x. 30.

THE great and slowly revolving wheel of history, has again dipped itself in blood. Never, in the annals of nations was a people plunged into greater affliction, than have been the people of this great country since the morning of Saturday last.

The spectacle which this nation presents to-day is one of the most imposing and solemn that ever men or gods have looked down upon. If the spirits of the departed can stoop from their lofty abode and behold the dwellers upon earth—if they are permitted to become cognizant of what is transpiring among men, then does the spirit of Abraham Lincoln realize, to-day as never ruler of men has realized before, how deep—how wide-spread—can be the affection

and grief of a people for a man exalted by the providence of God, to stretch out over them a governing and protecting hand.

A little over four years ago Abraham Lincoln left his western home. As he left it, he said to his friends and neighbors, "My friends, no one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than one-quarter of a century. Here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again." These words in their very sadness seem to me to have been a prophecy.

You will remember, that in that brief, touching, parting address, he also spoke of the duty he would be called to perform, as "one greater than any that had fallen to the lot of any man, since the days of Washington"—of Washington as only succeeding because aided by Divine Providence; and, said he, "on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance, and I hope you my friends will pray that I may receive that Divine assistance without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain."

It has been said by one of our public journalists, that our city is like "a vast burial ground whose monuments are hung with the symbols of woe," and as it is with this city, so it is with every city and village and hamlet in the land. "It is as if a pall overhung the land, and in the shadow of it dwelt a chilled and awe-struck people." We may, indeed, say with the prophet, "death is come up into our windows and entered into our palaces." Never, in the history of the world was there, I apprehend, so spontaneous and so general an exhibition of the signs of mourning. And it is not the mansions of the rich merely that put on sad drapery, the poor out of their scanty means have vied with their wealthier neighbors in displaying the emblems of

grief. Whilst the millionaire has spent his hundreds on funereal upholstery, the poor mother, made a widow by the war, has spent her last dollar in humble insignia of woe; and even the maimed drummer-boy with but a few cents in his pocket has denied himself their use, that his armless sleeve might have its narrow band of crape.

It is solemn and appalling to be in the presence of death in any form. We are affected and moved by it. But when it smites down, as in this case it has, one around whom all the affections of a great people were closely and indissolubly entwining themselves, then new and profounder elements enter into and are mixed with the cup of our sorrow.

As a nation we have been called to follow other Presidents to an untimely grave. Harrison and Taylor both died during their term of office. But in these instances death was ushered, if not invited, in, by disease and overwork.

Abraham Lincoln fell after a long and dreadful storm, just as the rainbow was spanning the clearing sky, just as he was about to open, in the name of the nation, the bright gates of the temple of peace, just when passion was quenching her fires, and the spear and the bow were being broken asunder,—just then was he struck down by the hand of the assassin. For the first time in the history of our hitherto happy land, so far as the government is concerned, the hand of the assassin has been stretched out to the completion of a most bloody work. Hamilton, it is true; fell in a duel, and there have been others high in authority who have engaged in bloody personal frays, but never before have we had a chief magistrate or any government official foully and basely murdered.

With regard to the *assassin*, there is no ingenuity by which he can escape his doom. He may be hidden for a while; he may wander like a wild beast through the tan-

gled briars of impassible swamps, but go where he may, the wide world will be to him a vast prison-house. Untamed brutes, hungry though they may be for blood, will slink away abashed at his approach. Men will hunt him as they would a tiger that had robbed them of their sons. He will be branded by rulers and people everywhere as a second Cain, and as the enemy of his race. Even the cannibal king of Dahomey would surrender him to the merited vengeance which he has invoked. If he could even evade, for a time, the avenging hands of his fellow-men, he cannot escape from himself.

If ever remorse scourged, as with scorpion thongs, any soul of man, surely his soul will receive its severest scathings. Even Nero, we are told, started at the unearthly trumpet which sounded nightly over the grave of his murdered mother. Even Charles IX. saw bloody streaks in the sky, and heard strange noises in the leads of the Louvre; will not he, then, on whose hands the stain of Lincoln's blood is not yet washed away, hear unearthly sounds and see unearthly sights? Yes; and he will utter at midnight, in the wild, weird darkness of the desolate spot in which he shall attempt to hide himself, and in which insulted and outraged nature may allow him to linger for an hour, the soliloquy now far more appropriately his own, than it ever was that of the king whom he perhaps so often professionally personified.

“ My conscience hath a thousand, several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale *condemns* me for a villain.

“ Perjury ! Perjury ! in the highest degree,
Murder ! Stern murder ! in the direst degree,
And several sins all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar crying all, Guilty ! Guilty
I shall despair, there is no creature loves me,
And if I die no soul will pity me.”

If I could have the ears of those who instigated, or who, if they did not instigate this cruel murder, participated in its criminality by rejoicing over it, I would remind them that all political assassinations have resulted in the defeat and overthrow of the parties and principles for the furtherance of which the guilt of their consummation was assumed. I would tell them that it was most *unwisely* done; that it was a blunder as well as a crime. Up to last Friday evening, there was a breakwater between the long-accumulating wrath of the North and the leaders of rebellion at the South. But those few grains of powder with which the murderer's pistol was charged have done more in a single moment than a hundred mines, although they had been as deep and wide as that of Petersburg, could have done to break down and to destroy the only barrier between them and the vengeance of an incensed and outraged people.

They have struck down the hand that was lifted oftener and more lovingly than that of any other man, to shield, protect and befriend them. They have stiffened in death the fingers that were impatiently waiting to write such an amnesty as was never granted to rebels before. They have silenced the voice which would have proclaimed their pardon in stronger, sweeter strains than ever fell under like provocations from human lips.

This assassination is but the full ripe fruit of that cruel and hellish spirit of slavery, which years ago would have assassinated Sumner in the Senate, and which imprisoned and tortured, wherever it has had the power, all who have dared to sympathize with the slave.

The event, in its sadness, appals us. We are stunned. We are as men bewildered, and in part bereft of reason. That we can talk to you at all is a miracle; if we talk in a way that may need revision, the circumstances are our ample excuse.

I cannot divest myself of the conviction that this was a *premeditated event*. The facts, as they develop themselves, will show, I think, that it was the culmination of a deep, a wide-spread, a long-maturing conspiracy, which contemplated not the death of Lincoln alone, but of Seward, of Johnson, Stanton, Grant and others.

That the wicked leaders of this rebellion are capable of such a crime against the nation and against God, as such a conspiracy involves, it seems to me needs no proof. The men who could deliberately fire upon the nation's flag as it floated over Sumter, when they knew that that first shot would involve the death of countless thousands; who could, with wicked and deliberate intent, starve the thousands of prisoners, who, by the misfortunes of war, were so unhappy as to fall into their hands; who were capable of plotting the destruction of this city, with its helpless women and children, by a sudden midnight conflagration, and who have been overtaken and detected in other infamies, were capable of planning and taking the necessary means to execute this crime, than which history does not present another so truly appalling.

My thoughts revert, as I am sure yours must, to the week immediately preceding the first inauguration of Mr. Lincoln. We heard of a plot for destroying him as he passed through a Southern city. We were too much blinded then to believe it, now we know it to have been true. Through the acumen and vigilance of the heads of the police department of our own city that conspiracy was discovered, and the conspirators baffled. At last, however, their secret machinations have succeeded, and lo! a nation prostrate in sorrow before its God.

It is not for us to say why the Almighty has permitted so great a calamity to befall us. I confess, that in this, his ways are not only inscrutable, but unless we specially

guard ourselves, they may be the occasion of infidel and despairing doubts.

Future events in the history of the nation, as they shall slowly or rapidly develope themselves, will doubtless show us that after all it was best for the great body of the people. Until then we must say,

“God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.”

I think it may be said, our enemies being the judges, that this blow was without the shadow of an excuse. There have been men in power, men at the head of our armies, on whom, justly or unjustly, the stigma of cruelty has fallen; but who ever in the hour of the wildest excitement ventured to hint that Lincoln was cruel? Never was there a more tender-hearted man. If a sentry was detected sleeping at his post he was never arrested until a pardon interposed between him and a disgraceful death. I venture to say that Abraham Lincoln has pardoned more men deserving death, than any man ever entrusted with executive power. To talk of him as being a tyrant is grovelling folly. Wherever he has erred it has been on the side of mercy. His leniency has ever exposed him to abuse, and, if I mistake not, a strong party was growing up in our very midst, based upon the theory that our Chief Magistrate dealt with offenders with too gentle a hand. And there are those, who listen to me to-day, who think that Providence has permitted this calamity to befall us that a sterner hand might rule in our national affairs.

The second passage I have quoted from the word of God, as applicable to this sad occasion, is from Isaiah. The prophet asks concerning the Son of God, or of some of the ancient kings, what we may ask as we look upon the fallen form of him, who was, but as yesterday, the

pride and hope of the nation: "Is he slain according to the slaughter of those that were slain by him." We answer no! Those who have been slain because he would not consent to let the nation die, have been slain in honorable warfare, upon an open and fair field, with an opportunity to protect and defend themselves, or, by a timely withdrawal from the wicked strife, escape the impending blow. But he was smitten when disarmed; struck down when and where he could not shield himself, in the night, from behind his back, in the presence of a shrieking, fainting wife. He met death not struggling with a noble, manly foe; it was the misfortune of his terror-stricken friends to see him slaughtered by a cowardly, and, for ought I know, hired assassin.

Mr. Lincoln will be spoken of to-day and for generations to come, on every anniversary of this day, as a great and noble man. I say *a great man*. At first, and for some time, the small wits of Europe, and their despicable imitators here, dared to speak and write of him as an illiterate and boorish man, of but small parts. All that has been changed. The most appreciative, not to say laudatory, things that I have ever read respecting Mr. Lincoln have been from British pens. British journalists now confess that his state papers (more remarkably his own than were those of any chief magistrate that ever preceded him) are marvels of strength and logical power.

Mr. Lincoln was the incarnation of solid common sense. He was slow, it may be, to decide on great matters, but when he did decide, he decided wisely, he decided for himself, and he decided for ever, and it may be said of him, as it cannot be said of many, he never failed the country in an emergency. Never was there ever *a more modest man*. His modesty was the modesty of genius. He rarely ever thought of his own personal interests, and

therefore scarcely ever spoke of himself. It was his country and the people that were in all his thoughts; if their interests were promoted, his own were either secondary or ignored altogether. We naturally, in an hour like this, think of the great men that went before; we think of Washington, and we remember that he was pure, so pure that we call our children by his name, so in ages to come, our children will be glad to remember that on Lincoln's escutcheon no cloud of impurity has ever cast a dimming shade. We remember Jackson, and proudly say that he was firm; so of Lincoln, it may be said, that with greater gentleness he was never moved in the great grand outlines of his policy the breadth of a hair. We remember Jefferson and Hamilton, and talk of their astuteness, but it shall be said of Lincoln that he was more astute than they, because *he made Providence his guide*.

Standing, as I do, in the house of God, and as a minister of God, it is particularly fitting that I say a word or two with regard to his moral and religious character. Much has been said by some, whom I will not trust myself to characterize, of his having been in a theatre that fatal night. I frankly confess that I would rather the hand of the assassin had smitten him on the steps of the Capitol, or while he had been seated in the executive chair. I do not, however, consider the unfortunate fact of his being in a theatre as having in it much moral or religious significance; certainly not as much as some would suppose it has. His visit was for political rather than for personal reasons. He was the President of all the people; he had to gratify, especially in a time of great public anxiety, the demand of his constituency to see and honor him. He only did what Washington and the other Presidents before him had done. There has been but one of our Presidents who did not frequent places of public amusement,

and even the enemies of our departed Chief Magistrate will not injure his memory by assuming that in real morality and in an honest respect for the things of God, he could suffer by comparison with him. It is to the credit of Mr. Lincoln that he was for years a most successful advocate of the temperance reform. I have been informed, by a bishop of our own Church, that one of our most distinguished ministers and scholars, one whom the whole Church now delights to honor, was once a school-teacher at the West, and that when in this position the use of intoxicating liquors was becoming a snare to him and threatening him with ruin. Just at this juncture an application was made by a distinguished gentleman, for the use of his school-house that a temperance meeting might be held in it. It was granted. The time for the meeting came. The first address was delivered by a man of some reputation as a speaker. It was made with great dignity, but it was powerless, and accomplished nothing. Then there arose an awkward young man, who talked on in a plain, straight-forward manner, interspersing his remarks with numerous stories and apt illustrations. When this young man had got the audience to the highest pitch of excitement, he drew out of his pocket a pledge and a pen with which to sign it. The young schoolmaster was the first to do it, and thus threw around himself a bulwark of protection. I need hardly tell you that this temperance lecturer was Abraham Lincoln. He was the enemy not only of intemperance, but of vice in every form. Never, to my knowledge, has pen or tongue dared to charge him with the slightest immorality. He was *virtuous*; that much, at least, we think all must allow. With regard to religion, I do not dare to say that our deceased President has been known for any length of time as a *pious* man. It can be said of him, however, that he never outraged

the religious convictions of Christian people, as did Jefferson and others of his school. There has always been a marked and a growing recognition of God and of Divine Providence in his speeches, letters, and state papers. I believe, from evidence which I cannot doubt, that he had been for some time prior to his death a lover of prayer; that since the consecration of the cemetery, in which are to slumber the bones of the heroes who fell at Gettysburg, there is reason for believing that he knew the comforts of a personal trust in Christ. His religion was not of the demonstrative, certainly not of the puritanical type; nevertheless, I think it was healthy and exhibited the signs of a gradual growth.

I think he was not unprepared for this event, as its suddenness would seem to suggest might have been the case. With great men, presentiments of death are so common, that they would seem to follow a natural law. Mr. Lincoln was not an exception to the general rule. We have all heard of the poem which he repeated line by line, to Mr. Carpenter. How striking the last stanza:—

“ ’Tis the wink of an eye, ’tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health, to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon, to the bier and the shroud—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?”

Whether there was any significance in his affection for these lines, or it was only a simple coincidence; whether they reflected his forecastings, or whether they did not; whether he was prepared or unprepared, he is gone, and God will be his judge, and, I doubt not, his “exceeding great reward.”

We are left! Left overwhelmed in grief! The effect of this national calamity should be a more unwavering dependence upon and trust in God. God rules the nations and not men. Presidents and kings are but his vicegerents

on the earth. When he has served his purpose with any great man he suffers him to pass away. He doubtless saw that it was best that Abraham Lincoln should be taken from us ; that he should be taken from us at the time and in the very manner in which he was taken. The great work of national regeneration which God began on this continent by him will not be stayed by his death. It will go on. God will lay his hand upon other men and put his Spirit in their hearts, and all the people shall yet praise him.

The effect which this calamity will have upon the South is a subject concerning which I need not speak to you at length. You understand it without a word from me. That it will insure the punishment of the guilty, and in the end more thoroughly purify the States now in rebellion, I think but few can doubt. We need, however, perhaps, to remind ourselves of what Paul said to the Hebrews: "Vengeance belongeth unto me, and I will recompense, saith the Lord." It is our prerogative to punish; to visit upon the head of every criminal the justly merited penalty denounced against his offence. Not to do this is a weakness and a sin against society and against God. But to take vengeance; to indulge in a spirit of revenge to visit upon the innocent it may be as well as upon the guilty, the consequences of this great wrong doing, is not Christian, it is not politic. This will be the great task of the hour, to hold ourselves in as with bit and bridle lest we seek in our vengeance to sweep the land as with the besom of destruction.

How and by what processes this event will result in the more thorough regeneration of the South, it is the province of the politician to explain; but of the fact I have no doubt. And such being the case, it will greatly mitigate the sum of our misery and lighten the load we shall have to carry for years to come.

Nor need I speak to you, at any length, of *the effect it will have at home*. That you can picture to yourselves. It has already toned up thousands that were of doubtful, wavering loyalty, and it will tone up thousands of others.

The occasion is one that demands vigilance. For aught I know that fearful pistol shot may have been the signal for a fresh onset at the South—for combinations and plots at the North. If not the signal, it may be made the occasion. To prevent it we must be constantly on our guard. If we never stood shoulder to shoulder before, let us do so now. If we have tolerated the utterance of treason and been silent when the enemies of the established government have hissed their seditious hopes and threats in our ears, let us tolerate them no longer, but treat them, be they at home or abroad, as we should treat the enemies of liberty and of all human rights.

This event will not, of course, be without its effects upon the negro. Its first effect, so far as they are personally concerned, will be extraordinary grief. As I met one yesterday—sad in countenance, looking at the emblems of woe that were all around him—I said to myself, what will be the effect upon his mind of the expressions of so general a grief? I thought he would come to the conclusion, from what he saw, that there was not, after all, the barrier between him and others that he supposed there was—that there are times when all human beings, be they black or white, can have feelings in common. I could almost think I heard the poor negro saying: “If the white man, the rich white man—if the white men of every class and degree so loved my best friend, there may be—there will be justice at last for me.”

This, our great bereavement, *will have its effects upon all the nations of the earth*. It will, doubtless, secure for

us, from foreign powers; a sympathy such as we never had before. Even tyrants cannot favor assassination. They must frown upon it. They must sympathize with those who suffer in consequence of it, even though it be from no higher motive than an instinct of self-preservation. If assassins are to be let loose upon the world, they will reason, the foundations of society will be broken up, we are no longer safe, and there will be terror everywhere. The greatest and grandest result, so far as foreign nations are concerned, will be that it will demonstrate that we have power to govern ourselves. In any other land than ours, an event like this would be the signal for revolutions and counter-revolutions; but with us, one President expires and in less than six hours his successor is peacefully inaugurated. The wheels of the government never stand still. There is no embarrassing interregnum; no disputes about succession. We have not to satisfy ourselves with a boy for a ruler. The change is made without the shedding of a single drop of blood, or the intermission of a single duty. Foreign nations will understand, as they never understood before, the nature of the spirit which has moved and controlled this rebellion. The demon is unveiled before the eyes of the whole world, who will see it in a clearer, stronger light than ever—that slavery was, and is, a spirit of cruelty and murder.

This is an occasion that calls for *fortitude*. We must meet it not with stoical indifference, that would be unworthy of us; but with a manly, resolute spirit that shall show to the world that we are equal to occasions of great sorrow, as well as to occasions of exceeding joy. It may be that Solomon only uttered a truism when he said, in the language of the third passage quoted at the beginning of this sermon, "If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small," yet the truism is one by which we

should be admonished to-day as we bow before our God. The nations are looking on. Let them not conclude from what they shall see of us in this fiery hour, that we have no strength, or that our strength is but small. Let them learn that the principles upon which our government is founded are equal to the most terrible emergency, and that when our great men are smitten down we do not become imbecile or despairing, but that we take hold upon Omnipotence and receive our strength from God. Never let a nation, such as we are, with such a history; never let such a people, with such a God, succumb to fear. As Sojourner Truth—the prophetess of her race—exclaimed in an hour of great discouragement and gloom, “God is not dead;” no! he still “rides upon the heavens in our help. God reigns, let the earth rejoice.”

If ever an occasion called for union and firmness, this is that occasion. Do we really estimate, as we ought, all that is at stake? Our lives and property are imperilled. The future of our children is threatened. All our ancient national landmarks may be swept away. Anarchy and universal political and social chaos may be impending. If we make one false step, or even falter in the right way, we may be precipitated into the abyss. Let us, around God’s altar to-day, enter into a covenant that in whatever else we may differ, we will not differ on the question of loyalty to the flag. Let us be true to that, and then—

“When the hour seems dark with doom,
Our sacred banner lifted higher,
Shall flash away the gathering gloom
With unextinguishable fire.”

LET US GO HOME TO PRAY. Let us, in our closets and at our family altars, remember those who have been specially

bereaved. There is a widow and two fatherless sons that demand our sympathy and our intercession before the throne of the heavenly grace. The Washington experience of this now never-to-be-forgotten family has not been one of unalloyed enjoyment. During the President's first term, the angel of death entered the White House and bore away a beautiful and much loved boy, and to-day the bereaved mother and those affectionate brothers are drinking of a cup, the bitterness of which none can tell.

Above all, let us pray for the land which our fathers and sons have died to save, that having had its very bosom sprinkled with the red gore drops, it become not drunken with blood. Let us pray God to save us from universal vengeance and death. Let us pray that the serpent of slavery, hacked and writhing with the wounds which this war has inflicted upon it, may never raise its hideous head from the ground, but that it may die the death which shall forever forbid its rising again. Let us pray that our land, nestling as under the wings of the Almighty, may again have rest and universal joyfulness.

I told you once from this desk; it was just after my visit to the bloody field of Gettysburg, that I had a dream that was not all a dream. It was a waking dream. I saw a tree riven from its topmost branches to its very roots; around it were all the symbols of disunion and civil war. Now I see that riven tree restored, the wounds healing, and hanging on its branches are all lovely flowers and precious fruits; but at its spreading roots I see a tomb, and on it there is written in laurel leaves two names—names that are with us, as they will be with all other nations, household words. They are entwined forever: George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Let us now arise, fellow-citizens, and adorn that tomb with the palm

leaves, the chaplets and flower-wreaths of peace, for they lie all about us. Let us drape it with scrolls on which admiring angels shall see mercy and forgiveness written in unfading letters of love. Then let us sing! yes, sing! sing in a low, soft, clear voice, as a fitting requiem for such an hour as this: "They rest from their labors and their works follow them. Peace on earth, good will toward men."

"Hush that sobbing—weep more lightly,
On we travel daily, nightly,
To the rest that they have found.
Are we not upon the river
Sailing fast to meet forever
On more holy, happy ground?"

S E R M O N X X I.

REV. HENRY B. SMITH, D. D.

“I am the Lord, and there is none else; there is no God beside me. I girded thee, though thou hast not known me.”—ISAIAH xlv. 5.

WE are apt to believe that man makes history. We look at the outside of events, and see not the secret springs that move and guide their progress. We judge them as they affect our transient feelings, interests, or plans. We measure them as they appear in time, and forget the past eternity in which they were all determined, and the future eternity in which they will all be interpreted.

But there is one who seeth the end from the beginning. There is a God who hideth himself, and only now and then revealeth himself. He alone fully knows what all things are and mean. He setteth up one, and putteth down another; and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou? The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord. In his hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind. At one time he setteth every man's sword against his fellow, even throughout all the host (Judges vii. 22); at another time he leads us to say, Thou Lord

wilt ordain peace for us; for thou also hast wrought all our works in us. So that in self-renunciation we are compelled to acknowledge, that now, O Lord, thou art our Father; we are the clay, and thou our potter; and we all are the work of thy hands. The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord; as the rivers of water he turneth it withersoever he will. In our text he says of Cyrus, as may be said of all great rulers guided by his providence in ways they knew not: "I girded thee, though thou hast not known me; that they may know from the rising of the sun, and from the west, that there is none beside me. I am the Lord, and there is none else."

And there are times in every individual, and in every national history, when these majestic and awe-inspiring truths underlying all events and all religion, are brought so distinctly home to every mind and heart, that they could not be made more impressive if written in lines of light upon the canopy of heaven. There are times when we must flee to the refuge of God's providence, if we would avoid the blindness of chance, or the despair of fatalism; for between these three, lawless chance, pitiless fate, or Divine providence, we must all at last choose in estimating the events of time. In the great crises and junctures of history, in its staggering vicissitudes, when viewing the hecatombs sacrificed upon fields of carnage, when bowed down by the stroke of speechless private woe, or mute with horror before appalling crime committed against the embodied majesty of the State, at the moment when a nation's destiny seems trembling in the balance—how deeply, how solemnly is the conviction forced upon us, that if there be any comfort, any refuge, it is only under the shadow of the Divine wings; it is only in the belief, that He who ruleth in the heavens ruleth also upon the earth, and that the wrath of man

shall praise him. But as for you, said Joseph to his brethren, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass as it is this day, to save much people alive.

And if ever a people were called upon, by an unparalleled concurrence and combination of circumstances, to recognize the hand of God in history, the hand of him who both forms the light and creates darkness, who maketh peace and createth evil, it is surely this American people under the present conjuncture of events, some of which have so recently filled us with thankful exultation, while others have plunged us in the depths of national grief, mingled with awe, as if the very contradictions of destiny were at the same instant appointed to be our lot. An all-wise and inscrutable Providence has been guiding us in ways we knew not of; girding us for a work which no man could foresee, or which, if foreseen, no man would have dared to attempt; enabling us, with faith and patience and sacrifice, to pass through all the vicissitudes of the greatest civil war in history, unexampled in its intensity, tenacity, resources, and cost both of treasures and men, until we had just come to see, as from the summit of another Pisgah, the promised land stretched out, inviting us to enter in and make of it a goodly land in the name of the Lord of hosts. And then, just at the moment when all hearts were jubilant with the hope of a quick-coming peace; when the great rebellion was staggering and crumbling down under the quick and sharp strokes by which alone it could be felled to the earth; when the nation was awaiting its jubilee, and the very air was ringing with the glad acclaims of myriad voices of the free-men and the freed; and when many, too, in the fulness of their too exuberant joy, had begun to forget justice to the wrong-doers, and were speaking of an almost total

amnesty and forgiveness; then the providence of God startled us again with a lesson which can never be forgotten, and, by the foulest crime of modern history, brought us once more face to face, in the most awful form imagination can conceive, with that gigantic sin which has brought all these woes upon us. As the great leader of the Israelites came only to the verge of the land of promise, and was not permitted to enter in, so the recognized and chosen leader of our republic was not allowed to share the full fruition of all he labored for with such sleepless watch and paternal care. An execrable assassin has sent him to his grave amid lamentation and wailing. A people stricken by the mighty hand of God, bowing low in the dust, can only say: I am dumb, I open not my mouth, because thou didst it.

And thus is the providence of God teaching us the highest lesson of trust, as well as the constant duty of submission. Some things in this providence are so open and legible, that only an atheist can be blind to them; others are so mysterious, that only God himself can interpret them unto us. How plainly, for example, during these four years of embittered strife and untold calamities, he has taught us the inmost meaning of this war as a punishment for our national sins, and as involving the highest moral aims and issues. Who now doubts that the sin of slavery was in part to be atoned for by our sufferings and blood? that a God of justice has been vindicating the rights of the oppressed? and that in this he has been true and righteous altogether? Who now can doubt that the war has been so desperate and prolonged, in part that its great moral issue might be made up, and that its ethical lessons might be imprinted as with the point of a diamond, as in lines of fire, upon the nation's conscience and heart? As our late President, in his last Inaugural, so

solemnly said:—"If we shall suppose American slavery one of those offences which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as was due to those by whom the offence came, we shall not discern that there is any departure from those Divine attributes which believers in the living God always ascribe to him." And who can now doubt that the great Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln was the turning-point in the strife, the decision on which all was hanging; that it gave to the North its moral supremacy, while it added two hundred thousand ardent patriots to our armies; that it took from the rebellion its last prop, and from foreign powers all possibility of intervention against the republic? And what a wonder-working providence appears in all the knots and stadia of our slow yet ever growing success: in the unexampled supply of armed men to meet each new emergency; in the stimulus given to labor, and the increase of our resources from month to month, from year to year; in the decrease of poverty and crime through all the North, and in its never-failing crops; in the moral training of our people, making them willing to endure hardships and to give up what was best and dearest to them for the sake of the good cause; in the open-handed devotion with which the sicknesses and wounds of our suffering and dying soldiers have been ministered to in the hospital and on the field of battle by an army of self-denying men and women all through the land, spreading the broad mantle of charity over the horrors and carnage of war; in reviving and deepening the love of the Union and its glorious flag, and identifying the cause of the nation with the cause of human freedom; in the fact that our very defeats as well as in our successes have subserved the

o'ermastering end; in our successive changes of commanders until we put the right men in the right places, and the foremost captain in the foremost place of all, giving concentration and unity to our scattered hosts; in guarding the land against latent conspiracy and sedition at the North, as well as against open treason and rebellion at the South; in carrying us safely through the most costly war ever waged, and enabling us, as a people, to shoulder and carry the staggering burden of our national debt, without a sensible diminution of the permanent capital of the country; and, above all this, in that ever-deepening trust in God's guidance and recognition of his authority, which have pervaded the very heart of this people as never before, imparting the assured confidence that their deeds and sacrifices were furthering the highest temporal ends of Divine justice, wisdom and love. In all these things the leadings of Divine Providence have been so manifold and conspicuous, that even the thoughtless have been led to join in the adoration: "The Lord he is God, and beside him there is none else." Nor is this providence less marked, had we time to trace it, in the course of affairs in respect to the revolted States, revealing by a sure process the inmost nature of a rebellion, formed and impelled in the interests of a slave-holding oligarchy. It was perjured in its very beginning, and reckless of truth and law, imperious, denunciatory and violent, acting on the principle that might makes right; it squandered lives and property in reckless disregard of all interests but those of the dominant class, and carried on warfare with such barbarities towards our wounded and imprisoned soldiers as no modern civilized nation has ever known; and it has reaped the reward of these foul crimes in the impoverishment of States, in the destruction of a large majority of their white male population in the very prime of manhood, and in bringing

mourning and desolation into a million families all over our wide republic. Fearful has already been their punishment ; but its full measure no human tongue can tell. This rebellion will live in all history as one of the most awful of national crimes, followed by a no less signal retribution, illustrating the severity of the Divine judgments. When God's judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants will learn righteousness.

And now to these examples of Divine Providence in our national affairs, has been added yet another, in some respects the most affecting, and certainly the most unexpected of all, coming without warning, like the stroke of a thunderbolt from the clear sky, and at the very moment when the land was rejoicing in the plentitude of its victories. God has turned our joy into mourning, and the wail of grief chokes the utterance of the song of triumph.

A crime has been committed, unparalleled in the annals of modern history. The chosen head of our nation has fallen by the frenzy of an assassin. The land mourns for its chief with such unanimity of sorrow as to show that republics are not ungrateful. Never was a king borne to his burial with such regal honors. On Wednesday last, through all the land from Maine to California, by all communions, in every church, funeral services were held with solemn rites and unfeigned grief. Almost every house, almost every person, bore some badge of mourning. A nation bowed before its God, stricken and sorrowing ; its speech was low out of the dust. And so will it continue while the sacred remains of him we loved are borne in solemn pomp, with all the pageantry of woe, for fifteen hundred miles, through many of the chief cities of our country, until they are brought to his distant home in Springfield, which he has not re-visited since he there bade his fellow-citizens farewell four years ago, with the affecting

words: "I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell." These simple, trustful words became at once dear to us; now they are embalmed in our memory forever, and every generation of coming time shall read them with tears. We now know that they came from the heart of a martyr. And as here, so through all time, the names of Lincoln and Washington will be linked in the nation's memory, and embalmed in the nation's heart. Different as they were in their training and character, they were both equally the vessels of Omnipotence; God chose them to do an unequalled work, not only for this land, but also for mankind.

The death of the humblest man by malice and violence arouses deep indignation, and an instant resentment demands the punishment of the murderer or he that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed. The assassination of the beloved ruler of a mighty nation in the very crisis of a nation's fate, at first strikes all men dumb with consternation at the atrocity of the deed; and next demands that justice be executed, with a voice so clear and irresistible that all fine-spun sentimentalism about the wrong of capital punishment is consumed in the blaze of a righteous wrath. It is not the language of revenge, but of justice.

This awful deed will take its place among the great crimes of history, and stand out with its startling lessons more and more distinctly as time recedes. No similar crime has been freighted with more momentous issues. There have not been many terrible assassinations of great rulers in the zenith of their power: Julius Cæsar, Henry the Fourth of France, William the Silent, Abraham Lincoln. And the name of Booth will go down in history, not with that of Brutus, who struck for the cause of the republic, but with that of Ravaiillac, impelled by fanaticism, and of Gerhard Balthasar, inflamed by the rancor of a persecuting church, which afterwards canonized him. Even these might plead that they acted in behalf of a cause which had once inspired the faith of martyrs, and done some service to humanity. But the murderer of our President seems to have been urged on by a senseless hatred, which was born of the worst passions, allied with the most desperate of causes, working for the triumph of despotism and barbarism. No man was ever murdered so wantonly, with such insanity of villainy, and no one's death was ever so fatal to those that brought it about. At the very time the murderer's bullet pierced him, he was anxiously meditating the largest amnesty for the foes of our republic, and who were his enemies only because he was the nation's chosen ruler. He was then standing between them and justice. Words of pardon for his enemies were upon his dying lips. And what a contrast between the victim and the assassin—representing in some sort the contesting principles that have been at work in this war. The one was simple, guileless, frank, truthful, just, ruling in the fear of God: the other was crafty, theatrical, of external polish, yet implacable, wedded to a caste, unscrupulous, boastful, defiant of God and man, hating with a bitter hate, because he hated the light.

Alas! that such a victim was needed for the good cause!
Alas! that any man born of a woman, who had ever
heard a mother's voice or known aught of human love,
could have been left to commit so foul a deed!

“ Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death.”

And he, our President,

“ Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off.”

This crime, we say, stands out conspicuous, and full of instruction, whether we consider its source, its circumstances, its victim, or its probable influence.

What was its real and proper instigation? This is not to be sought alone or chiefly in the personal character and history of the murderer, but in the influences, which determined his fateful deed. No matter whether there was an avowed and wide-spread conspiracy or not, his murder was the fruit of a conspiracy. It is the rebellion itself, taking the form of an incarnate fiend; it is the rebellion concentrated and impersonated, all its principles and motives gathered together in one fatal stroke. It is secession, treason, perjury, cruelty, fraud, and bitter hatred, getting hold of a man as with a demoniacal possession, and transforming him into a fiend. It is the despair of a desperate and lost cause in its last blind and infuriate assault upon a righteous, civilized and benevolent government. It is the very spirit of slavery, its pride of caste, its impatience of restraint, its ungovernable passions, its rooted selfishness, its malignity and barbarism when fully roused, its recklessness of all obligations human or Divine; and, we may add, its frantic and impotent fury against the hand-

writing on the wall—in its last expiring act, intended to show us, so that none shall ever forget it, against what we have been contending, and that our costly sacrifices have been well offered if this foul spirit can be forever ejected from the body politic.

The circumstances of this crime will also ever give it a marked place in history. In different forms it seems to have been long premeditated; and at last it was astutely planned, with a wide foresight of contingencies. It was a most foul and deliberate murder, executed in more than the light and crowd of a common noon-day even in a populous city; and yet the well-known assassin by his very daring managed to escape, and has since as yet been untracked. In an instant, unwarned, it struck down the head of the republic, all unarmed, all unsuspecting; on the evening of Good Friday, when a still more awful sin was commemorated; at the close of a day when our nation's flag had again been planted with joyful shouts upon the walls of Fort Sumter, where first it was trailed in the dust by our foes. On this very day Mr. Lincoln, it is said, had been expressing such a feeling of relief from exhausting cares as he had not known for years. Many of his highest hopes had been fulfilled. Through four long years he had watched and prayed; and the rays of the coming morning had just struck upon his vision, when the light of his eyes was at once and forever quenched. Victory was everywhere crowning our arms in that last masterly campaign, more complete in its plans and execution than any campaign since the wars of the first Napoleon. The end for which our care-worn President had been toiling seemed to be in his very grasp. He was enthroned as never before in the hearts of his countrymen. No man in this world held a more lofty or a more responsible position; none seemed so needful for the welfare of the state. In the

noon-tide of his career he was struck down suddenly ; and after he fell no word passed his lips ; until he slowly breathed his last amid the grief and silent awe of a whole nation.

What an impressive lesson of the vanity of all human hopes ! of the frailty of all human dependence ! It seems to say to every one in this land :—Our days are swifter than a post ; they flee away. They are passed away as the swift ships ; as the eagle that hasteth to his prey. We know not what a day nor an hour may bring forth.

But *his* work, may we not say ? was done, and well done. He was true to the last ; and he died in the zenith of his well-earned fame. His care-worn and sad face, with its ever-benignant smile, seems now, as we recall it, to have indicated a certain presentiment of destiny. He may have had a dim consciousness, that thus it might be, from the time of the first plot against his sacred life, on his journey to Washington just before his first inauguration. Some times he alluded to it, as in his well-remembered speech at Philadelphia about two years ago. But yet he was guarded against all harm, until by his triumphant re-election the success of the national cause was well-nigh assured. He lived to see the great points gained for which he had been struggling. He had early expressed the determination of retaking all the fortified places that had been wrenched from the nation's hands ; and by the fall of Mobile the day before he died, all east of the Mississippi had become ours. His place in history is assured. He is the costliest sacrifice to the great slaveholders' rebellion of the nineteenth century. He is the chief victim of this dire conspiracy against human rights and Divine law. His sacred image shall henceforth be encircled with the aureole that befits a martyr's brow ; for, as much as any man that ever fell, is he a martyr to the principles for which he lived and

died. And his name shall be named among the great benefactors of the race. In every earthly sense, death to him is swallowed up in victory. And in a more than earthly sense, we believe that this is also true of him ; for Abraham Lincoln was a man of prayer, of simple trust in God, acting upon and repeating, in his later years, according to the light given unto him, those words of our blessed Lord : "Not my will, but thine be done."

And thus this greatest tragedy of our country's history is made forever memorable by the character of its victim, as well as by its circumstances and instigators.

Of our late President it may, without extravagant eulogy, be said, that he became endeared to the whole nation, and won their confidence, as has no other man since the days of Washington. And this was the work of five short years. When nominated for the Presidency he was neither widely nor intimately known by the mass of the people. Almost from the necessity of the circumstances in which he has since been placed, he has been vilified, traduced, and misinterpreted without stint. Through obloquy he won his way to fame. And what a fame, to be built up in so short a time ; and how worthily, on the whole, it has been won ! Public confidence in him has been steadily growing ever since he came to the chief chair of state ; his own high character was also ever growing, until he became the man in whom the great body of the people felt an almost unlimited trust. This was owing, not to any stirring eloquence, of which Americans are so passionately fond, for he was not an eloquent man ; not to his political astuteness, for herein he was surpassed by many of his compeers ; not to his skill in using the arts of a demagogue, for he disowned the ways of intrigue and bargain ; but partly to the fact of his proverbial honesty ; in part to the conviction that he was

truthful in speech and character ; partly to his keen logic, accompanied with a certain flavor of quaintness and homeliness in his popular addresses ; in part to the simplicity of his character ; partly to that kindness, which fascinated those who knew him best ; in part to his broad and genial sympathies with the popular mind and heart ; yet chiefly, perhaps, to his being to so unusual an extent the embodiment and representative of the average and substantial character of the American people, especially as brought out in the great battle we are now waging.

Abraham Lincoln was not a model man, but he was a representative man. Called to what was at that juncture the very highest and most important post in the world's affairs, he so discharged the sacred trust and bore the heavy burden laid upon him, that now all men see that he was a faithful, wise and sagacious ruler, misled by no extremes, blinded by no false lights, wedded to no impracticable theory, waiting for events long enough to study them, yet speaking and acting decisively when the opportunity came : thus being the man we needed to represent us in the perilous times when he was called to play so high a part. Many were oft asking for sharper words and more abrupt action ; others were ever fearful that rashness would rule the hour and hurry us on to anarchy. But there was a wise man at the helm, and his hand, and his alone, has firmly held it during these four eventful years ; and through all danger the ship of state has made its course, avoiding the shoals and the breakers, until it is now sailing on again, the storm behind it, upon the broad and open sea. It is verily God that hath wrought this ; and he wrought it through the mingled caution and firmness of our late President.

Mr. Lincoln, we say, was a representative man in his epoch—a fair representative of the best average character

of the loyal people of the United States in our great crisis. Though he had not the breeding and mien of the courtier, he had the breeding and bearing of a strong and genuine manhood. God does not always choose those persons to execute his purposes, whom short-sighted men might think best fitted for the task. Hard work requires strong muscles. When great principles are to be maintained, we need manly sense, unblemished integrity, and practical sagacity, rather than fine-spun theories, courtly grace, or the arts of the skillful demagogue. In a great crisis, the demand is for a man in whom we can have entire confidence. He may make mistakes, for he is human; but he will rectify them, for he is intent on the public welfare. We like a strong man, of whom it can be truly said, that he means well, and is about right. This is better than genius, or eloquence, or external polish; it is better than either conservatism or radicalism, for it is the mean between the two. Such a man the people found in Abraham Lincoln; and they gave him their confidence in spite of the mere politicians and wire-pullers. He was emphatically our representative man. He was this in his homely sense, his practical shrewdness, his love of a good story and an apt illustration, his logical use of the queerest anecdotes, his constant appeals to a roundabout common-sense; as also in his kindliness of heart, his sympathy with the details of private griefs, and his magnanimity towards his enemies. He was our representative, too, in his willingness to hear all sides before he made up his mind; in his apparent hesitation about coming to a final decision when such vast interests were at stake; in his desire to see the way out before he put his foot in; and in his inflexible earnestness and invincible pertinacity when the decision was at length reached. He had the rare sagacity, better than any

theoretic anticipations, of feeling as it were the pulse of the nation; of knowing how far it was safe to go at any one time; of pausing when doubtful; of keeping just far enough in advance of the current as to seem to guide it while really borne upon it, being neither dashed upon the rocks ahead nor left struggling in the eddy behind. And if he had not done so—just about this and neither more nor less—who can tell how different might have been the result in many a trying hour? If we were now asked, who, during the last four years, has, on the whole, best represented, and so guided, this whole nation in its fearful burdens and struggles, we must, after all, I think, name the name of Lincoln. We have had abler politicians, more eloquent lawyers, more polished diplomats; men more learned in literature, history and law; more magnetic leaders, and more decisive characters; but we have not had for many a year a wiser, a better, a more patient and faithful ruler, nor one who has so deeply touched the best sympathies and emotions of the general mind and conscience of this nation. He lacked enthusiasm, but enthusiasm is apt to be partial; he could not stir the people as with the voice of a trumpet, but many a time his wise and tender and trustful words have swept the chords of their better natures. Even his favorite measures he never sought to press by threats and violence; and yet most of them were carried in spite of all opposition; and he never urged those that were merely tentative and involved no final principles, when they were judged inexpedient. He was a thorough republican in the simplicity of his character, habits and speech, never elated by his honors, nor affecting greatness. Without pride and without vanity he bore the dignities of his high office.

He was also a thorough republican, and in this sense

too a representative man, in his inwrought conviction of the safety and power of our republican institutions. He loved the republic as a republic. His heart and mind were steeped in its fundamental principles. He believed that the people might be trusted with power. Our institutions had made him what he was, and he loved a country which could so mould men, taking them from the lowliest places and setting their feet in the palaces of kings. He had known the full stimulus and blessings of this government, and felt that it was strong and must endure. Next to his trust in God was his trust in this people, under the belief that God was guiding it to a high destiny. In the darkest hours he still believed that the republic was safe and would come out triumphant in the end. He did not admit the thought that secession could divide us, or rebellion subdue us, or slavery rule us. For all these States he saw only one country, one constitution, and one destiny, and that destiny determined by the principle of freedom.

He likewise represented the prevailing sentiment of the country in respect to the causes and results of the war, as well as the method of its prosecution in relation to the subject of slavery. He saw in slavery the real cause of the rebellion, and came slowly yet irresistibly to the conviction, that slavery must die in order that the nation might live. And ever after, no man in the land was more resolved, that the end of the war must also be end of slavery in all the revolted States. This moral issue forced itself upon him with ever-increasing earnestness and distinctness, and found its most definite expression in the ever memorable words of his last inaugural address—a document which, for its originality, simplicity, wisdom and moral earnestness, will go down to other and far-distant days. In solemn words our calamities are traced to the Divine judgments, which are confessed to be true and righteous

altogether. And then his wise and noble heart finds utterance :—" With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for those who shall have borne the battle, and for their widows and orphans. And with all this let us strive after a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Equally conspicuous, and also expressive of the heart of this people, was his firm trust in Divine Providence, as ever guiding us, though in ways we knew not of. This, we doubt not, was the key-stone of his policy, as it has been the corner-stone of our strength. It was often expressed, and never more touchingly than in a letter he wrote to that well-known philanthropist, Miss Eliza P. Gurney, dated Executive Mansion, Washington, September 4, 1864, in the course of which he says :—" I am much indebted to the Christian people of this country for their Christian prayers and consolations, and to no one of them more than to yourself. The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to perceive them in advance. Surely he intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion, which no mortal could make and no mortal can stay." Such words are doubly dear to us now that he is gone ; they are an invaluable legacy. God will not forget or leave a nation that has such rulers.

In coming, now, to speak of the influence and effects of this great crime, we must never forget, that though clouds and darkness may surround it, yet, with all its mystery and all its horrors, it is ordained by Him of whom it is said, that justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne. He who girded our late ruler as he did Cyrus of old, has taken him from us, and thus bids us learn the lesson of

submission to his sovereign authority. We may perchance vainly ask, why was such a precious sacrifice needed? Why might not the thousands already slaughtered suffice? Why cannot a good cause succeed except by the blood of patriots and martyrs? Why must the death of the world's best friends be evermore the price of the world's best blessings? But this is the law of life, the law of history, the method of Christian progress. The higher must live and die for the lower, that the lower may be disenthralled and elevated. So it always has been. In the perennial and awe-inspiring conflict between sin and righteousness, so it must needs be. Redemption is purchased by sacrifice. God spared not his own Son; God spares not the best of men. This shows us, and is meant to show us, not only the evil of sin, but also the priceless worth of justice and righteousness. And so it is here and now. This country never fully realized all the turpitude and enormity of this rebellion, until our President fell a victim to it. It never knew how costly were the principles and blessings for which we have been contending, until it estimated their worth in this great sacrifice. Now it has learned the lesson, and it will never forget it.

Sin is sin; perjury is perjury; oppression is oppression; treason is treason; assassination is assassination. If there is a crime, there must be a penalty. It is a wrong to the innocent to let the guilty escape. The spurious mercy of the hour may be cruelty to the next generation. It is trifling with our country's future welfare, to blot out the record of all these crimes, and welcome to hospitable boards and public honors the very leaders of the most selfish, inexcusable and barbarous revolt in history. It is an old maxim, quoted by jurists:—" *Ne percat Israel, percat Absalom*;" "Absalom must perish that Israel may not perish." Mercy may and must be shown to those that

have been hoodwinked and misled ; but that mercy can be made safe and right, only as justice is meted out to those who have brought all these flagrant woes and unnumbered ills upon our peaceful land, and

“many a soul
Of mighty warriors to the viewless shades
Untimely sent.”

If these leaders live it must not be in this land ; those that plotted and fought to destroy their country must henceforth be without a country ; and through dishonored lives, with the mark of Cain upon them, go down to unhonored graves. From half a million of graves all over the land, from widows and orphans in every hamlet, from the lips of justice, from the very heart of liberty itself, comes up the cry for justice upon the guilty chieftains of this dire revolt. Their names must be evermore named with those of Catiline and Nero ; and we will teach our children, and they theirs, to carry them down through all coming time as the dread symbols of an unequalled perfidy and an unpardoned crime against humanity itself. There are some crimes that a nation cannot forgive. Nations have no future being ; and national justice must be executed here or it never will be executed.

If we are to have a permanent peace, not merely the form, but the animating spirit of the rebellion must be subdued. And this can only be done in two ways. That caste in which the revolt was rooted, must as a caste be extirpated ; partly by emancipation thoroughly carried out ; partly by executing justice upon the chief authors and abettors of the crime. The other way is, by pouring all our treasures of education, philanthropy and religion into the States now impoverished and devastated by war, and uniting them to us by new and closer ties. And this last work is to be our greatest work ; and in it will be found

and realized one of the greatest and most needed triumphs of modern civilization. Especially must we use all means to raise up the class of freedmen to the dignity and responsibilities of their new position, as men and as citizens. The prejudice of color must yield to the claims of civilization, philanthropy and religion.

And in all our grief let us not forget the mighty work which God hath wrought upon and in us during these quick-passing and eventful years, in which Abraham Lincoln sat in the highest seat of the nation. So great a revolution was, perhaps, never accomplished in so short a time, still leaving the old foundation and structure of the state unharmed. Four millions of bondmen have been virtually freed. Freedom has become the settled policy of the whole country. The unity of the republic has been ensured for a long generation. Our supremacy on this continent is no longer doubtful. No European power will here attempt any new projects of subjugation or colonization. No foreign nation will willingly molest us. Our resources are boundless; a new tide of emigration will soon set in; in all industrial pursuits we shall be independent of foreign aid. We have passed, amid these throes, from the careless and boastful youth to the more firm and thoughtful manhood of our career. We are more truly a nation now than we have ever before been; we are independent of European thought and opinion; we are self-reliant. We have taken our place, in full panoply, in the very van of the world's progress, representing, as dare no other people, the rights of humanity and the worth of man. Our place in the general history of the world is assured, as is also the place of him who, at such a juncture, during just these years of travail and transition, was the lawful and the honored ruler of the republic. If Lincoln lived for fame, he surely has his reward;

as he did not live for fame, but for truth and justice, his reward shall be greater yet,

Let us, then, this day thank God that the republic still lives, stronger than ever before; its foes put under its feet; its revilers put to shame; yea, cemented still more strongly by the sacred blood which was shed in passion to destroy its life. The workman is gone; the work abides. A reckless assassin assailed the impersonated majesty of the state, and every drop of blood from those gaping wounds has made this imperial republic stronger yet; has made its pulse beat with a higher vitality—a life more full of blessings to those that love it—a life throbbing with intenser indignation against those who would assail its rights and undermine its power. The republic lives! Hardly was there a pause except of momentary awe, as it held its bated breath, incredulous of this awful crime, and then it moved right on again with conscious power; and its feet are more swift, and its eye is more keen, and its mailed hand is more stalwart than ever before against those who plot its downfall, defy its laws, and infringe its rightful honor. The republic lives! Ah! not in vain have been these cruel years of long suspense and awful strife,

“This purple testament of bloody war;”

these precious lives of our best and noblest sons slain in defence of its imperilled majesty; these costly sacrifices for the down-trodden; these awe-inspiring lessons of a God of justice. From this baptism of blood it shall emerge a regenerated nation, giving equal justice to all, a refuge as never before to the oppressed from every land. In an ampler freedom and a purified national life, the coming generation shall pluck the fair and ripe fruits growing from the soil so rudely and deeply turned by the plough-share, and yet ever so hallowed. Liberty shall reign through the land,

and then there will be true human brotherhood, and so a lasting peace. And the blessed Gospel, for which these convulsions and overturnings do but prepare the way, shall be preached unto all the people, and we will pray the Lord to pour out his Spirit upon all flesh ; and so shall the land be quickened with a higher life and bound together as never before. And the Lord will make use of us to spread his name and his praise, not only over our continent, but to the isles of the sea and the ends of the earth. These earthly conflicts prepare the way for the coming of the Son of Man. And when he cometh there shall be no more war ; for he is the Prince of Peace. And to him be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

ORATION.

HON. GEORGE BANCROFT.

OUR grief and horror at the crime which has clothed the continent in mourning, find no adequate expression in words, and no relief in tears. The President of the United States of America has fallen by the hands of an assassin. Neither the office with which he was invested by the approved choice of a mighty people, nor the most simple-hearted kindliness of nature, could save him from the fiendish passions of relentless fanaticism. The wailings of the millions attend his remains as they are borne in solemn procession over our great rivers, along the seaside, beyond the mountains, across the prairie, to their resting place in the valley of the Mississippi. His funeral knell vibrates through the world, and the friends of freedom of every tongue and in every clime are his mourners.

Too few days have passed away since Abraham Lincoln stood in the flush of vigorous manhood, to permit any attempt at an analysis of his character or an exposition of his career. We find it hard to believe that his large eyes, which in their softness and beauty expressed nothing but benevolence and gentleness, are closed in death; we almost look for the pleasant smile that brought out more

vividly the earnest cast of his features, which were serious even to sadness. A few years ago he was a village attorney, engaged in the support of a rising family, unknown to fame, scarcely named beyond his neighborhood; his administration made him the most conspicuous man in his country, and drew on him first the astonished gaze, and then the respect and admiration of the world.

Those who come after us will decide how much of the wonderful results of his public career is due to his own good common sense, his shrewd sagacity, readiness of wit, quick interpretation of the public mind, his rare combination of fixedness and pliancy, his steady tendency of purpose; how much to the American people, who, as he walked with them side by side, inspired him with their own wisdom and energy; and how much to the overruling laws of the moral world, by which the selfishness of evil is made to defeat itself. But after every allowance, it will remain that members of the government which preceded his administration opened the gates to treason, and he closed them; that when he went to Washington the ground on which he trod shook under his feet, and he left the republic on a solid foundation; that traitors had seized public forts and arsenals, and he recovered them for the United States, to whom they belonged; that the capital, which he found the abode of slaves, is now the home only of the free; that the boundless public domain which was grasped at, and, in a great measure, held for the diffusion of slavery, is now irrevocably devoted to freedom; that then men talked a jargon of a balance of power in a republic between slave States and free States, and now the foolish words are blown away forever by the breath of Maryland, Missouri, and Tennessee; that a terrible cloud of political heresy rose from the abyss, threatening to hide the light of the sun, and under its darkness a rebellion

was growing into indefinable proportions ; now the atmosphere is purer than ever before, and the insurrection is vanishing away ; the country is cast into another mould, and the gigantic system of wrong, which had been the work of more than two centuries, is dashed down, we hope forever. And as to himself, personally : he was then scoffed at by the proud as unfit for his station, and now against usage of later years and in spite of numerous competitors he was the unbiased and the undoubted choice of the American people for a second term of service. Through all the mad business of treason he retained the sweetness of a most placable disposition ; and the slaughter of myriads of the best on the battle-field, and the more terrible destruction of our men in captivity by the slow torture of exposure and starvation, had never been able to provoke him into harboring one vengeful feeling or one purpose of cruelty.

How shall the nation most completely show its sorrow at Mr. Lincoln's death ? How shall it best honor his memory ? There can be but one answer. He was struck down when he was highest in its service, and in strict conformity with duty was engaged in carrying out principles affecting its life, its good name, and its relations to the cause of freedom and the progress of mankind. Grief must take the character of action, and breathe itself forth in the assertion of the policy to which he fell a victim. The standard which he held in his hand must be uplifted again higher and more firmly than before, and must be carried on to triumph. Above everything else, his proclamation of the first day of January, 1863, declaring throughout the parts of the country in rebellion, the freedom of all persons who had been held as slaves, must be affirmed and maintained.

Events, as they rolled onward, have removed every

doubt of the legality and binding force of that proclamation. The country and the rebel government have each laid claim to the public service of the slave, and yet but one of the two can have a rightful claim to such service. That rightful claim belongs to the United States, because every one born on their soil, with the few exceptions of the children of travellers and transient residents, owes them a primary allegiance. Every one so born has been counted among those represented in Congress; every slave has ever been represented in Congress; imperfectly and wrongly it may be—but still has been counted and represented. The slave born on our soil always owed allegiance to the general government. It may in time past have been a qualified allegiance, manifested through his master, as the allegiance of a ward through its guardian, or of an infant through its parent. But when the master became false to his allegiance, the slave stood face to face with his country; and his allegiance, which may before have been a qualified one, became direct and immediate. His chains fell off, and he rose at once in the presence of the nation, bound, like the rest of us, to its defence. Mr. Lincoln's proclamation did but take notice of the already existing right of the bondman to freedom. The treason of the master made it a public crime for the slave to continue his obedience; the treason of a State set free the collective bondmen of that State.

This doctrine is supported by the analogy of precedents. In the times of feudalism the treason of the lord of the manor deprived him of his serfs; the spurious feudalism that existed among us differs in many respects from the feudalism of the middle ages, but so far the precedent runs parallel with the present case; for treason the master then, for treason the master now, loses his slaves.

In the middle ages the sovereign appointed another lord over the serfs and the lands which they cultivated; in our day the sovereign makes them masters of their own persons, lords over themselves.

It has been said that we are at war, and that emancipation is not a belligerent right. The objection disappears before analysis. In a war between independent powers the invading foreigner invites to his standard all who will give him aid, whether bond or free, and he rewards them according to his ability and his pleasure, with gifts or freedom: but when at a peace, he withdraws from the invaded country, he must take his aiders and comforters with him; or if he leaves them behind, where he has no court to enforce his decrees, he can give them no security, unless it be by the stipulations of a treaty. In a civil war it is altogether different. There, when rebellion is crushed, the old government is restored, and its courts resume their jurisdiction. So it is with us; the United States have courts of their own, that must punish the guilt of treason and vindicate the freedom of persons whom the fact of rebellion has set free.

Nor may it be said, that because slavery existed in most of the States when the Union was formed, it cannot rightfully be interfered with now. A change has taken place, such as Madison foresaw, and for which he pointed out the remedy. The constitutions of States had been transformed before the plotters of treason carried them away into rebellion. When the Federal Constitution was framed, general emancipation was thought to be near; and everywhere the respective legislatures had authority, in the exercise of their ordinary functions, to do away with slavery. Since that time the attempt has been made in what are called slave States, to render the condition of slavery perpetual; and events have proved,

with the clearness of demonstration, that a constitution which seeks to continue a caste of hereditary bondmen through endless generations is inconsistent with the existence of republican institutions.

So, then, the new President and the people of the United States must insist that the proclamation of freedom shall stand as a reality. And, moreover, the people must never cease to insist that the Constitution shall be so amended as utterly to prohibit slavery on any part of our soil for evermore.

Alas! that a State in our vicinity should withhold its assent to this last beneficent measure: its refusal was an encouragement to our enemies equal to the gain of a pitched battle; and delays the only hopeful method of pacification. The removal of the cause of the rebellion is not only demanded by justice; it is the policy of mercy, making room for a wider clemency; it is the part of order against a chaos of controversy; its success brings with it true reconciliation, a lasting peace, a continuous growth of confidence through an assimilation of the social condition.

Here is the fitting expression of the mourning of to-day.

And let no lover of his country say that this warning is uncalled for. The cry is delusive that slavery is dead. Even now it is nerving itself for a fresh struggle for continuance. The last winds from the South waft to us the sad intelligence that a man who had surrounded himself with the glory of the most brilliant and most varied achievements, who but a week ago was counted with affectionate pride among the greatest benefactors of his country and the ablest generals of all time, has initiated the exercise of more than the whole power of the Executive, and under the name of peace has, perhaps unconsciously, revived slavery, and given the hope of security and politi-

cal power to traitors, from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande. Why could he not remember the dying advice of Washington, never to draw the sword but for self-defence or the rights of his country, and when drawn, never to sheath it till its work should be accomplished? And, yet, from this ill-considered act, which the people with one united voice condemn, no great evil will follow save the shadow on his own fame, and that, also, we hope will pass away. The individual, even in the greatness of military glory, sinks into insignificance before the resistless movements of ideas in the history of man. No one can turn back or stay the march of Providence.

No sentiment of despair may mix with our sorrow. We owe it to the memory of the dead, we owe it to the cause of popular liberty throughout the world, that the sudden crime which has taken the life of the President of the United States shall not produce the least impediment in the smooth course of public affairs. This great city, in the midst of unexampled emblems of deeply-seated grief, has sustained itself with composure and magnanimity. It has nobly done its part in guarding against the derangement of business or the slightest shock to public credit. The enemies of the republic put it to the severest trial; but the voice of faction has not been heard; doubt and despondency have been unknown. In serene majesty the country rises in the beauty and strength and hope of youth, and proves to the world the quiet energy and the durability of institutions growing out of the reason and affections of the people.

Heaven has willed it that the United States shall live. The nations of the earth cannot spare them. All the worn-out aristocracies of Europe saw in the spurious feudalism of slaveholding, their strongest outpost, and banded themselves together with the deadly enemies of our

national life. If the Old World will discuss the respective advantages of oligarchy or equality; of the union of church and state, or the rightful freedom of religion; of land accessible to the many, or of land monopolized by an ever-decreasing number of the few, the United States must live to control the decision by their quiet and unobtrusive example. It has often and truly been observed, that the trust and affection of the masses gather naturally round an individual; if the inquiry is made, whether the man so trusted and beloved shall elicit from the reason of the people, enduring institutions of their own, or shall sequester political power for a superintending dynasty, the United States must live to solve the problem. If a question is raised on the respective merits of Timoleon or Julius Cæsar, of Washington or Napoleon, the United States must be there to call to mind that there were twelve Cæsars, most of them the opprobrium of the human race, and to contrast with them the line of American Presidents.

The duty of the hour is incomplete, our mourning is insincere, if, while we express unwavering trust in the great principles that underlie our government, we do not also give our support to the man to whom the people have entrusted its administration.

Andrew Johnson is now, by the Constitution, the President of the United States, and he stands before the world as the most conspicuous representative of the industrial classes. Left an orphan at four years old, poverty and toil were his steps to honor. His youth was not passed in the halls of colleges; nevertheless he has received a thorough political education in statesmanship, in the school of the people, and by long experience of public life. A village functionary; member successively of each branch of the Tennessee Legislature, hearing with a thrill of joy, the words, "the Union, it must be preserved;" a repre-

sentative in Congress for successive years ; Governor of the great State of Tennessee, approved as its Governor by re-election ; he was at the opening of the rebellion a Senator from that State in Congress. Then at the Capitol, when Senators, unrebuked by the government, sent word by telegram to seize forts and arsenals, he alone from that southern region told them what the Government did not dare to tell them, that they were traitors, and deserved the punishment of treason. Undismayed by a perpetual purpose of public enemies to take his life, bearing up against the still greater trial of the persecution of his wife and children, in due time he went back to his State, determined to restore it to the Union, or die with the American flag for his winding sheet. And now, at the call of the United States, he has returned to Washington as a conqueror, with Tennessee as a free State for his trophy. It remains for him to consummate the vindication of the Union.

To that Union Abraham Lincoln has fallen a martyr. His death, which was meant to sever it beyond repair, binds it more closely and more firmly than ever. The blow aimed at him, was aimed not at the native of Kentucky, not at the citizen of Illinois, but at the man, who, as President, in the executive branch of the government, stood as the representative of every man in the United States. The object of the crime was the life of the whole people ; and it wounds the affections of the whole people. From Maine to the southwest boundary on the Pacific, it makes us one. The country may have needed an imperishable grief to touch its inmost feeling. The grave that receives the remains of Lincoln, receives the costly sacrifice to the Union ; the monument which will rise over his body will bear witness to the Union ; his enduring memory will assist during countless ages to

bind the States together, and to incite to the love of our one undivided, indivisible country. Peace to the ashes of our departed friend, the friend of his country and of his race. He was happy in his life, for he was the restorer of the republic; he was happy in his death, for his martyrdom will plead forever for the Union of the States and the freedom of man.

ORATION

AT THE BURIAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

BISHOP SIMPSON.

NEAR the capital of this large and growing State of Illinois, in the midst of this beautiful grove, and at the open mouth of the vault which has just received the remains of our fallen chieftain, we gather to pay a tribute of respect and to drop the tears of sorrow around the ashes of the mighty dead. A little more than four years ago he left his plain and quiet home in yonder city, receiving the parting words of the concourse of friends who, in the midst of the dropping of the gentle shower, gathered around him. He spoke of the pain of parting from the place where he had lived for a quarter of a century, where his children had been born, and his home had been rendered pleasant by friendly associations, and, as he left, he made an earnest request, in the hearing of some who are present at this hour, that, as he was about to enter upon responsibilities which he believed to be greater than any which had fallen upon any man since the days of Washington, the people would offer up prayers that God would aid and sustain him in the work which they had given him to do. His company left your quiet city, but, as it went, snares were in waiting for the Chief Magistrate. Scarcely did he

escape the dangers of the way or the hands of the assassin, as he neared Washington; and I believe he escaped only through the vigilance of officers and the prayers of his people, so that the blow was suspended for more than four years, which was at last permitted, through the providence of God, to fall.

How different the occasion which witnessed his departure from that which witnessed his return. Doubtless you expected to take him by the hand, and to feel the warm grasp which you had felt in other days, and to see the tall form walking among you which you had delighted to honor in years past. But he was never permitted to come until he came with lips mute and silent, the frame encoffined, and a weeping nation following as his mourners. Such a scene as his return to you was never witnessed. Among the events of history there have been great processions of mourners. There was one for the patriarch Jacob, which went up from Egypt, and the Egyptians wondered at the evidences of reverence and filial affection which came from the hearts of the Israelites. There was mourning when Moses fell upon the heights of Pisgah and was hid from human view. There have been mournings in the kingdoms of the earth when kings and princes have fallen, but never was there, in the history of man, such mourning as that which has accompanied this funeral procession, and has gathered around the mortal remains of him who was our loved one, and who now sleeps among us. If we glance at the procession which followed him, we see how the nation stood aghast. Tears filled the eyes of manly, sunburnt faces. Strong men, as they clasped the hands of their friends, were unable to find vent for their

grief in words. Women and little children caught up the tidings as they ran through the land, and were melted into tears. The nation stood still. Men left their plows in the fields and asked what the end should be. The hum of manufactories ceased, and the sound of the hammer was not heard. Busy merchants closed their doors, and in the exchange gold passed no more from hand to hand. Though three weeks have elapsed, the nation has scarcely breathed easily yet. A mournful silence is abroad upon the land ; nor is this mourning confined to any class or to any district of country. Men of all political parties, and of all religious creeds, have united in paying this mournful tribute. The archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church in New York and a Protestant minister walked side by side in the sad procession, and a Jewish rabbi performed a part of the solemn services.

Here are gathered around his tomb the representatives of the army and navy, senators, judges, governors, and officers of all the branches of the Government. Here, too, are members of civic processions, with men and women from the humblest as well as the highest occupations. Here and there, too, are tears, as sincere and warm as any that drop, which come from the eyes of those whose kindred and whose race have been freed from their chains by him whom they mourn as their deliverer. More persons have gazed on the face of the departed than ever looked upon the face of any other departed man. More races have looked on the procession for 1,600 miles or more—by night and by day—by sunlight, dawn, twilight, and by torchlight, than ever before watched the progress of a procession.

We ask why this wonderful mourning—this great procession? I answer, first, a part of the interest has arisen from the times in which we live, and in which he that had fallen was a principal actor. It is a principle of our nature that feelings, once excited, turn readily from the object by which they are excited, to some other object which may for the time being take possession of the mind. Another principle is, the deepest affections of our hearts gather around some human form in which are incarnated the living thoughts and ideas of the passing age. If we look then at the times, we see an age of excitement. For four years the popular heart has been stirred to its inmost depth. War had come upon us, dividing families, separating nearest and dearest friends—a war, the extent and magnitude of which no one could estimate—a war in which the blood of brethren was shed by a brother's hand. A call for soldiers was made by this voice now hushed, and all over the land, from hill and mountain, from plain to valley, there sprang up thousands of bold hearts, ready to go forth and save our national Union. This feeling of excitement was transferred next into a feeling of deep grief because of the dangers in which our country was placed. Many said, "Is it possible to save our nation?" Some in our country, and nearly all the leading men in other countries, declared it to be impossible to maintain the Union; and many an honest and patriotic heart was deeply pained with apprehensions of common ruin; and many, in grief and almost in despair, anxiously inquired, "What shall the end of these things be?" In addition to this wives had given their husbands, mothers their sons, the pride and joy of their hearts. They saw them put on

the uniform, they saw them take the martial step, and they tried to hide their deep feeling of sadness. Many dear ones slept upon the battle-field never to return again, and there was mourning in every mansion and in every cabin in our broad land. Then came a feeling of deeper sadness as the story came of prisoners tortured to death or starved through the mandates of those who are called the representatives of the chivalry, and who claimed to be the honorable ones of the earth; and as we read the stories of frames attenuated and reduced to mere skeletons, our grief turned partly into horror and partly into a cry for vengeance.

Then this feeling was changed to one of joy. There came signs of the end of this rebellion. We followed the career of our glorious generals. We saw our army, under the command of the brave officer who is guiding this procession, climb up the heights of Lookout Mountain and drive the rebels from their strongholds. Another brave general swept through Georgia, South and North Carolina, and drove the combined armies of the rebels before him, while the honored Lieutenant-General held Lee and his hosts in a death-grasp.

Then the tidings came that Richmond was evacuated, and that Lee had surrendered. The bells rang merrily all over the land. The booming of cannon was heard; illuminations and torch-light processions manifested the general joy, and families were looking for the speedy return of their loved ones from the field of battle. Just in the midst of this wildest joy, in one hour—nay, in one moment—the tidings thrilled throughout the land that Abraham Lincoln, the best of Presidents, had perished by

the hands of an assassin ; and then all the feelings which had been gathering for four years, in forms of excitement, grief, horror, and joy, turned into one wail of woe—a sadness inexpressible—an anguish unutterable. But it is not the times merely which caused this mourning. The mode of his death must be taken into the account. Had he died on a bed of illness, with kind friends around him ; had the sweat of death been wiped from his brow by gentle hands, while he was yet conscious ; could he have had power to speak words of affection to his stricken widow, or words of counsel to us like those which we heard in his parting inaugural at Washington, which shall now be immortal—how it would have softened or assuaged something of the grief. There might, at least, have been preparation for the event. But no moment of warning was given to him or to us. He was stricken down, too, when his hopes for the end of the rebellion were bright, and prospects of a joyous life were before him. There was a cabinet meeting that day, said to have been the most cheerful and happy of any held since the beginning of the rebellion. After this meeting he talked with his friends, and spoke of the four years of tempest, of the storm being over, and of the four years of pleasure and joy now awaiting him, as the weight of care and anxiety would be taken from his mind, and he could have happy days with his family again. In the midst of these anticipations he left his house never to return alive. The evening was Good Friday, the saddest day in the whole calendar for the Christian Church—henceforth in this country to be made sadder, if possible, by the memory of our nation's loss ; and so filled with grief was every Christian heart that even all the joyous

thought of Easter Sunday failed to remove the crushing sorrow under which the true worshiper bowed in the house of God.

But the great cause of this mourning is to be found in the man himself. Mr. Lincoln was no ordinary man. I believe the conviction has been growing on the nation's mind, as it certainly has been on my own, especially in the last years of his administration, that, by the hand of God, he was especially singled out to guide our Government in these troublesome times, and it seems to me that the hand of God may be traced in many of the events connected with his history. First, then, I recognize this in the physical education which he received, and which prepared him for enduring herculean labors. In the toils of his boyhood and the labors of his manhood, God was giving him an iron frame. Next to this was his identification with the heart of the great people, understanding their feelings because he was one of them, and connected with them in their movements and life. His education was simple. A few months spent in the schoolhouse gave him the elements of education. He read few books, but mastered all he read. Bunyan's Progress, Æsop's Fables, and the Life of Washington were his favorites. In these we recognize the works which gave bias to his character, and which partly molded his style. His early life, with its varied struggles, joined him indissolubly to the working masses, and no elevation in society diminished his respect for the sons of toil. He knew what it was to fell the tall trees of the forest and to stem the current of the broad Mississippi. His home was in the growing West, the heart of the Republic, and, invigorated by the wind which

swept over its prairies, he learned lessons of self-reliance which sustained him in seasons of adversity.

His genius was soon recognized, as true genius always will be, and he was placed in the Legislature of his State. Already acquainted with the principles of law, he devoted his thoughts to matters of public interest, and began to be looked on as the coming statesman. As early as 1839 he presented resolutions in the Legislature, asking for emancipation in the District of Columbia, when, with but rare exceptions, the whole popular mind of his State was opposed to the measure. From that hour he was a steady and uniform friend of humanity, and was preparing for the conflict of latter years.

If you ask me on what mental characteristic his greatness rested, I answer, on a quick and ready perception of facts; on a memory unusually tenacious and retentive; and on a logical turn of mind, which followed sternly and unwaveringly every link in the chain of thought on every subject which he was called to investigate. I think there have been minds more broad in their character, more comprehensive in their scope, but I doubt if ever there has been a man who could follow step by step, with more logical power, the points which he desired to illustrate. He gained this power by the close study of geometry, and by a determination to perceive the truth in all its relations and simplicity, and, when found, to utter it.

It is said of him that in childhood, when he had any difficulty in listening to a conversation to ascertain what people meant, if he retired to rest he could not sleep till he tried to understand the precise points intended, and, when understood, to frame language to convey it in a

clearer manner to others. Who that has read his messages fails to perceive the directness and the simplicity of his style? And this very trait, which was scoffed at and decried by opponents, is now recognized as one of the strong points of that mighty mind which has so powerfully influenced the destiny of this nation, and which shall, for ages to come, influence the destiny of humanity.

It was not, however, chiefly by his mental faculties that he gained such control over mankind. His moral power gave him pre-eminence. The convictions of men that Abraham Lincoln was an honest man led them to yield to his guidance. As has been said of Cobden, whom he greatly resembled, he made all men feel a sense of himself—a recognition of individuality—a self-relying power. They saw in him a man whom they believed would do what is right, regardless of all consequences. It was this moral feeling which gave him the greatest hold on the people, and made his utterances almost oracular. When the nation was angered by the perfidy of foreign nations in allowing privateers to be fitted out, he uttered the significant expression, "One war at a time," and it stilled the national heart. When his own friends were divided as to what steps should be taken as to slavery, that simple utterance, "I will save the Union, if I can, with slavery; if not, slavery must perish, for the Union must be preserved," became the rallying word. Men felt the struggle was for the Union, and all other questions must be subsidiary.

But, after all, by the acts of a man shall his fame be perpetuated. What are his acts? Much praise is due to the men who aided him. He called able counselors around

him—some of whom have displayed the highest order of talent, united with the purest and most devoted patriotism. He summoned able generals into the field—men who have borne the sword as bravely as ever any human arm has borne it. He had the aid of prayerful and thoughtful men everywhere. But, under his own guiding hands, wise counsels were combined and great movements conducted.

Turn towards the different departments. We had an unorganized militia, a mere skeleton army, yet, under his care, that army has been enlarged into a force which, for skill, intelligence, efficiency, and bravery, surpasses any which the world had ever seen. Before its veterans the fame of even the renowned veterans of Napoleon shall pale, (applause), and the mothers and sisters on these hill sides, and all over the land, shall take to their arms again braver sons and brothers than ever fought in European wars. The reason is obvious. Money, or a desire for fame, collected those armies, or they were rallied to sustain favorite thrones or dynasties; but the armies he called into being fought for liberty, for the Union, and for the right of self-government; and many of them felt that the battles they won were for humanity everywhere and for all time; for I believe that God has not suffered this terrible rebellion to come upon our land merely for a chastisement to us, or as a lesson to our age. There are moments which involve in themselves eternities. There are instants which seem to contain germs which shall develop and bloom forever. Such a moment came in the tide of time to our land, when a question must be settled which affected all the earth. The contest was for human freedom,

not for this republic merely ; not for the Union simply, but to decide whether the people, as a people, in their entire majesty, were destined to be the government, or whether they were to be subject to tyrants or aristocrats, or to class-rule of any kind. This is the great question for which we have been fighting, and its decision is at hand, and the result of the contest will affect the ages to come. If successful, republics will spread in spite of monarchs, all over this earth. (Exclamations of "Amen." "Thank God.")

I turn from the army to the navy. What was it when the war commenced ? Now we have our ships-of-war at home and abroad, to guard privateers in foreign sympathizing ports, as well as to care for every part of our own coast. They have taken forts that military men said could not be taken, and a brave admiral, for the first time in the world's history, lashed himself to the mast, there to remain as long as he had a particle of skill or strength to watch over his ship, while it engaged in the perilous contest of taking the strong forts of the rebels.

Then, again, I turn to the treasury department. Where should the money come from ? Wise men predicted ruin, but our national credit has been maintained, and our currency is safer to-day than it ever was before. Not only so, but through our national bonds, if properly used, we shall have a permanent basis for our currency, and an investment so desirable for capitalists of other nations that, under the laws of trade, I believe the centre of exchange will speedily be transferred from England to the United States.

But the great act of the mighty chieftain, on which his fame shall rest long after his frame shall molder away, is

that of giving freedom to a race. We have all been taught to revere the sacred characters. Among them Moses stands pre-eminently high. He received the law from God, and his name is honored among the hosts of heaven. Was not his greatest act the delivering of three millions of his kindred out of bondage? Yet we may assert that Abraham Lincoln, by his proclamation, liberated more enslaved people than ever Moses set free, and those not of his kindred or his race. Such a power, or such an opportunity, God has seldom given to man. When other events shall have been forgotten; when this world shall have become a network of republics; when every throne shall be swept from the face of the earth; when literature shall enlighten all minds; when the claims of humanity shall be recognized everywhere, this act shall still be conspicuous on the pages of history. We are thankful that God gave to Abraham Lincoln the decision and wisdom and grace to issue that proclamation, which stands high above all other papers which have been penned by uninspired men. [Applause.]

Abraham Lincoln was a good man. He was known as an honest, temperate, forgiving man; a just man; a man of noble heart in every way. As to his religious experience, I cannot speak definitely, because I was not privileged to know much of his private sentiments. My acquaintance with him did not give me the opportunity to hear him speak on those topics. This I know, however, he read the Bible frequently; loved it for its great truths and its profound teachings; and he tried to be guided by its precepts. He believed in Christ the Saviour of sinners; and I think he was sincere in trying to bring his life into harmony with

the principles of revealed religion. Certainly if there ever was a man who illustrated some of the principles of pure religion, that man was our departed President. Look over all his speeches, listen to his utterances. He never spoke unkindly of any man. Even the rebels received no word of anger from him, and his last day illustrated in a remarkable manner his forgiving disposition. A dispatch was received that afternoon that Thompson and Tucker were trying to make their escape through Maine, and it was proposed to arrest them. Mr. Lincoln, however, preferred rather to let them quietly escape. He was seeking to save the very men who had been plotting his destruction. This morning we read a proclamation offering \$25,000 for the arrest of these men as aiders and abettors of his assassination; so that, in his expiring acts, he was saying, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

As a ruler, I doubt if any President has ever shown such trust in God, or in public documents so frequently referred to Divine aid. Often did he remark to friends and to delegations that his hope for our success rested in his conviction that God would bless our efforts, because we were trying to do right. To the address of a large religious body he replied, "Thanks be unto God, who, in our national trials, giveth us the churches." To a minister who said he hoped the Lord was on our side, he replied that it gave him no concern whether the Lord was on our side or not, for, he added, "I know the Lord is always on the side of right," and with deep feeling added, "But God is my witness that it is my constant anxiety and prayer that both myself and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

In his domestic life he was exceedingly kind and affectionate. He was a devoted husband and father. During his presidential term he lost his second son, Willie. To an officer of the army he said, not long since, "Do you ever find yourself talking with the dead?" and added, "Since Willie's death I catch myself every day involuntarily talking with him, as if he were with me." On his widow, who is unable to be here, I need only invoke the blessing of Almighty God that she may be comforted and sustained. For his son, who has witnessed the exercises of this hour, all that I can desire is that the mantle of his father may fall upon him. [Exclamations of "Amen."]

Let us pause a moment in the lesson of the hour before we part. This man, though he fell by an assassin, still fell under the permissive hand of God. He had some wise purpose in allowing him so to fall. What more could he have desired of life for himself? Were not his honors full? There was no office to which he could aspire. The popular heart clung around him as around no other man. The nations of the world had learned to honor our chief magistrate. If rumors of a desired alliance with England be true, Napoleon trembled when he heard of the fall of Richmond, and asked what nation would join him to protect him against our Government under the guidance of such a man. His fame was full, his work was done, and he sealed his glory by becoming the nation's great martyr for liberty.

He appears to have had a strange presentiment, early in political life, that some day he would be President. You see it indicated in 1839. Of the slave power he said, "Broken by it I too may be; bow to it I never will. The

probability that we may fail in the struggle ought not to deter us from the support of a cause which we deem to be just. It shall not deter me. If ever I feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy of its Almighty architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country, deserted by all the world besides, and I standing up boldly and alone and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors. Here without contemplating consequences, before high Heaven and in the face of the world, I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love." And yet, secretly, he said to more than one, "I never shall live out the four years of my term. When the rebellion is crushed my work is done." So it was. He lived to see the last battle fought, and dictate a despatch from the home of Jefferson Davis; lived till the power of the rebellion was broken; and then, having done the work for which God had sent him, angels, I trust, were sent to shield him from one moment of pain or suffering, and to bear him from this world to the high and glorious realm where the patriot and the good shall live forever.

His career teaches young men that every position of eminence is open before the diligent and the worthy. To the active men of the country, his example is an incentive to trust in God and do right.

Standing, as we do to-day, by his coffin and his sepulchre, let us resolve to carry forward the policy which he so nobly began. Let us do right to all men. To the ambitious there is this fearful lesson: Of the four candidates for Presidential honors in 1860, two of them—Douglas and Lincoln—once competitors, but now sleeping

patriots, rest from their labors ; Bell perished in poverty and misery, as a traitor might perish ; and Breckinridge is a frightened fugitive, with the brand of traitor on his brow. Let us vow, in the sight of Heaven, to eradicate every vestige of human slavery ; to give every human being his true position before God and man ; to crush every form of rebellion, and to stand by the flag which God has given us. How joyful that it floated over parts of every State before Mr. Lincoln's career was ended. How singular that, to the fact of the assassin's heels being caught in the folds of the flag, we are probably indebted for his capture. The flag and the traitor must ever be enemies.

Traitors will probably suffer by the change of rulers, for one of sterner mould, and who himself has deeply suffered from the rebellion, now wields the sword of justice. Our country, too, is stronger for the trial. A republic was declared by monarchists too weak to endure a civil war ; yet we have crushed the most gigantic rebellion in history, and have grown in strength and population every year of the struggle. We have passed through the ordeal of a popular election while swords and bayonets were in the field, and have come out unharmed. And now, in an hour of excitement, with a large majority having preferred another man for President, when the bullet of the assassin has laid our President prostrate, has there been a mutiny ? Has any rival proffered his claims ? Out of an army of near a million, no officer or soldier uttered one note of dissent, and, in an hour or two after Mr. Lincoln's death, another leader under constitutional forms, occupied his chair, and the government moved forward without one

single jar. The world will learn that republics are the strongest governments on earth.

And now, my friends, in the words of the departed, "with malice towards none," free from all feelings of personal vengeance, yet believing that the sword must not be borne in vain, let us go forward even in painful duty. Let every man who was a senator or representative in Congress, and who aided in beginning this rebellion, and thus led to the slaughter of our sons and daughters, be brought to speedy and to certain punishment. Let every officer educated at the public expense, and who, having been advanced to position, perjured himself and turned his sword against the vitals of his country, be doomed to a traitor's death. This, I believe, is the will of the American people. Men may attempt to compromise, and to restore these traitors and murderers to society again. Vainly may they talk of the fancied honor or chivalry of these murderers of our sons—these starvers of our prisoners—these officers who mined their prisons and placed kegs of powder to destroy our captive officers. But the American people will rise in their majesty and sweep all such compromises and compromisers away, and will declare that there shall be no safety for rebel leaders. But to the deluded masses we will extend the arms of forgiveness. We will take them to our hearts, and walk with them side by side, as we go forward to work out a glorious destiny.

The time will come when, in the beautiful words of him whose lips are now forever sealed, "the mystic chords of memory, which stretch from every battle-field, and from

every patriot's grave, shall yield a sweeter music when touched by the angels of our better nature."

Chieftain! farewell! The nation mourns thee. Mothers shall teach thy name to their lisping children. The youth of our land shall emulate thy virtues. Statesmen shall study thy record and learn lessons of wisdom. Mute though thy lips be, yet they still speak. Hushed is thy voice, but its echoes of liberty are ringing through the world, and the sons of bondage listen with joy. Prisoned thou art in death, and yet thou art marching abroad, and chains and manacles are bursting at thy touch. Thou didst fall not for thyself. The assassin had no hate for thee. Our hearts were aimed at, our national life was sought. We crown thee as our martyr—and humanity enthrones thee as her triumphant son. Hero, Martyr, Friend, FAREWELL!

P R A Y E R,

BY REV. S. H. TYNG, D. D., UNION SQUARE, APRIL 25, ON
THE OCCASION OF THE FUNERAL OBSEQUIES
OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

THE Citizens' Committee, with their guests, assembled at the close of the municipal procession, in the presence of a large concourse of people, and Mr. BLODGETT, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, announced Hon. JOHN A. KING as the President of the meeting. Governor KING then introduced Rev. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D. D., who offered the following

P R A Y E R.

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord ; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold and not another. We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord. O God, who art the God of the spirits

of all flesh, in whose hand our breath is and whose are all our ways, in thine infinite wisdom Thou hast seen well to take away the desire of our eyes with a stroke, the anointed of the Lord and the faithful choice of a loving people, under whose shadow we hoped and desired to dwell before Thee. We bow before thy righteous will with deep humiliation; submission, confidence, and faith. We revere and acknowledge Thee as the high and lofty One who inhabitest eternity, whose name is Holy, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. We look up to Thee as a Father of infinite tenderness, reconciling us unto Thyself in Thy dear Son; and as a father pitieth his own children, so to have compassion on all them that fear Thee. We confess Thee as the Saviour and defence of Thy people, Who hast put away their sins by an infinite sacrifice, and as far as the east is from the west, and rememberest our iniquity no more. We acknowledge Thee this day the God of all comfort and consolation, Whose gracious command in Thy word is, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God; cry unto them that their warfare is accomplished and their iniquity is pardoned." O God, we would bow with deep humility before the righteousness of Thy will, and with unfeigned gratitude acknowledge the fullness of Thy grace. A mourning and bereaved people gather together at Thy feet; we would come with the deepest feeling of thankfulness for that which Thou hast given and that which Thou hast taken away. We bless Thee for all the influence, example, wisdom, and fidelity of the loved and exalted ruler whom Thou didst set over us, and whom Thou hast now taken to Thyself. We praise Thee that Thou

hast made him the instrument of saving this nation from overthrow and ruin—that Thou hast made him Thine agent in subduing a rebellion terrific and atrocious, whose condemnation is recorded by Thee. We bless Thee that Thou hast spoken peace by him to the oppressed and suffering, proclaiming liberty to those held in bondage, and bidding millions of the helpless and despairing lift up their heads with joy among Thy people. We thank Thee for the remembrance of all his fidelity in government, ruling in equity as the morning which ariseth without a cloud, and for all that meekness and gentleness, and faithfulness and love, so attractive and so conspicuous in his example. And while with the deepest sense of our loss we bow, as bereaved and mourning ones, at Thy feet, with the most humble thankfulness for all that the nation has gained through his instrumentality and faithfulness, we adore and glorify Thy name. We meet throughout this land to-day in the spirit of accordant supplication and praise. We implore Thy blessing upon this whole nation, that this chastisement, painful and mysterious as it appears, may be Thine instrument for uniting this people in bonds of fellowship and love, and bringing the hearts of all in full accord in the support of the government which Thou hast set over us, and in seeking the things which make for peace and the things whereby one may edify another. We pray that in the midst of Thy judgments this whole nation may learn righteousness. We implore Thy gracious blessing upon the sorrowing and the suffering, upon the wounded and the bereaved, who have given their joy on earth, their health in early life, as a service and sacrifice for their fidelity to us and their obedience to Thee. We unite in

supplication for Thy blessing upon the widow and the fatherless, who stood in the tenderest relations to our honored and exalted ruler, and while from them, as from us, Thou hast hidden lover and friend in darkness, we implore Thee to be the everlasting Ruler of this people, and make them to remember and feel that the Most High ordereth all things among the nations of the earth, putting down one and setting up another. We implore Thy blessing upon him whom, in Thine own providence, Thou hast exalted to be the present ruler of this nation. Guard his valued life from outward violence and from fear of wrong; guide him by Thine own wisdom and judgment, and succor and defend him by Thine own protecting power. Give him wise and faithful counsellors who shall combine to rule this people in equity and truth; prosper all their efforts for a speedy, stable, and righteous peace throughout this nation. O God! in the sorrow of this day, hasten the coming hour when this people shall desire to learn war no more; when they shall speak peace to all the nations of the earth, and North and South, East and West, dwelling in concord and harmony, we shall be one people, known by one name and feeling, and that we have one interest forever. Set up Thy glorious Gospel through all this land; make it Emmanuel's land; and as Thou wast our fathers' God, be Thou our God and the God of our seed afterwards, from generation to generation, through successive Presidents of fidelity, usefulness and honor; that this people may be a prospered people, a thankful people, a useful people, a holy people, under Thy government and by Thy blessing. And this day we ask that for all the nations of the earth a dominion of righteous-

ness and peace—Thine everlasting dominion—may be set up, and the kingdoms of the world may become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ. Meet us, sanctify us, and bless us as we are here together ; and in the spirit of filial gratitude and humility teach us to unite in using those precious words of our Divine Redeemer : Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name ; Thy kingdom come ; Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven ; give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us ; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil ; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for ever and ever.—*Amen.*

P R A Y E R .

REV. E. P. ROGERS, D. D., offered the following Prayer:

Almighty and everlasting God, Thou art our God, and we will praise Thee. Thou wert our fathers' God, and we will magnify Thy holy name. Thou art the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity. Thou doest all things according to Thy will, among the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of earth. None can stay Thy hand or say, "What doest Thou?" Thy way is in the sea and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known. Clouds and darkness are around and beneath, but righteousness and judgment are the habitation of Thy throne. Thou hast, in Thy inscrutable providence, called us together in sadness and sorrow, and stricken a mourning people. We bow beneath the stroke of Thy hand, and we lift up our hearts to Thee out of the depths of the calamity. Thou hast removed by a sudden, violent and unexpected blow our honored President. Thou hast broken our strong staff and our beautiful rod, and from one end of this land to the other the sound of wailing and of woe is borne on every breeze. The nation follows the body of its lamented chief with mourning hearts and streaming eyes to its last earthly resting-place. We humble ourselves, O God, beneath the stroke of Thy hand, and we find comfort and hope in the thought that it is not an enemy that has dealt us the blow, but a just

God, in His infinite wisdom, and who doeth all things well; and so we would say in the midst of our sorrows over the bier of our lamented and murdered President, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." But O, our God, while we mourn, we thank Thee for the circumstances of mercy which are mingled with this stroke. We bless Thee in the midst of our sorrow that Thou didst give us Thy servant to be the leader and commander of Thy people in times of peril. And we bless Thee that Thou hast girded him with wisdom and might in counsel and in the field. We bless Thee that Thou didst guide him in all his difficult and delicate way, and didst permit him to live so long and do so much for the benefit and welfare of this land. And we bless Thee that since it was Thy will to take him away, Thou didst remove him in the midst of his years and honors, with no shadow upon his fame, but to be cherished in the memory of a grateful people to the latest generations. We bless Thee that Thou didst permit our lamented chief to see this atrocious and causeless rebellion crushed. We bless Thee that Thou didst permit him to see the loved banners of our country waving again in triumph over all its States and Territories. We bless Thee that Thou didst permit him to bring freedom to the captive and liberty to the bondsmen, and to go to his honored grave, to be kept ever green by the tears of a grateful people, having done his work and done it well, to the glory of God, and for the best welfare of his native land. And while we sorrow, we sorrow not as others who have no hope. We bless God for his memory, enshrined in our deepest hearts. Oh! let it be sacred to the remotest

times in the great heart of the American people. Let it be an inspiration to all that is pure, all that is honest, all that is faithful, all that is patriotic; to all that is patient, gentle, loving and kind; to all that is firm, to all that is Christian; and let peace, with freedom, with justice, with righteousness and with Christianity, raise an everlasting monument above the spot where sleeps his honored dust. Our Father, we commend to Thee the country for which he loved and wept, and toiled and prayed and died. We bless Thee that Thou hast given to that wearied brain rest—rest to that anxious heart—rest to that troubled spirit—a blessed rest. But we bless Thee that though the President died, the Republic lives, God lives, our just God, and we bless Thee that when our Moses led the people through the wilderness to the borders of Canaan, and saw as from Mount Pisgah the glorious land of Promise, and laid him down to die—that Thou hadst another Joshua to take his work upon him and to clear this beautiful land of the last remnant of the rebellions tribes. O God, assist our new President in his work; let him administer justice and maintain truth; and with purity, with honesty, with piety and patriotism, like his honored predecessor, let him accomplish the great and delicate work that yet remains to be done, and be a benefit to the land. Remember the widow and the fatherless, O Thou who art the widow's God and Father of the fatherless. Have them in Thy holy keeping, and wipe their tears away; and let them be cherished by the sympathies and prayers of a grateful people. We ask Thy tender mercy in behalf of Thy servant, the Secretary of State. O Lord, heal his wounds, make his broken bones rejoice, raise him

up from the bed of weakness whereon he lies, and let his counsel yet be given to his country, and his life be spared to her services; and, O Lord, let Thy blessing be on the land in all its beauty and glory. Let our fathers' God be our God, and never in all its after history let the least vestige of treason or of slavery do anything to dishonor God or man, or rest as a dark curse upon us. But let the whole country be the home of freedom, of intelligence, of true and pure Christianity—a beacon light among the nations of the earth and a great benediction to the people. Hear this our prayer. Let Thy blessing be upon us all, forgive our sins, and graciously hear, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom with the Holy Ghost shall be honor and glory, world without end.—*Amen.*

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